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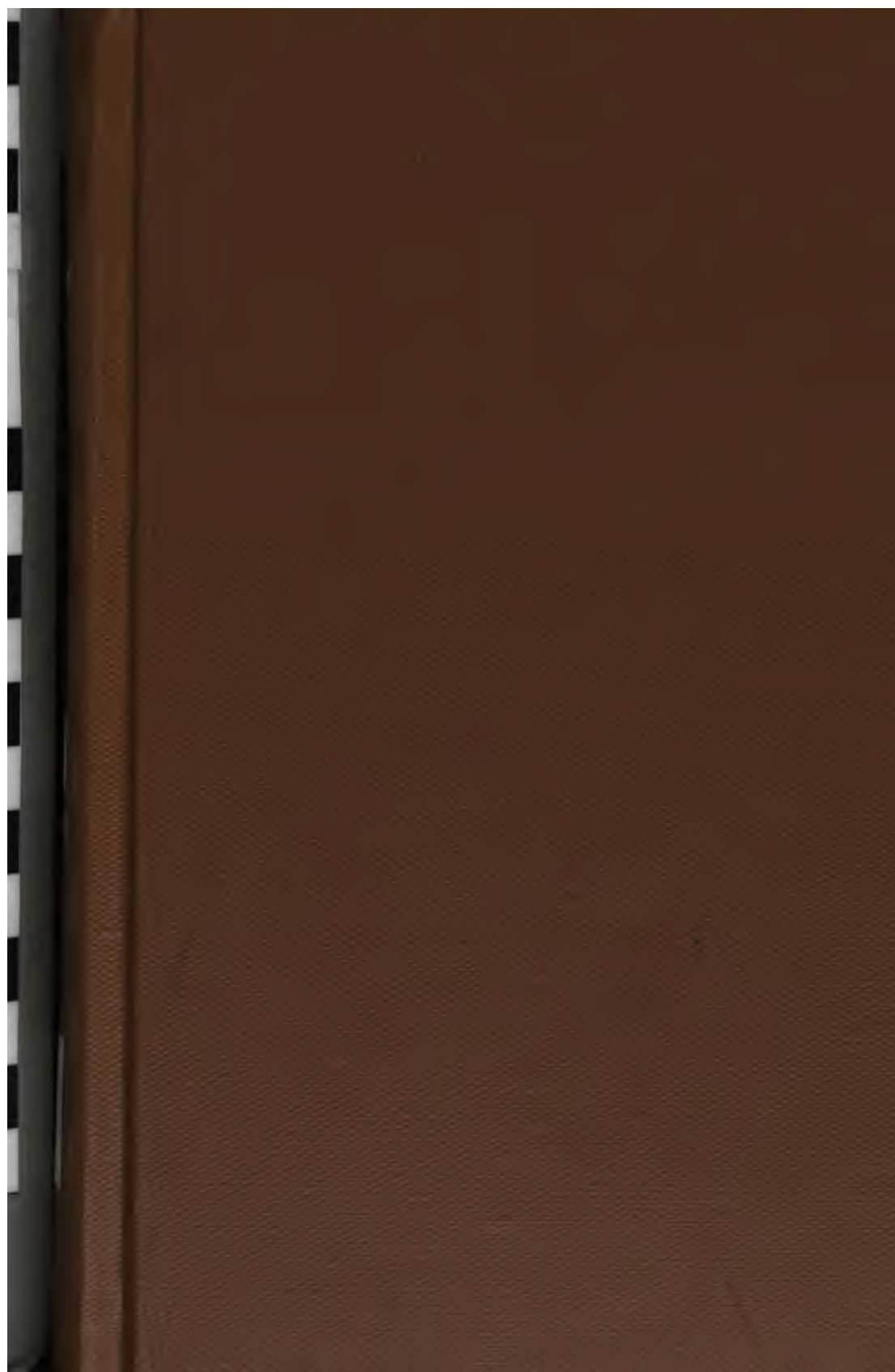
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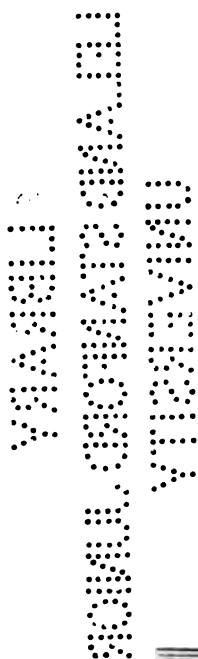
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *The Printer*. 12mo. pp. 87. Charles Knight. London.

2. *Printing in the Fifteenth and in the Nineteenth Centuries*. Penny Magazine, No. 369.

'*AND noo, ma freends*,'—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock—'*And noo, ma freends*,'—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; '*And noo, ma freends*,'—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe—'*Let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's naeboddy praighs for the puir Deil!*'

To our literary congregation, we beg leave to repeat very nearly the same two exclamations, for, deeply as we all stand indebted to the British press, it may truly be said '*There's naeboddy thinks of its puir deils*,' nor of the many kindred spirits, '*black, white, and grey*,' who, above ground as well as below, inhabit the great printing-houses of the land we live in. We shall, therefore, at once proceed to one of these establishments, and by our sovereign power summon its motley inmates before us, that they may rapidly glide before our readers in *review*.

In a raw December morning, just before the gas-lights are extinguished, and just before sunrise, the streets of London form a twilight picture which it is interesting to contemplate, inasmuch as there exists perhaps no moment in the twenty-four hours in which they present a more guiltless aspect; for at this hour luxury has retired to such rest as belongs to it—vice has not yet risen. Although the rows of houses are still in shade, and although their stacks of chimneys appear fantastically delineated upon the grey sky, yet the picture, *chiaro-oscuro*, is not altogether without its lights. The wet streets, in whatever direction they radiate, shine almost as brightly as the gilt printing over the barred shops. At the corners of the streets, the gin-palaces, as

they are passed, appear splendidly illuminated with gas, showing an elevated row of lettered and numbered yellow casks, which in daylight stand on their ends unnoticed. The fashionable streets are all completely deserted, save by a solitary policeman, who, distinguished by his warm great-coat and shining belt, is seen standing at a crossing drinking the cup of hot salop or coffee he has just purchased of an old barrow-woman, who, with her smoking kettle, is quietly seated at his side, while the cab and hackney-coach horses, with their heads drooping, appear as motionless as the brass charger at Charing-Cross.

An Irish labourer with an empty hod over his shoulder, a man carrying a saw, a tradesman with his white apron tucked up for walking, a few men, 'far and wide between,' in fustian jackets, with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm, are the only perceptible atoms of an enormous mass of a million and a half of people—all the rest being as completely buried from view as if they were lying in their graves.

But as our vehicle proceeds, every minute imparts life to the scene, until, by the time Blackfriars-bridge is crossed, the light of day illumines the figures of hundreds of workmen, who, unconnected with each other, are, in various directions, steadily proceeding to their tasks.

Among them, from their dress, gait, and general appearance, it is not difficult here and there to distinguish that several are printers; and as we have now reached the gate of one of the principal buildings to which they are marching, we must alight from our 'cab,' that we may by a slight sketch delineate its interior for our readers.

The printing establishment of Messrs. Clowes, on the Surrey side of the Thames, (for they have a branch office at Charing-Cross,) is situated between Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges. Their buildings extend in length from Princes-street to Duke-street, and in breadth about half the distance. The entrance is by rather a steep declivity into a little low court, on arriving at which, the small counting-house is close on the left; the great steam-presses, type and stereotype-foundry, and paper-warehouse, on the right; and the apartments for compositors, *readers*, &c., in front.

In the last-mentioned building there are five compositors' halls, the largest of which (on two levels, the upper being termed by the workmen 'the quarter-deck') is two hundred feet in length. The door is nearly in the centre, and, on entering this apartment at daybreak, the stranger sees at a *coup d'œil* before him, on his right and left, sixty compositors' frames, which, though much larger, are about the height of the music-stands in

an

an orchestra. At this early hour they are all deserted, their daily tenants not having arrived. Not a sound is to be heard save the slow ticking of a gaudy-faced wooden clock, the property of the workmen, which faithfully tells when they are entitled to refreshment, and which finally announces to them the joyful intelligence that the hour of their emancipation has arrived. On the long wall opposite to the range of windows hang the printed regulations of a subscription fund, to which every man contributes 2*d.*, and every boy 1*d.* per week, explaining how much each is entitled to receive in the sad hour of sickness, with the consoling intelligence that 5*l.* is allowed to bury him if he be a man, and 2*l.* 10*s.* if merely a boy. Along the whole length of the building about a foot above the floor, there is a cast-iron pipe heated by steam, extending through the establishment upwards of three-quarters of a mile, the genial effect of which modestly speaks for itself.

On the right hand, touching each frame, stands a small low table, about two feet square. A hasty traveller would probably pronounce that all these frames were alike, yet a few minutes' attentive observation not only dispels the error, but by numerous decipherable hieroglyphics explains to a certain extent the general occupation of the owners, as well as the particular character of each.

For instance, the height of the frames at once declares that the compositors must perform their work standing, while the pair of easy slippers which are underneath each stand suggest that the occupation must be severely felt by the feet. The working jacket or the apron, which lies exactly as it was cast aside the evening before, shows that freedom in the arms is a requisite to the craft. The good workman is known by the regularity with which his *copy* hangs neatly folded in the little wooden recess at his side—the slovenly compositor is detected by having left his MS. on his type, liable to be blown from the case—while the apprentice, like 'the carpenter, known by his chips,' is discovered by the quantity of type which lies scattered on the floor on which he stood.

The relative stature of the workmen can also be not inaccurately determined by the different heights of their frames. The roomy stools which some have purchased (and which are their private property, for be it known that the establishment neither furnishes nor approves of such luxuries) are not without their silent moral; those with a large circumference, as well as those of a much smaller size, denoting the diameter of a certain recumbent body, while the stuffed stool tells its own tale. The pictures, the songs, the tracts, the caricatures, which each man,

according to his fancy, has pasted against the small compartment of whitewashed wall which bounds his tiny dominions, indicate the colour of his leading propensity. One man is evidently the possessor of a serious mind, another is a follower of the fine arts. A picture of the Duke of Wellington denotes that another is an admirer of stern moral probity and high military honour; while a rosy-faced Hebe, in a very low evening gown, laughingly confesses for its owner that which we need not trouble ourselves to expound. In the midst of these studies the attention of the solitary stranger is aroused by the appearance of two or three little boys, dressed in fustian jackets and paper caps, who in the grey of the morning enter the hall with a broom and water. These are young aspiring devils, who, until they have regularly received their commissions, are employed in cleaning the halls previous to the arrival of the compositors. Besides ventilating the room by opening the windows in the roof, beginning at one extremity, they sweep under each frame, watering the floor as they proceed, until they at last collect at the opposite end of the hall a heap of literary rubbish; but even this is worthy of attention, for, on being sifted through an iron sieve, it is invariably found to contain a quantity of type of all sizes, which more or less has been scattered right and left by the different compositors. To attempt to restore these to the respective families from which they have emigrated would be a work of considerable trouble; they are therefore thrown into a dark receptacle or grave, where they patiently remain until they are remelted, recast into type, and thus once again appear in the case of the compositor. By this curious transmigration Roman letters sometimes reappear on earth in the character of italics—the lazy *z* finds itself converted into the ubiquitous *e*, the full stop becomes perhaps a comma, while the hunchbacked mark of interrogation stands triumphantly erect—a note of admiration to the world!

By the time the halls are swept some of the compositors drop in. The steadiest generally make their appearance first; and on reaching their frames their first operation is leisurely to take off and fold up their coats, tuck up their shirt-sleeves, put on their brown holland aprons, exchange their heavy walking shoes for the light brown easy slippers, and then unfolding their copy they at once proceed to work.

By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common labourers, others are better clad, several are very well dressed, but all bear in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education. They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs, containing each a pint or half-a-pint of tea or coffee, and
attended

attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who with well-combed hair and clean shining faces bring these refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk with a large bundle under his arm—of morning newspapers: this intellectual luxury the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connexion with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies, and thus the news of the day is known to them—the leading articles of the different papers are criticised, applauded, or condemned—an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country have received the observations, the castigation, or the intelligence they contain. One would think that compositors would be as sick of reading as a grocer's boy is of treacle; but that this is not the case is proved by the fact, that they not only willingly pay for these newspapers, but often indemnify one of their own community for giving up his time in order to sit in the middle of the hall on a high stool and read the news aloud to them while they are labouring at their work: they will, moreover, even pay him to read to them any new book which they consider to contain interesting information! It of course requires very great command of the mind to be able to give attention to what is read from one book, while men are intently employed in the creation of another. The apprentices and inferior workmen cannot attempt to do this, but the greater number, astonishing as it may sound, can listen without injury to their avocation. Very shortly after eight o'clock the whole body are at their work, at which it may be observed they patiently continue, with only an hour's interval, until eight o'clock at night.

It is impossible to contemplate a team of sixty literary labourers steadily working together in one room, without immediately acknowledging the important service they are rendering to the civilized world, and the respect which, therefore, is due to them from society. The minutiae of their art it might be deemed tedious to detail; yet with so many operators in view it is not difficult, even for an inexperienced visitor, to distinguish the different degrees of perfection at which they have individually arrived.

Among compositors, as in all other professions, the race is not always gained by him who is apparently the swiftest. Steadiness, coolness, and attention are more valuable qualifications than eagerness and haste; and, accordingly, those compositors who at first sight appear to be doing the most, are often, after all, less serviceable to themselves, and, consequently, to their

A glance at the different attitudes of the sixty compositors working before us is sufficient to explain even to a stranger whether they are composing, distributing, correcting, or *imposing*; which latter occupation is the fixing corrected pages into the iron frames or 'forms,' in which they eventually go to press. But our reader has probably remained long enough in the long hall, and we will therefore introduce him to the very small cells of the readers.

In a printing establishment 'the reader' is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his cell, his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. It is evident, from his outline, that the whole power of his mind is concentrated in a focus upon the page before him; and as in mid-night the lamps of the mail, which illuminate a small portion of the road, seem to increase the pitchy darkness which in every other direction prevails, so does the undivided attention of a reader to his subject evidently abstract his thoughts from all other considerations. An urchin stands by reading to *the reader* from *the copy*—furnishing him, in fact, with an additional pair of eyes; and the shortest way to attract his immediate notice is to stop his boy: for no sooner does the stream of the child's voice cease to flow than the machinery of the man's mind ceases to work;—something has evidently gone wrong!—he accordingly at once raises his weary head, and a slight sigh, with one passage of the hand across his brow, is generally sufficient to enable him to receive the intruder with mildness and attention.

Although the general interests of literature, as well as the character of the art of printing, depend on the grammatical accuracy and typographical correctness of 'the reader,' yet from the cold-hearted public he receives punishment, but no reward. The slightest oversight is declared to be an error; while, on the other hand, if by his unremitted application no fault can be detected, he has nothing to expect from mankind but to escape and live uncensured. Poor Goldsmith lurked a reader in Samuel Richardson's office for many a hungry day in the early period of his life!

In a large printing establishment, the real interest of which is to increase the healthy appetite of the public by supplying it with wholesome food of the best possible description, it is found to be absolutely necessary that 'the readers' should be competent to correct, not only the press, but the author. It is requisite not only that they should possess a microscopic eye, capable of detecting the minutest errors, but be also enlightened judges of the purity of their own language. The general style
of

of the author cannot, of course, be interfered with ; but tiresome repetitions, incorrect assertions, intoxicated hyperbole, faults in grammar, and above all, in punctuation, it is his especial duty to point out. It is, therefore, evidently necessary that he be complete master of his own tongue. It is also almost necessary that he should have been brought up a compositor, in order that he may be acquainted with the mechanical department of that business ; and we need hardly observe that, from the intelligent body of men whose presence we have just left, it is not impossible to select individuals competent to fulfil the important office of readers.

But even to these persons, however carefully selected, it is not deemed safe solely to intrust the supervision of a work : out of them ~~one~~ is generally selected, upon whom the higher duty devolves of scrutinizing their labours, and of finally writing upon their *revises* the irrevocable monosyllable 'PRESS.'

We have already observed that while 'the reader' is seated in his cell, there stands beside him a small, intelligent boy, who is, in fact, the *reader* ; that is to say, he reads aloud from the *copy*, while the man pores upon and corrects the corresponding print. This child, for such he is in comparison with the age of the master he serves, cannot be expected to take any more interest in the heterogeneous mass of literature which he emits, than the little marble Cupids in Italy can be supposed to relish the water which is made everlastingly to stream from their mouths. The subject these boys are spouting is generally altogether beyond their comprehension ; and even if it were not so, the pauses that ensue while 'the reader' is involved in reflection and correction would be quite sufficient to break its thread : but it often happens that they read that which is altogether incomprehensible to them. Accordingly in one cell the boy is found reading aloud to his patron a work in the French language, which he has never learned, and which therefore he is thus most ludicrously pronouncing exactly as if it were English :—

'Less ducks knee sonte pass,' &c. &c. &c.

i. e. (Les ducs ne sont pas,) &c.

To 'the reader's' literary ears this must be almost as painful as, to common nerves, the setting of a saw : yet he patiently listens, and laboriously proceeds with his task. On entering another cell, the boy, who, perhaps, himself has never known sickness, is found monotonously reading, with a shrill voice, from a page entitled 'Tabular Abstract of the Causes of Death,' the following most melancholy catalogue, chiefly in, to him, unintelligible Latin, of the dismal roads by which our fellow-countrymen have just departed from life :—

TABLE.

		Diseases.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Sporadic Diseases.	Epidemic, Endemic, and Contagious Diseases.	Cholera	9	11	20
		Influenza	3	3	6
		Small-pox	6	9	15
		Measles	7	8	15
		Scarlatina	15	4	19
		Whooping-Cough	10	23	33
		Croup	5	16	21
		Thrush	13	5	18
		Diarrhoea	30	26	56
		Dysentery
		Ague
		Typhus	21	50	71
		Erysipelas	2	4	6
		Syphilis	1	1	2
		Hydrophobia
		Total.	122	160	282
	Of the Nervous System.	Cephalitis	11	9	20
		Hydrocephalus	45	35	80
		Apoplexy	13	10	23
		Paralysis	1	7	8
		Convulsions	80	63	143
		Tetanus
		Chorea
		Epilepsy	1	1
		Insanity	1	..	1
		Delirium Tremens	1	..	1
		Disease	16	9	25
		Total.	168	134	302
	Of the Respiratory Organs.	Laryngitis	1	..	1
		Quinsey	3	..	3
		Bronchitis	2	3	5
		Pleurisy	2	1	3
		Pneumonia	35	35	70
		Hydrothorax	4	1	5
		Asthma	12	7	19
		Consumption	105	105	210
	Of the Organs of Circulation.	Decline	56	69	125
		Disease	5	2	7
		Total.	225	223	448
	Of the Digestive Organs.	Pericarditis	2	..	2
		Aneurism	1	..	1
		Disease	12	4	16
		Total.	15	4	19
	Intestinal Canal.	Teething	12	15	27
		Gastro-Enteritis	13	20	33
		Peritonitis
		Tabes Mesenterica	2	1	3
		Ascites
		Ulceration
		Hernia	1	1	2
		Colic
		Constipation
		Worms	2	2	4
	Pancreas.	Disease	12	7	19
		Disease
		Hepatitis	1	..	1
	Liver.	Jaundice	1	1
		Disease	5	8	13
	Spleen.	Disease
		Disease
		Total.	48	55	103

As soon as the last 'reader' has affixed his *imprimatur* or

labours of the compositor, the forms containing the type are securely fixed, and they are then carried to the press-room, to which, with them, we will now proceed.

Descending from 'the readers'' cells to the ground floor, the visitor, on approaching the northern wing of Mr. Clowes's establishment, hears a deep rumbling sound, the meaning of which he is at a loss to understand, until the doors before him being opened, he is suddenly introduced to nineteen enormous steam-presses, which, in three compartments, are all working at the same time. The simultaneous revolution of so much complicated machinery, crowded together in comparatively a small compass, coupled with a moment's reflection upon the important purpose for which it is in motion, is astounding to the mind; and as broad leather straps are rapidly revolving in all directions, the stranger pauses for a moment to consider whether or not he may not get entangled in the process, and against his inclination, as authors generally say in their prefaces, go 'to press.'

We will not weary our reader by attempting a minute delineation of the wonderful picture before him, or even introduce to his notice the intelligent engineer, who, in a building apart from the machinery, is in solitude regulating the clean, well-kept, noiseless steam-engine which gives it motion; we will merely describe the literary process.

The lower part of each of the nineteen steam-presses we have mentioned consists of a bed or table, near the two ends of which lie prostrate the two sets of 'forms' containing the types we have just seen adjusted, and from which impressions are to be taken.

By the power of machinery these types, at every throb of the engine, are made horizontally to advance and retire. At every such movement they are met half way by seven advancing black rollers, which diagonally pass over them, and thus, by a most beautiful process, impart to them ink sufficient only for a single impression. As quickly as the types recede, the seven rollers revolve backwards till they come in contact with another large roller of kindred complexion termed 'the doctor,' which supplies them with ink, which he, 'the doctor,' himself receives from a dense mass of ink, which by the constant revolution of Esculapius assumes also the appearance of a roller.

When iron first began to be substituted in our navy for purposes for which it had hitherto been deemed to be totally inapplicable, it is said that an honest sailor, gravely turning his quid, observed to his comrade, '*Why, Jack, our purser tells me that the Admiralty are going to provide us with cast-iron parsons!*' 'The doctor' of a steam printing-press is already composed of this useful material, but the other seven rollers are of an infinitely softer

softer substance. They are formed of a mixture of treacle and glue ; and in colour, softness, and consistency they are said, by those who have studied such subjects, exactly to resemble the arm of a young negro girl.

Above the table, the forms, and the rollers we have described, are, besides other wheels, two very large revolving cylinders, covered with flannel ; the whole apparatus being surmounted by a boy, who has on a lofty table by his side a pile of quires of white paper.

Every time the lower bed has moved, this boy places on the upper cylinder a sheet of paper, which is ingeniously confined to its station by being slipped under two strings of tape. It is, however, no sooner affixed there, than by a turn of the engine, revolving with the cylinder, it is flatly deposited on the first of the 'forms,' which, by the process we have described, has been ready inked to receive it: it is there instantaneously pressed, is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, after rapidly revolving with it, it is again left with its white side imposed upon the second 'form,' where it is again subjected to pressure, from which it is no sooner released than it is hurried within the grasp of another boy at the bottom part of the machinery, who, illumined by a gas light, extricates it from the cylinder, and piles it on a heap by his side.

By virtue of this beautiful process, a sheet of paper, by two revolutions of the engine, with the assistance only of two boys, is imprinted on both sides, with not only, say sixteen pages of letter-press, but with the various wood-cuts which they contain. Excepting an hour's intermission, the engines, like the boys, are at regular work from eight A.M. till eight P.M., besides night-work, when it is required. Each steam-press is capable of printing 1000 sheets an hour.

The apartments above the machinery we have described contain no less than twenty-three common or hand-presses, of various constructions; besides which, in each of the compositors' rooms there is what is termed a proof-press. Each of these twenty-three presses is attended by two pressmen, one of whom inks the form, by means of a roller, whilst the other lays and takes off the paper very nearly as fast as he can change it, and by a strong gymnastic exertion, affording a striking feature of variety of attitude, imparts to it a pressure of from a ton to a ton and a half, the pressure depending upon the size and lightness of the *form* ; this operation being performed by the two men, turn and turn about.

By his steam and hand-presses Mr. Clowes is enabled at this moment to be printing simultaneously 'Brown's folio Bible,'
'Vyse's

'Vyse's Spelling Book,' 'First Report of St. Martin's Subscription Library,' 'Religious Tracts,' 'Penny Cyclopædia,' 'Penny Magazine,' 'The Harmonist' (in musical type), 'The Imperial Calendar,' 'Booksellers' Catalogues,' 'Registration Reports,' 'The Christian Spectator,' 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' 'Henry's folio Bible,' 'Butler's Lives of the Saints,' 'Registration of Births and Deaths,' 'Boothroyd's Bible,' 'Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong,' 'Palestine, or the Holy Land,' 'The Way to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise' (300,000 copies, of which 20,000 are delivered per day), 'The Quarterly Review,' &c.

Notwithstanding the noise and novelty of this scene, it is impossible either to contemplate for a moment the machinery in motion we have described, or to calculate its produce, without being deeply impressed with the inestimable value to the human race of the art of printing—an art which, in spite of the opposition it first met with, in spite of 'the envious clouds which seemed bent to dim its glory and check its bright course,' has triumphantly risen above the miasmatical ignorance and superstition which would willingly have smothered it.

In the fifteenth century (the era of the invention of the art) the brief-men or writers who lived by their manuscripts, seeing that their occupation was about to be superseded, boldly attributed the invention to the devil, and, building on this foundation, men were warned from using diabolical books 'written by victims devoted to hell.' The monks in particular were its inveterate opposers; and the Vicar of Croydon, as if he had foreseen the Reformation which it subsequently effected, truly enough exclaimed in a sermon preached by him at St. Paul's Cross, '*We must root out printing, or printing will root us out!*' Nevertheless, the men of the old school were soon compelled to adopt the novelty thus hateful: in fact, many of the present names of our type have been derived from their having been first employed in the printing of Romish prayers: for instance, 'Pica,' from the service of the Mass, termed *Pica* or *Pie*, from the glaring contrast between the black and white on its page—'Primer,' from *Primarius*, the book of Prayers to the Virgin—'Brevier,' from *Breviary*,—'Canon,' from the *Canons* of the Church—'St. Augustin,' from that Father's writings having been first printed in that sized type, &c. &c.

How reluctantly, however, the old prejudice was parted with, even by the classes most interested in the advancement of the new device, may be inferred from Shakspeare's transcript of the chronicle in which Jack Cade, the Radical spouter of his day, is made to exclaim against Lord Say, 'Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and

and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused *printing to be used*; and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast *built a paper-mill!*'

But we must pause in our quotations, for the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls have just struck 'ONE,' the signal throughout the whole establishment (which we may observe contains 340 workmen) that the welcome hour for rest and refreshment has arrived. The extended arm of the distributor falls as by paralysis to his side—the compositor as suddenly lays down his stick—the corrector his bodkin—the impositor abandons his quoins, reglet, gutters, scaleboard, chases, shooting-sticks, side-sticks, and his other 'furniture'—the wearied 'reader' slowly rises from his stool, his boy, like a young kid, having already bounded from his side. The wheels of the steam-presses abruptly cease to revolve—the 'doctor' even becomes motionless—the boys descend from the literary pinnacles on which they had been stationed—the hand-presses repose—and, almost before the paper-men, type-founders, and other workmen can manage to lay down their work, in both Duke-street and Stamford-street printers' boys of various colours are seen either scudding away in all directions, or assembled in knots to play at leap-frog, or at whatever other game may happen to be what is technically called 'in.' A fat, ruddy-faced boy wearing a paper-cap is seen vaulting over the back of a young tight-made devil, while 'a legion of foul fiends' appear gambolling in groups or jumping over each other's shoulders.*

While this scene is passing in the middle of the street, steady workmen who are going to their dinners are seen issuing in a stream out of the great gate, while at the same moment, by a sort of back current, there is entering the yard a troop of little girls with provisions for those who prefer to dine at their posts. Most of these children are bearers of one or more sixpenny portions of smoking hot meat with penny portions of potatoes or cabbage, in addition to which some of the little girls, with their

* Whenever a printer's devil, in the morning, at noon, or at night, is about to be let loose upon an author, 'the proofs' he is ordered to convey are secured in a leathern bag, strapped round his waist. Some time ago, however, a young, thoughtless imp, from Messrs. Clowes's establishment, chose to carry upon his head a heavy packet, addressed by his employer to 'Lieut. Stratford, R.N., Somerset House.' 'You young rascal!' exclaimed a tall thief, who, after having read the inscription cunningly, ran up to him, 'Lieut. Stratford has been waiting for the last two hours for this parcel! Give it to me!' The devil, conscience-stricken and crest-fallen at the recollection that he had twice stopped on his road to play at marbles, delivered up his packet to the conveyancer; who, on opening it in his den, must have been grievously disappointed to find that it contained nothing but some proofs of 'The Nautical Almanac for 1840.'

longing eyes especially fixed on the dish, are carrying great twopenny lumps of apple-pudding, or of heavy pieces of a cylindrical composition commonly called 'rolly-polly pudding,' which very closely resembles slices of 'the doctor.' Besides these eatables, a man is seen gliding hastily down the declivity of the yard, carrying in each hand a vertical tray glistening with bright pewter pint pots.

A remarkable silence now pervades the establishment. The halls of the compositors appear to be empty; for while enjoying their humble meal, sick of standing, they invariably seat themselves underneath their frames, and thus, like rats in their holes, they can scarcely be discovered. The care-worn reader, in solitude, is also at his meal; but whatever it may consist of, it would be hard to say which he enjoys most—food for the body, or rest for the mind. The great steam-engine, which works the nineteen printing-presses, is also at its dinner, which consists of a liberal allowance of good neat's-foot oil and tallow.

As this scene of rest and enjoyment is to last for a whole hour, we perhaps cannot better employ a small portion of the interim than by a few reflections on the history of printing.

The *labour* attendant upon propagating manuscript copies of volumes has been thus very feelingly described by William Caxton:—

'Thus end I this book; and for as moche as in wrytyng of the same my penne is worn, myn hande wery, and myn eyne dimmed with over-mochelookyng on the whit paper, and that age crepeth on me dayly' . . .

Accordingly fifty years were sometimes employed in producing a single volume. At the sale of Sir W. Burrell's books, May, 1796, there was displayed a MS. bible on vellum, beautifully written with a pen, and illuminated, which had taken upwards of half a century to perform; the writer, Guido de Jars, began it in his fortieth year (the period of life at which Sir Walter Scott began *Waverley*), and yet did not finish it till he was upwards of ninety.

The *expense* attendant upon the ancient operation will be sufficiently explained by the following extract of a translated epistle from Antonio Bononia Becatello to Alphonzo, King of Naples:—

'You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each book is 120 crowns of gold: therefore, I entreat your majesty that you cause to be bought for us Livy, whom we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall in the mean time procure the money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best:

he

he, who, that he might buy a country-house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand; or I, who, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale? Your goodness and modesty have encouraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you. Farewell, and triumph.'

Gaguin, in writing from France to one of his friends who had sent to him from Rome to procure a Concordance, says,—

'I have not to this day found a Concordance, except one that is greatly esteemed, which Paschasius the bookseller has told me is to be sold, and it may be had for a hundred crowns of gold' (about 83*l.*).

On the last leaf of a folio manuscript of the *Roman de la Rose* (the property of the late Mr. Ames), there is written,—

'Cest lyuir costa au palas de Parys quarante coronnes dor, sans mentyr.'

About the time of Henry II. the works of authors were, it has been said, read over for three days successively before one of the Universities, or before other judges appointed for the service, and, if they met with approbation, copies of them were then permitted to be taken by monks, scribes, illuminators, and readers, brought up or trained to that purpose for their maintenance. But the labours of these monks, scribes, illuminators, &c., after all, were only for the benefit of a very few individuals, while the great bulk of the community lived in a state of ignorance closely resembling that which has ever characterized, and which still characterizes savage tribes.

The heaven-born eloquence of many of these people has been acknowledged by almost every traveller who has enjoyed the opportunity of listening to it with a translator.

Nothing, it is said, can be more striking than the framework of their speech, which, commencing with an appeal to 'the Great Spirit' that governs the universe, gradually descends to the very foundation of the subject they are discussing. Nothing more beautiful than the imagery with which they clothe their ideas, or more imposing than the intellectual coolness with which they express them. From sunrise till sunset they can address their patient auditors; and, such is the confidence these simple people possess in their innate powers of speech, that a celebrated orator was, on a late occasion, heard to declare, 'That had he conceived the young men of his tribe would have so erred in their decision, he would have attended their council fire, and would have spoken to them for a fortnight!'

But what has become of all the orations which these denizens of the forest have pronounced? What moral effect have they produced beyond a momentary excitement of admiration, participated only by a small party of listeners, and which, had even

millions attended, could only, after all, have extended to the radius of the speaker's voice?

From our first discovery of their country to the present day, their eloquence has passed away like the loud moaning noise which the wind makes in passing through the vast wilderness they inhabit, and which, however it may affect the traveller who chances to hear it, dies away in the universe unrecorded.

Unable to read or write, the uncivilized orator of the present day has hardly any materials to build with but his own native talent; he has received nothing from his forefathers—he can bequeath or promulgate little or nothing to posterity—whatever, therefore, may be his eloquence, and whatever may be his intelligence, he is almost solely guided by what resembles brute instinct rather than human reason, which, by the art of writing, transmits experience to posterity.

Before the invention of printing almost the whole herd of mankind were in a state of moral degradation, nearly equal to that which we have thus described; for, although various manuscripts existed, yet the expense and trouble of obtaining them was, as we have endeavoured to show, so great, that few could possess them in any quantities, except sovereign princes, or persons of very great wealth. The intellectual power of mankind was consequently completely undisciplined—there was no such thing as a combination of moral power—the experience of one age was not woven into the fabric of another—in short, the intelligence of a nation was a rope of sand. Now, how wonderful is the contrast between this picture of the dark age which preceded the invention of printing and the busy establishment which only for a few moments we have just left!

The distinction between the chrysalis and the butterfly but feebly illustrates the alteration which has taken place, since by the art of printing science has been enabled to wing its rapid and unerring course to the remotest regions of the globe. Every man's information is now received and deposited in a common hive, containing a cell or receptacle for everything that can be deemed worth preserving. The same facility attends the distribution of information which characterises its collection. The power of a man's voice is no longer the measured range to which he can project his ideas; for even the very opinion we have just uttered, the very sentence we are now writing—faulty as they may both be—printed by steam, and transported by steam, will be no sooner published than they will be wafted to every region of the habitable globe,—to India, to America, to China, to every country in Europe, to every colony we possess, to our friends, and to our foes, wherever they may be. In short, the hour has at last arrived

ived at which the humblest individual in our community is enabled to say to those, whoever they may be, who are seen to wield authority wickedly,—

‘ Si vous m’opprimez, si vos grandeurs dédaignent
Les pleurs des innocens que vous faites couler,
Mon vengeur est au ciel : apprenez à trembler !’

As railroads have produced traffic, so has printing produced earned men ; and ‘ to this art,’ says Dr. Knox, ‘ we owe the Reformation.’ The cause of religion has been most gloriously promoted by it ; for it has placed the Bible in everybody’s hands. Yet, notwithstanding the enormous mass of information it has imparted, it is, however, a most remarkable fact, that printing is one of those busybodies who can tell every man’s history but his own.

Although four centuries have not elapsed since the invention of the noble art, yet the origin of this transcendent light, veiled in darkness, is still a subject of dispute ! No certain record has been handed down fixing the precise time when—the person by whom—and the place whence this art derived its birth. The latent reason of this mystery is not very creditable to mankind ; for printing having been as much the counterfeit as the substitute of writing, from sheer avarice it was kept so completely a secret, that we are told an artist, upon offering for sale a number of Bibles, which so miraculously resembled each other in every particular that they were deemed to surpass human skill, was accused of witchcraft, and tried in the year 1460.

Gutenberg, we all know, is said to have been the father of printing ; Schoeffer, the father of letter-founding ; Faust, or Fust, the generous patron of the art ; and by Hansard these three are termed ‘ the grand typographical triumvirate.’ On the other hand, Hadrianus Junius, who wrote the history of Holland in Latin, published in 1578, claims the great art for Harlaem, assigning to Laurentius Coster the palm of being the original inventor. Neither our limits nor our inclination allow us to take any part in the threadbare discussion of the subject. On the front of the house inhabited by Gutenberg, at Mentz, there is the following inscription :—

‘ JOHANNI GUTTENBERGENSI,
Moguntino
Qui Primus Omnium Literas Ære
Imprimendas Invenit,
Hac Arte De Orbe Toto Bene Merenti.’

Besides this, a fine statue by Thorwaldsen, erected in the city, was opened amidst a burst of enthusiasm. ‘ For three days,’ says a

late writer, 'the population of Mayence was kept in a state of high excitement. The echo of the excitement went through Germany, and GUTENBERG! GUTENBERG!! was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine, amidst this *cordial* and enthusiastic people.' But while Gut! *Guten!* GUTENBERG! are thus resounding through Germany, the web-footed inhabitants of the city of Harlaem, nothing daunted, still paddle through their streets, with their burgomasters at their head, holding annual festivals, and making public speeches, in commemoration of the grand discovery of the art by their '*beloved Coster,*' to whom various monuments have been erected.

But two o'clock has arrived, and we therefore most readily abandon the history of printing, to return with Mr. Clowes's people to his interesting establishment.

On entering the door of a new department, a number of workmen, in paper caps, and with their shirt sleeves tucked up, may be seen at a long table, immediately under the windows, as well as at another table in the middle of the room, intently occupied at some sort of minute niggling operation; but what wholly engrosses the first attention of the stranger is the extraordinary convulsive attitudes of ten men, who, at equal distances from each other, are standing with their right shoulders close to the dead wall opposite to the windows.

These men appear as if they were all possessed with St. Vitus' Dance, or as if they were performing some Druidical or Derivishical religious ceremony. Instead, however, of being the servants of idolatrous superstition, they are in fact its most destructive enemies: for, grotesque as may be their attitudes, they are busily fabricating grains of intellectual gunpowder to explode it—we mean they are type-casting.

This important operation is performed as follows:—In the centre of a three-inch cube of hard wood, which is split into two halves like the shell of a walnut, there is inserted the copper matrix or form of the letter to be cast. The two halves of the cube when put together are so mathematically adjusted that their separation can scarcely be detected, and accordingly down the line of junction there is pierced, from the outer face of this wood, to the copper matrix, a small hole, into which the liquid metal is to be cast, and from which it can easily be extricated by the opening or bisection of the cube. Besides this piece of wood, the type-caster is provided with a little furnace, and a small cauldron of liquid metal, projecting about a foot from the wall, on his right. The wall is protected by sheet-iron, which is seen shining and glittering in all directions with the metal that in a liquid state has been tossed upon it to a great height.

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On the floor, close at the feet of each 'caster,' there is a small heap of coals, while a string or two of onions hanging here and there against the wall, sufficiently denote that those who, instead of leaving the building at one o'clock, dine within it, are not totally unacquainted with the culinary art.

The ladles are of various denominations, according to the size of the type to be cast. There are some that contain as much as a quarter of a pound of metal, but for common-sized type the instrument does not hold more than would one-half of the shell of a small hazel-nut.

With the mould in the left hand, the founder with his right dips his little instrument into the liquid metal—instantly pours it into the hole of the cube, and then, in order to force it *down* to the matrix, he jerks *up* the mould higher than his head; as suddenly he lowers it, by a quick movement opens the cube, shakes out the type, closes the box, re-fills it, re-jerks it into the air, re-opens it—and, by a repetition of these rapid manœuvres, each workman can create from 400 to 500 types an hour.

By the convulsive jerks which we have described the liquid is unavoidably tossed about in various directions; yet, strange to say, the type-founder, following the general fashion of the establishment, performs this scalding operation with naked arms, although in many places they may be observed to have been more or less burned.

As soon as there is a sufficient heap of type cast, it is placed before an intelligent little boy, (whose pale wan face sufficiently explains the effect that has been produced upon it by the antimony in the metal,) to be broken off to a uniform length; for, in order to assist in forcing the metal down to the matrix, it was necessary to increase the weight of the type by doubling its length. At this operation a quick boy can break off from 2000 to 3000 types an hour, although, be it observed, by handling new type a workman has been known to lose his thumb and forefinger from the effect of the antimony.

By a third process the types are rubbed on a flat stone, which takes off all roughness or '*bur*' from their sides, as well as adjusts their 'beards' and their 'shanks.' A good rubber can finish about 2000 an hour.

By a fourth process, the types are, by men or boys, fixed into a sort of composing-stick about a yard long, where they are made to lie in a row with their 'nicks' all uppermost: 3000 or 4000 per hour can be thus arranged.

In a fifth process, the bottom extremities of these types, which had been left rough by the second process, are, by the stroke of a plane, made smooth, and the letter-ends being then turned uppermost,

permost, the whole line is carefully examined by a microscope; the faulty type, technically termed 'fat-faced,' 'lean-faced,' and 'bottle-bottomed,' are extracted; and the rest are then extricated from the *stick*, and left in a heap.

The last operation is that of 'telling them down and papering them up,' to be ready for distribution when required.

By the system we have just described, Mr. Clowes possesses the power of supplying his compositors with a stream of new type, flowing upon them at the rate of 50,000 per day!

Type-founding has always been considered to be a trade of itself, and there is not in London, or we believe in the world, any other great *printing* establishment in which it is comprehended; but the advantages derived from this connexion are very great, as types form the life-blood of a printing-house, and, therefore, whatever facilitates their circulation adds to its health and promotes science.

Small, insignificant, and undecipherable as types appear to inexperienced eyes, yet, when we reflect upon the astonishing effects they produce, they forcibly remind us of that beautiful parable of the grain of mustard-seed, '*which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.*' But, casting theory aside, we will endeavour to demonstrate the advantages which not only the establishment before us, but the whole literary world, *bonâ fide* derives from a cheap, ready, and never-failing supply of type.

By possessing an ample store of this *primum mobile* of his art, a printer is enabled, without waiting for the distribution or breaking up of the type of the various publications he is printing, to supply his compositors with the means of 'setting up' whatever requires immediate attention—literary productions, therefore, of every description are thus relieved from unnecessary quarantine, the promulgation of knowledge is hastened, the distance which separates the writer from the reader is reduced to its minimum.

But besides the facility which the possession of abundance of type gives both to the publisher and to the public, the printer's range, or in other words the radius, to the extent of which he is enabled to serve the world, is materially increased; for with an ample supply he can manage to keep type in 'forms' until his proofs from a distance can be returned corrected. In a very large printing establishment like that before us, this radius is very nearly the earth's diameter; for Messrs. Clowes are not only enabled, by the quantity of type they possess, to send proofs to the East and West Indies, but they are at this moment engaged in printing a work regularly published in England every month,
the

the proof-sheets of which are sent by our steamers to be corrected by the author in America!

Again, in the case of books that are likely to run into subsequent editions, a printer who has plenty of type to spare can afford to keep the forms standing until the work has been tested; and then, if other editions are required, they can, on the whole, be printed infinitely cheaper than if the expense of composition were in each separate edition to be repeated—the publisher, the printer, and the public, all, therefore, are gainers by this arrangement.

In bye-ways as well as in high-ways, literary labourers of the humblest description are assisted by a printing establishment possessing abundance of type. For instance, in its juvenile days, the ‘Quarterly Review’ (which, by the way, is now thirty years old) was no sooner published than it was necessary that the first article of the following number should go to press, in order that the printer might be enabled, article by article, to complete the whole in three months. Of the inconvenience to the *editor* attendant upon this ‘never-ending-still-beginning’ system, we deem it proper to say nothing: our readers, however, will at once see the scorbutic inconvenience which they themselves must have suffered by having been supplied by us with provisions, a considerable portion of which had unavoidably been salted down for nearly three months. Now, under the present system, the contents of the whole number lie open to fresh air, correction, and conviction—are ready to admit new information—to receive fresh facts—to so late a moment, that our eight or ten articles may be sent to the printer on a Monday with directions to be ready for publication on the Saturday.

But notwithstanding all the examples we have given of the present increased expenditure of type, our readers will probably be surprised when they are informed of the actual quantity which is required.

The number of sheets now standing in type in Messrs. Clowes’s establishment, each weighing on an average about 100 lbs., are above 1600. The weight of type not in forms amounts to about 100 tons!—the weight of the stereotype plates in their possession to about 2000 tons: the cost to the proprietors (without including the original composition of the types from which they were cast) about 200,000*l.* The number of wood-cuts is about 50,000, of which stereotype-casts are taken and sent to Germany, France, &c.

Having mentioned the amount of stereotype-plates in the establishment, it is proper that we should now visit the foundry in which *they* are cast. The principal piece of furniture in this small chamber is an over, in appearance such as is commonly

monly used by families for baking bread. In front of it there stands a sort of dresser; and close to the wall on the right, and adjoining the entrance door, a small table. The 'forms' or pages of types, after they have been used by the printer, and before the stereotype impression can be taken from them, require to be cleaned, in order to remove from them the particles of ink with which they have been clogged in the process of printing. As soon as this operation is effected, the types are carefully oiled, to prevent the cement sticking to them, and when they have been thus prepared, they are placed at the bottom of a small wooden frame, where they lie in appearance like a schoolboy's slate. In about a quarter of an hour the plaster of Paris, which is first dabbled on with a cloth and then poured upon them, becomes hard, and the mixture, which somewhat resembles a common Yorkshire pudding, is then put into the oven, where it is baked for an hour and a half. It is then put into a small iron coffin with holes in each corner, and buried in a cauldron of liquid metal, heated by a small furnace close to the oven—the little vessel containing the type gradually sinks from view, until the silvery glistening wave rolling over it entirely conceals it from the eye. It remains at the bottom of this cauldron about ten minutes, when being raised by the arm of a little crane, it comes up completely encrusted with the metal, and is put for ten minutes to cool over a cistern of water close to the cauldron. The mass is then laid on the wooden dresser, where the founder unmercifully belabours it with a wooden mallet, which breaks the brittle metal from the coffin, and the plaster-of-Paris cast being also shattered into pieces, the stereotype impression which, during this rude operation, has remained unharmed, is introduced for the first moment of its existence into the light of day. The birth of this plate is to the literary world an event of no small importance, inasmuch as 100,000 copies of the best impressions can be taken from it, and with care it can propagate a million! The plates, after being rudely cut, are placed on a very ingenious description of Procrustesian bed, on which they are by a machine not only all cut to the same length and breadth, but with equal impartiality planed to exactly the same thickness.

The plates are next examined in another chamber by men termed 'pickers,' who, with a sharp graver, and at the rate of about sixteen pages in six hours, cut out or off any improper excrescences; and if a word or sentence is found to be faulty, it is cut out of the plate and replaced by real type, which are soldered into the gaps. Lastly, by a circular saw the plates are very expeditiously cut into pages, which are packed up in paper to go to press.

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We have already stated that in Messrs. Clowes's establishment the stereotype plates amount in weight to 2000 tons. They are contained in two strong rooms or cellars which appear to the stranger to be almost a mass of metal. The smallest of these receptacles is occupied entirely with the Religious Tract Society's plates, many of which are fairly entitled to the rest they are enjoying, having already given hundreds of thousands of impressions to the world. It is very pleasing to find in the heart of a busy, bustling establishment, such as we are reviewing, a chamber exclusively set apart for the propagation of religious knowledge; and it is a fact creditable to the country in general, as well as to the art of printing in particular, that, including all the publications printed by Messrs. Clowes, one-fourth are self-devoted to religion. The larger store, which is 100 feet in length, is a dark *omnium gatherum*, containing the stereotype plates of publications of all descriptions. But even in *this* epitome of the literature of the age, our readers will be gratified to learn that the sacred volumes of the Established Church maintain, by their own intrinsic value, a rank and an importance, their possession of which has been the basis of the character and unexampled prosperity of the British empire. Among the plates in this store there are to be seen reposing those of thirteen varieties of bibles and testaments, of numerous books of hymns and psalms, of fifteen different dictionaries, and of a number of other books of acknowledged sterling value. We have no desire, however, to conceal that the above are strangely intermixed with publications of a different description. For instance, next to 'Doddridge's Works' lie the plates of 'Don Juan': close to 'Hervey's Meditations' lie 'The Lives of Highwaymen,' 'Henderson's Cookery,' 'The Trial of Queen Caroline,' and 'Macgowan's Dialogue of Devils.' In the immediate vicinity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' repose 'The Newgate Calendar' (6 vols.), and 'Religious Courtship;' and lastly, in this republic of letters, close to 'Sturm's Reflections,' 'Ready Reckoner,' 'Goldsmith's England,' and 'Hutton's Logarithms,' are to be found 'A Whole Family in Heaven,' 'Heaven taken by Storm,' 'Baxter's Shove to ***** Christians,' &c. &c. &c.

On the whole, however, the ponderous contents of the chamber are of great literary value; and it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the stranger beholds before him, in a single cellar, a capital, principally devoted to religious instruction, amounting to no less than 200,000*l.* !

In suddenly coming from the inky chambers of a printing-office into the paper-warehouse, the scene is, almost without metaphor, 'as different as black from white.' Its transition is like
that

that which the traveller experiences in suddenly reaching the snowy region which caps lofty mountains of dark granite.

It must be evident to the reader that the quantity of paper used by Messrs. Clowes in a single year must be enormous.

This paper, before it is despatched from the printer to the binder, undergoes two opposite processes, namely, wetting and drying, both of which may be very shortly described. The wetting-room, which forms a sort of cellar to the paper-warehouse, is a small chamber, containing three troughs, supplied with water, like those in a common laundry, by a leaden pipe and cock. Leaning over one of these troughs, there stands, from morning till night, with naked arms, red fingers, and in wooden shoes, a man, whose sole occupation, for the whole of his life, is to wet paper for the press. The general allowance he gives to each quire is two dips, which is all that he knows of the literature of the age; and certainly, when it is considered that, with a strapping lad to assist him, he can dip 200 reams a day, it is evident that it must require a considerable number of very ready writers to keep pace with him. After being thus wetted, the paper is put in a pile under a screw-press, where it remains subjected to a pressure of 200 tons for twelve hours. It should then wait about two days before it is used for printing, yet, if the weather be not too hot, it will, for nearly a fortnight, remain sufficiently damp to imbibe the ink from the type.

We have already stated that, as fast as the sheets printed on both sides are abstracted by the boys who sit at the bottoms of the nineteen steam-presses, they are piled in a heap by their sides. As soon as these piles reach a certain height, they are carried off, in wet bundles of about one thousand sheets, to the two drying-rooms, which are heated by steam to a temperature of about 90° of Fahrenheit. These bundles are there subdivided into 'lifts,' or quires, containing from fourteen to sixteen sheets; seven of these lifts, one after another, are rapidly placed upon the transverse end of a long-handled 'peel,' by which they are raised nearly to the ceiling, to be deposited across small wooden bars ready fixed to receive them, in which situation it is necessary they should remain at least twelve hours, in order that not only the paper, but the ink, should be dried. In looking upwards, therefore, the whole ceiling of the room appears as if an immense shower of snow had just suddenly been arrested in its descent from heaven. In the two rooms about four hundred reams can be dried in twenty-four hours.

When the operation of drying is completed, the 'lifts' are rapidly pushed by the 'peel' one above another (like cards which have

have overlapped) into a pack, and in these masses they are then lowered; and again placed in piles, each of which contains the same 'signature,' or, in other words, is formed of duplicates of the same sheet. A work, therefore, containing twenty-four sheets—marked or *signed* A, B, C, and so on, to Z—stands in twenty-four piles, all touching each other, and of which the height of course depends upon the number of copies composing the edition. A gang of sharp little boys of about twelve years of age, with naked arms, termed *gatherers*, following each other as closely as soldiers in file, march past these heaps, from every one of which they each abstract, in regular order for publication, a single sheet, which they deliver as the complete work to a 'collator,' whose duty it is rapidly to glance over the printed signature letters of each sheet, in order to satisfy himself that they follow each other in regular succession; and as soon as the signature letters have either by one or by repeated gatherings been all collected, they are, after being pressed, placed in piles about eleven feet high, composed of complete copies of the publication, which, having thus undergone the last process of the printing establishment, is ready for the hands of the binder.

The group of gathering-boys, whose 'march of intellect' we have just described, usually perform per day a thousand journeys, each of which is, on an average, about fourteen yards. The quantity of paper in the two drying-rooms amounts to about 3000 reams, each weighing about 25 lbs. The supply of white paper in store, kept in piles about 20 feet high, averages about 7000 reams; the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication amounts to about 1500 reams (of 500 sheets), each of which averages in size $389\frac{3}{8}$ square inches. The supply, therefore, of white paper kept on hand, would, if laid down in a path of $22\frac{1}{4}$ inches broad, extend 1230 miles; the quantity printed on both sides per week would form a path of the same breadth of 263 miles in length. In the course of a year Messrs. Clowes consume, therefore, white paper enough to make petticoats of the usual dimensions (ten demys per petticoat) for three hundred and fifty thousand ladies!

The *ink* used in the same space of time amounts to about 12,000 lbs.

The cost of the paper may be about 100,000*l.*; that of the ink exceeding 1500*l.*

In one of the compartments of Messrs. Clowes' establishment, a few men are employed in fixing metal-type into the wooden-blocks of a most valuable and simple machine for impressing coloured maps, for which the inventor has lately taken out a patent.

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The tedious process of drawing maps by hand has long been superseded by copper engravings; but besides the great expense attendant upon these impressions, there has also been added that of *colouring*, which it has hitherto been deemed impossible to perform but by the brush. The cost of maps, therefore, has not only operated to a considerable degree, as a prohibition of their use among the poor, but in general literature it has very materially checked many geographical elucidations, which, though highly desirable, would have been too expensive to be inserted.

By his beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to woodcut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles, and by actual type, the positions, as well as the various names of cities, towns, rivers, &c., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

On entering the small room of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and as unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! 'Tempora mutantur,' they exultingly seem to say, '*nos et mutamur in illis!*' In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort of open box, which, instead of having, as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected. A large sheet of pure white drawing paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before, however, it has had any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is embedded a metal plate, coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantaneously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised than the south one, upon which is embedded a metal plate coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red*; and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities, and names.

By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white
paper

paper is seen successfully and happily transformed into a most lovely and prolific picture, in SEVEN colours, of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains (the tops of which are left white), lakes, &c., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, 'The Patent Illuminated Map,' proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight*.

A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch or outline we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is coloured *blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, &c., are deeply designated, and thus by one process *two blues* are imprinted.

When the southern block, which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, &c., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it recovers countries, which by the first process had been marked *blue*, but which, by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two* colours are again imprinted. When the eastern lid, which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour, it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly turns into *purple*, and upon a portion of the *yellow* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown*; and thus, by this single operation, *three* colours are imprinted.

But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation—namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the typographical lines of longitude and latitude, the courses of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letterpress, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map, distinguishing, under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown, and purple.*

* We ought to observe that an analogous invention has already been brought to great perfection, by Mr. Hulmaudell, in the department of lithography. By using consecutively six, ten, or a dozen stones, each charged with its separate colour, the effect of a fine water-colour drawing is reproduced in most wonderful lightness and brilliancy, while (the colour used being all oil-colour) a depth is given to the shadows which the cleverest master of the water-colour school cannot reach in his own original performance. A set of views of French scenery and architecture, done in this way, may now be seen in the shops: they are, in fact, beautiful pictures; and you get, we believe, twenty-six of them for eight guineas.

By

By Mr. Knight's patent machine maps may be thus furnished to our infant schools at the astonishing low rate of 4½d. each.

Before the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls strike EIGHT—at which hour the whole establishment of literary labourers quietly return to their homes, excepting those who, for extra work, extra pay, and to earn extra comforts for their families, are willing to continue their toilsome occupation throughout the whole night, resuming their regular work in the morning as cheerfully as if they had been at rest—we deem it our duty to observe that there are many other printing establishments in London which would strikingly exemplify the enormous physical power of the British press—especially that of the 'Times' Newspaper, which, on the 28th of November, 1814, electrified its readers by unexpectedly informing them that the paper they held in their hands had been printed by *steam*; and it is impossible for the mind to contemplate also, for a single moment, the *moral* force of the British Press, without reflecting, and without acknowledging that, under Providence, it is the only engine that can now save the glorious institutions of the British empire from the impending ruin that inevitably awaits them, unless the merchants, the yeomanry, and the British people, aroused by the loud warning of the said press, shall constitutionally disarm the hand of the destroyers: we will, however, resolutely arrest ourselves in the utterance of these very natural reflections, because we have determined not to pour a single bitter drop into a literary cup which we have purposely concocted only for Christmas use.

To 'the Governor' of the building through which we have perambulated we cordially offer, in return for the courtesy with which he has displayed it, 'the compliments of the season;' and with equal gratitude let us acknowledge the important service rendered to the social family of mankind by the patient labour of each overseer, compositor, reader, pressman, and type-founder in his noble establishment. Let us give them the praise which is due to their art, and, to conclude, 'LET US GIVE TO THE DEVIL HIS DUE!'

ART. II.—*Journaux des Sièges faits ou soutenus par les Français dans la Péninsule de 1807 à 1814, rédigé d'après les ordres du Gouvernement, sur les Documents existant aux Archives de la Guerre et au Dépôt des Fortifications.* Par J. Belmas, Chef de Bataillon du Génie. 4 vols. Paris, 1836.

THIS work, though neither so trustworthy nor so interesting as the title-page promises, is yet deserving of some notice. M. Belmas's *rédaction* of the several operations, though less unfair

unfair than the works of the modern French school generally are, cannot of course be of the same value that the *original documents* from which he professes to have compiled his narrative would have been. He has subjoined, however, to his own narratives copious appendixes of those original documents—some of which are very curious;—but even their authority is seriously impaired by the fact that they are only a *selection* of such parts of the general correspondence as it suited his own views to produce. Admitting them to be authentic and valuable as far as they go, it is obvious that they do not give the *whole truth*, and are rather to be considered as *ex parte* statements than as a complete body of historical evidence.

The first volume is dedicated, not to the sieges, but to a general summary of the Peninsular War—occupying two hundred and ninety pages, followed by nearly five hundred pages of *pièces justificatives*. The other volumes contain respectively narratives of the sieges of,

II. Saragossa, Roses and Girona.

III. Astorga, Lerida, Mequinenza, Ciudad Rodrigo, Almeida, Tortosa, Tarragona, Olivenza, Badajoz, and Campo Mayor.

IV. Tarifa, Saguntum, Valencia, Peniscola, Castro Urdiales—all by the French;—Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, the forts of Salamanca, Burgos, St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, and Monzon (a small town and *château* in Aragon)—by the English:—

—each of these being followed by an appendix, more or less copious, of the original correspondence. Of operations so various and extensive we cannot pretend to give even a summary, much less any details: we can only indicate to the military student where the information is to be found—but a few particulars which may interest the general reader we shall endeavour to condense into manageable limits.

The most remarkable of these documents are assuredly certain *Notes* and *Instructions*, dictated from time to time by Buonaparte himself, relative to the military operations in the Peninsula—a subject which never can be uninteresting to a British reader, particularly when, as in the present instance, he can obtain a glimpse of the real motives and movements of the French, divested of the falsehood and *fanfaronnade* of their published despatches. M. Belmas does not state where he found these documents, nor to whom they were addressed, nor on what authority they are given. It might be concluded from his title-page that he found the *Notes*, as well as Buonaparte's direct correspondence with several of the generals, in the official archives at Paris. But such is not the fact. M. Belmas did not like to own whence they came: we can supply the omission: they were addressed

dressed to King Joseph and his staff at Madrid, as the materials on which these puppets were to frame their orders to the several armies; and were taken with the rest of Joseph's effects after the battle of Vittoria: they were published (and more than M. Belmas has republished) in the Appendix to the first volume of Colonel Napier's History, and noticed in the Quarterly Review, vol. 56, p. 155; but some further communications between Joseph and Napoleon, and a considerable portion (not all) of a correspondence with the Generals commanding the French armies in Spain, are new to us, and we heartily wish that M. Belmas had been *able*, or (what we doubt more) *willing* to enrich history with a fuller and less *select* collection of such valuable documents. We are grateful for every attempt to lift *even a corner* of that almost impenetrable curtain of 'falsehood lined with terror,' behind which Buonaparte prepared the various incidents of his wonderful drama; and in this view the present publication has many interesting points. All the Buonaparte papers, though applying to a single subject and a narrow period, mark strongly the character of their author—the affectation (if, indeed, like other impostors, he had not grown to believe in himself) of omniscience and omnipotence which prompted him to prescribe from Bayonne, St. Cloud, or even Vienna, the movements (some of them in minute detail) of his armies in Portugal, Valencia, or Andalusia—the harsh presumption with which he criticised what any one else did, and the severe injustice with which he visited on individual officers the natural impediments or inevitable accidents that happened to thwart his insolent and often injudicious designs; and—with all this personal arrogance—the patience or policy with which he bore—if indeed he did not (as we rather believe) foment—the squabbles, jealousies, and indeed almost continual insubordination, of his generals amongst themselves. Provided they obeyed *him*, he seems to have been totally indifferent how they behaved to one another. His very interests were often sacrificed to his vanity; and even the reverses of his lieutenants had to his mind the consolation of showing the world that Napoleon the Great was *all in all*, and that without him *La belle France*, and all her skilful marshals and her valiant armies, were—NOTHING.

As the most important of these documents have been already applied to their *historical* uses, it is chiefly as illustrative of Buonaparte's personal character and his mode of dealing with his Generals and Marshals, that we shall now examine them.

The first of the *Notes* is of 13th July, 1808, without date of place, but it must have been from Bayonne, and is addressed to Savary, chief of Joseph's staff, at Madrid. It takes a general, but, as affairs turned out, not a very correct view of the operations
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in Spain. The chief solicitude at that moment was as to the movements of Marshal Bessières, prior to the battle of Medina del Rio-Seco. On a victory *there* Buonaparte rested the whole cause of Spain—while the authorities at Madrid were more alarmed about Dupont in Andalusia—and Buonaparte is very angry that some reinforcements had been sent to the latter which might have reached the former.

• If General Dupont were to suffer a check, it would be of *little consequence*, and could have no other effect than obliging him to recross the mountains; whereas a blow directed against Bessières would strike the heart of the army, and be felt like a *tetanus* to all its extremities.

• The true way to reinforce General Dupont [in the south] is not to send him troops, but to send troops to Marshal Bessières [in the north]. General Dupont and Verdier have troops enough to maintain themselves in their intrenched positions; and *if Bessières were reinforced, and the Spaniards routed in Galicia, Dupont would find himself in the best possible position*, both by the reinforcements which might then be sent to him, and still more by the moral situation of affairs. There is not a citizen of Medina—not a peasant of the valleys, that does not feel that the whole fate of Spain is to-day in the operations of Marshal Bessières. How unfortunate it is that in this great concern you should have gratuitously given *twenty chances* against us!—vol. i. p. 320.

We will here observe that Buonaparte was in the habit of estimating the total chances of any object—say, at *one hundred*, and of proportioning off the chances of success or failure at so much *per cent.*, in a style that seems to us somewhat pedantic, and, in spite of its affected precision, very vague—as in this very instance: Bessières, he says, at Rio Seco, had 75 chances for, and 25 against him: while Dupont, he says, with 21,000 men, would have 80 chances for, and only 20 against him.

Now the result was the very reverse of Buonaparte's opinions, predictions, and calculations. Bessières, with 15 or 16,000 men, had more than enough; for Buonaparte afterwards admits that he had employed but 8000 in winning the great battle of Rio Seco—which, though the success was more complete than could be hoped for, had very limited results: while Dupont, with more than the specified force, instead of being in the best possible position, was beaten, and, instead of recrossing the Sierra, was forced to surrender to Castaños—the single event which had the greatest influence on the ultimate destinies of the war. We are amused with a couple of instances of what the French used to call the 'lofty conceptions of the Emperor,' but which seem to us less characteristic of *le plus grand Capitaine*, than of *le plus grand charlatan* that even France has produced. King Joseph's cabinet had, it seems, proposed to order one of its

armies to occupy a position at a place called *Milagro*—no, says the Emperor,

‘You should occupy *Tudela*, because it is an honourable position, and *Milagro* is an *obscure* one.’—p. 331.

And again, he desires another army to take up a position at *Burgos* rather than *Trevino*, which had been proposed, because ‘*Burgos* is a position threatening, offensive, honourable, whilst that of *Trevino* would be *blind and shameful* (*honteux et borgne*).’—p. 334.

This anxiety about the moral character of a military position would seem extravagant in any other man; but the truth is, that Buonaparte was well aware how much his reputation, and, consequently, his power, were dependent on *prestige*, delusion and stage-effect, and he was anxious that despatches dated from important places, such as *Burgos* and *Tudela*, should keep up in France, and throughout Europe, the idea that his position in Spain was firm and commanding.

Another paragraph of these notes is important to a just appreciation of the share which the British army had in the subsequent successes. After recapitulating all the events, the numbers and positions of the French and Spanish armies, he concludes by saying,

‘What I have thus stated proves that the Spaniards are not to be feared: all the Spanish forces united would not be capable of defeating 25,000 French in a tolerable position.’—p. 338.

At last, however, in November, 1808, the great man came to Spain himself, ‘to purge the Peninsula of the hideous presence of the *leopards*’—‘*je les chasserai*,’ said he, ‘*de la Péninsule!*’ but he soon abandoned that *chasse* to his lieutenants, and returned suddenly to Paris to conduct his third Austrian war. Of his own proceedings in Spain these volumes contain only two documents, both dated from the ‘obscure position’ of Chamartin, near Madrid, the 8th December, one to Marshal Ney, and the other to Mortier, in which he criticises rather severely the conduct of both, and particularly that of Ney, with whom, says M. Belmas, he was ‘*fort mécontent*.’ In this letter he tells Ney, that ‘the English are flying as fast as they can (*à toutes jambes*); but we have been for a moment in a serious position.’—p. 348.

This ‘serious position’ must have been the situation of the French prior to the passage of the Somo Sierra, when Ney had made a movement, with which Buonaparte now reproached him as a blunder which compromised for a moment the safety of the whole army. M. Belmas throws no light on a question which has always interested us, namely, why, just as Buonaparte had enveloped, as it were, Sir John Moore with three armies, each considerably greater than ours, and all capable of being united with an overwhelming

overwhelming superiority, and with every prospect of a brilliant success against the English—*why* he should at that moment (1st January, 1809) have suddenly given over the command to Soult, and hastened away to Paris. It is everywhere stated that this was in consequence of intelligence received at that date of the preparations of Austria; but pressing as that danger might be, it does not appear to have been so *extremely* urgent as not to have allowed him a week or ten days for an object of such importance to his cause, and such *éclat* to his personal glory, as a victory over the English army would have been, particularly as we find that he did not leave Paris for the Austrian campaign before the 18th February. Our conjecture is, that he foresaw that he could not force the British to a battle before they reached Corunna, and that *there* he could be by no means sure of a victory, and was therefore not unwilling to escape, *de sa personne*, from a doubtful operation, in which he could not count upon having 'ninety-nine chances' for himself. Yet if he had persevered and succeeded, it might have had a more lasting influence on his fortunes than even the wonderful triumphs of that Austrian campaign—England would probably have abandoned the Peninsula, and WELLINGTON not have marched from Lisbon to Paris!

In a letter, dated Paris, 31st August, 1809, Buonaparte criticises pretty severely the conduct of Soult, Victor, Jourdan, and, in short, of everybody in the campaign of Talavera, and disapproves, of course, not only the mode in which that battle was fought, but its being fought at all, when there were *only* '50,000 French to 30,000 English, who have thus been allowed to *brave* the whole French army. *A battle never* should be fought unless you have *three-fourths* of the chances in your favour.'—p. 405.

In a letter of the 31st January, 1810, in tracing a plan for the ensuing campaign, he says,—

'The Emperor considers that there is nothing in Spain dangerous but the English; that all the rest is *canaille*, that can never keep the field.'—p. 423.

We find, however, in these volumes one instance, at least, of a pitched battle, in which the Spaniards, though miserably beaten, deserve more honourable mention. Marshal Victor, two or three days after his victory of Medellin (28th March, 1809), writes to King Joseph:—

'The loss of the Spaniards was so great that it must be seen to be believed. I myself have gone over the field of battle to ascertain the facts. All the Spanish battalions which General Cuesta had stationed to oppose us, whether in line or in columns, *are still lying there in the same order*. Every man, officer, and soldier was killed! I at first

stated their loss at from 10,000 to 12,000 killed: I now believe it was more. All my staff have seen it as well as myself. But you must not suppose that this was a massacre of prisoners: no, they defended themselves to the last extremity, exclaiming *No quarter*. The sight of the field of battle is really frightful.'—p. 372.

Such steady bravery is admirable; but much more astonishing is the alleged fact, that the death of these 12,000 heroes, the capture and utter dispersion of the rest of the Spanish army, cost the French but 340 men killed and wounded!

But though the Spaniards were thus powerless in the field, their defences of their towns exhibit the highest degree, not merely of courage and enthusiasm, but of skill and ability. The details given by M. Belmas of the well-known sieges of Saragossa and Girona are exceedingly interesting, and raise, if possible, the reputation of those wonderful defences; and particularly that of Don Mariano Alvarez, the governor of Girona, whose resistance, though less romantic, and therefore less celebrated, was even more obstinate, and, in the loss incurred by the French, more important, than that of Saragossa. It lasted nine months, during which the French fired 11,910 bomb-shells, 7984 howitzer-shells, and 80,000 cannon-balls. Of a garrison of 10,000, and a population of 20,000, one-half perished by famine, sickness, and the sword.

The siege cost the French at least as dear. M. Belmas admits their loss to have been 15,000; but this must be far short of the mark, for we have the evidence of General Verdier, commanding the besieging army himself, that on the 21st of September, *three months before the capture of the place*, his own division of the army, which was specially employed in the siege, had *already* lost 12,000 men (vol. ii. p. 769); and this is subsequently repeated by Augereau:—

'This division has suffered greatly, as well by the enemy's fire as by sickness, to such a degree, that, of 17,000 men, with which it began the siege, it has to-day (28th September) but 5000 left.'—*Augereau to the Minister of War*, vol. ii. p. 810.

But we notice this siege more particularly as exhibiting some instances of that incredible insubordination which Buonaparte seems to have tolerated (and toleration with him was encouragement) amongst his generals. The fact is so curious, that every fresh example which emerges is worth notice.

The general of division, Count Gouvion St. Cyr, commanded in chief the army, under whose protection the first corps, headed by the general of division, Count Verdier, was charged with the immediate operations against the town. Verdier, however, began by declaring (28th March) that he could not undertake the siege with

with so small an amount of force as Gouvion had assigned to him, and he appealed to Buonaparte *direct* against the decision of the commander-in-chief. Buonaparte directed that Verdier's demands should be complied with, and the siege proceeded; but this appeal of Verdier's produced further differences, which, Verdier alleged, went so far, that Gouvion *wished to prevent the capture of the place*; but this charge was, we suppose, unfounded. At length, on the 19th September, after *six months* of operations, and after *one hundred and five days* of open trenches, an assault was made, but so gallantly and effectually repulsed, that the French were forced to turn the siege into a blockade, and trust to the powerful 'auxiliaries of *time, fever, and famine*' for the eventual capture of the place. Upon this—

'General Verdier, who had been already indisposed with a fever (?), and was desperately mortified, both by this failure and by his differences with General Gouvion, *withdrew himself (se refugia)* to Perpignan, and the two generals made mutual complaints to the emperor.'—vol. ii. p. 612.

Verdier not only withdrew himself without leave but against orders; for he asked, under colour of his fever, Gouvion's permission to retire, and being refused, he gives him notice that 'rather than continue in a command where his honour and character are compromised, he will *go into the hospital as a private soldier*.' But a wound in an officer's character not being an hospital case, he could not, we presume, find refuge there; and we see by Gouvion's report to the minister of war, that the dissatisfied general took *French leave*, and quitted the army altogether. Gouvion writes to the minister of war:—

'Fornells, 24th September, 1809.

'I have the honour to announce to your excellency, and with the greatest regret, the departure of General Verdier, *in spite of everything I could do to retain him*, in order to avoid the ill effects which this evidence of his discouragement might have on the troops of his division; as had been the case on the *retirement* of Generals *Mario* and *Lechi*, who *have left the army during the siege*, and whose departure has been as pernicious on the spirit of the army as the diseases which are gradually increasing. It was in vain that I earnestly pressed Generals Verdier, Sanson, and Taviel to continue at least the appearance (*simulacre*) of a siege.' &c.—vol. ii. p. 787.

This command before Girona was very unpopular; for Marshal Augereau, who had been nominated to relieve Gouvion, was detained at Perpignan by a fit of the gout, which Gouvion, no doubt, thought to be a pretence; for he—Gouvion—also left his army without leave or licence, and came to Perpignan to hasten his successor, which, not being able to do so by persuasion, he

he at length was obliged to constrain him (*le contraindre*) to proceed to the army by suddenly (*brusquement*) quitting Perpignan on the 5th of October, and withdrawing (*se refugiant*) to his own home in the interior of France, as a private gentleman—leaving the marshals, the generals, the besiegers, and the besieged to settle their matters as they best might. Gouvion's secession cured at once Augereau's gout and Verdier's fever, and they both immediately joined the army before Girona, and, after a three months' further siege and blockade, took the town by famine and capitulation. We have no trace of the Emperor's decision on this series of squabbles, and we suppose he treated them as he did the dissensions between Massena and Ney in the campaign of 1811, of which M. Belmas gives the following account:—

' Marshal Ney, who had been from the commencement of the campaign in open difference (*scission*) with the general-in-chief (Massena), positively refused to obey his orders, [for maintaining a menacing position at Guarda] preferring the withdrawing from Portugal by Almeida, and thence on Salamanca, to recruit and refresh the army. Massena, irritated by a refusal which compromised his authority, thought it necessary to send away (*renvoyer*) Marshal Ney, hoping that by this example of severity, exercised on one of the first officers of the empire, he might restore subordination in the army.'—vol. i. p. 171.

The following extracts from Massena's own letter to Berthier, giving his account of this affair, are curious:—

' *Celorico, 22d March, 1811, eleven at night.*

' Monseigneur,—I find myself reduced at last to an extremity which I have long endeavoured to avoid. The Marshal Duke of Elchingen [Ney] has put the finishing stroke to his preceding insubordination. As this disobedience might have results disastrous to the Emperor's enemies, I have ordered the generals of the several divisions of his army no longer to obey any other orders than mine. It is, Monseigneur, very afflicting to an old soldier so long in the command of armies, and so honoured with the Emperor's confidence, to be forced to such extreme measures with respect to one of his colleagues. But the Marshal Duke of Elchingen has not ceased since my arrival at the army to thwart me in all my military operations. I have been, perhaps, too patient; but I was far from supposing that he would abuse my forbearance to such a scandalous extremity as he has now done. But *the Duke of Elchingen's character is well known*; and I shall say no more about it. I have ordered him to return into Spain, there to await his Majesty's orders.'—vol. i. p. 509.

The truth is, all went on smoothly with these gentlemen as long as they were victorious, and had nothing to do but to divide the spoils of the conquered and the rewards of their master; but as soon as the tide began to turn, and when they had nothing to share but Wellington's blows and Napoleon's censures, every French army exhibited the discord of Agramant's camp. In this instance, the

the real cause of dissension was, not so much the natural ill-temper of Ney, as the battle of Busaco, the estoppel put upon the French at Torres Vedras, and their disastrous retreat from Portugal. In all these operations, though Massena had the chief direction, Ney, as second in command, had the main share of the execution; and certainly there was nothing in the result of these campaigns to put either of the heroes into a very good humour. At Busaco, M. Belmas states (vol. i. pp. 123, 130) Wellington's force at 27,000 English and 13,000 Portuguese (such as the Portuguese were, at this stage of the war), while Massena and Ney had 62,000 men. The French lost, says M. Belmas, 1800 killed and 3000 wounded in this action—but he soon after admits that, when Massena arrived before the lines of Torres Vedras, his army had lost no less than 7000 men hors de combat.

Of the military foresight, skill, and courage which designed, executed, and defended these lines, the following summary from the official mouthpiece of the enemy is worth the attention of our readers:—

‘Such a mass of troops (English, Portuguese, and Spanish) intrenched in positions so formidable, having in their rear the safe and spacious harbour of Lisbon, and affording the opportunity for bringing the maritime power and wealth of England to support her soldiers on the field, offers to the attention of mankind the *most wonderful combination of circumstances* that can be found in the military annals of the world.’—vol. i. p. 135.

No doubt M. Belmas means, by attributing so much of this success to a *wonderful combination of circumstances*, to diminish the personal glory of the Duke of Wellington. But what is military genius, but the faculty of preparing and combining circumstances? And when it is recollected that Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his defence of the Cintra Convention in 1808, when there was no prospect of his ever having anything to do with them, foretold, as it were, the capabilities of the position of Torres Vedras, and when we find him on his return to Portugal, and during his advance into Spain in 1809, preparing this barrier against future possibilities, it cannot be denied that it was indeed ‘a wonderful combination of circumstances,’ in which genius did all, and left nothing to accident or chance.

In the retreat which followed, Ney commanded the rear-guard with skill and bravery, but without success, and was so dispirited, that, as we have seen, he insisted on retreating farther than Massena at first thought of going; but Wellington soon forced Massena to be of Ney's opinion (vol. i. p. 171), and after a series of ‘unfortunate’ affairs, they were at last driven back upon Salamanca.

It

It was in the course of this retreat that Berthier wrote from Paris a private letter to Massena—in which, after stating the Emperor's criticisms on Massena's conduct in Portugal, he adds a remarkable assertion :—

‘ We are perfectly informed—indeed better than you are—of the movements of the English by the English themselves. The Emperor reads the London newspapers, and *every day a great number of letters from the OPPOSITION*; some of which accuse Lord Wellington, and speak in detail of your operations. England trembles for her army in Spain, &c.’

This additional proof of the British spirit and true patriotism of the OPPOSITION *of that day* needs no comment !

We are always glad when we can find any statements of the relative forces of the armies in any degree clear of the habitual falsehood of the French bulletins; Buonaparte, who knew at least his own force, states in one of his confidential instructions dictated to Berthier on the night between the 29th and 30th of March, 1811—

‘ The head-quarters of the Army of Portugal [Massena's] remain at Coimbra. This army has 70,000 men *under arms*. It has orders to fight a battle, if Lord Wellington should attempt to pass the river—but Lord Wellington has under his orders (altogether) but 32,000 English:—After the harvest, Lisbon will be attacked by these 70,000 men of the army of Portugal, and by from *thirty to thirty-five thousand* of the Army of the South, under the Duke of Dalmatia—in all 100,000 men, which, resting on Coimbra and Badajos, must insure the conquest of Portugal,’ &c.—vol. i. p. 523.

We wonder that these magnificent reveries were not a little disturbed by the recollection that this very army of 70,000 French had been for the last two months retreating—always beaten—before as many of these 32,000 English as were not in garrisons, hospitals, &c., and their Portuguese allies.

In these same notes, Buonaparte orders Bessières to send Massena 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. On the 1st of May, Marshal Bessières himself joined Massena with his advanced guard—the rest joined in a day or two—and then Massena, at the head of, according to *Buonaparte's own calculation*, 80,000 men, attacked the allied army, which even *he* does not rate higher than 50,000 (say 30,000 British and 20,000 Portuguese)—in a position which bore the (to the allies) auspicious name of *Fuentes d'Onor—the Fountains of Honour*. This engagement lasted the 3rd, 4th, 5th of April, 1811; and Massena says that he ‘ had all the glory of the day, having killed or wounded 2,000 of the allies, and taken about 1,000.’ No very great result, even if *it were true*, considering the superiority of his forces: but, in fact, the French were *entirely defeated*—of which the best proof is, that

that they fell back in such haste that they could not even communicate with Almeida, which they left to its fate—one single soldier only contriving to get in with orders to the Governor to blow it up and abandon it, which orders were obeyed; and the French army never stopped their retrograde movement till they reached Salamanca, where the unlucky Massena, covered as he was with 'the glory of the day,' was deprived of the command, and Buonaparte sent a new Marshal—Marmont—to try his luck with the terrible Wellington.

After the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, Bessières went back to his own head-quarters of Valladolid, where, however, he soon received, like the others, some tokens of his master's good temper. Berthier writes to him from Rambouillet, 19th May, 1811:—

'The Emperor is dissatisfied at your not having furnished the Prince of Essling (Massena) the necessary assistance. The Emperor hopes you will repair the *enormous fault* you have committed.'—vol. i. p. 523.

Whether it was this despatch that soured Bessières's own temper, or whether he had more direct orders for some proceedings which immediately ensued, we know not, but certainly those proceedings are an indelible disgrace to whoever was either the instigator or perpetrator of such enormities.

M. Belmas gives us an *arrêté*, or decree of Marshal Bessières, issued at Valladolid under date of the 5th of June, 1811, of which we will offer a few extracts to the indignation of our readers:—

'ARRÊTÉ.

'1. There shall be made out lists of all persons who have quitted their habitations.

'2. Every such person shall return within a month, and if they do not, they shall be reputed to have joined the insurgents—their property shall be confiscated, and their tenants or debtors shall pay the amount of their respective debts into the hands of the government.

'3. The *fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, and nephews* of any such person shall be held *responsible in property and person* for any act of violence by such person committed.

'4. If any inhabitant be carried off from his residence, all the relatives, in the aforesaid degrees, of *any* known insurgent, shall be immediately arrested as hostages; and if any inhabitant so carried off should be put to death by the insurgents, the hostages [*fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, or even nephews, of any* insurgent, and who may have had no connexion whatsoever with the offending parties] shall be *shot to death on the spot, and without any form of trial.*'—vol. i. p. 563.

Then follow eight other articles in the same atrocious spirit. Another decree of the following day relates to the collection of the

the contributions imposed by the French army: two articles will suffice to show its spirit.

' Art. III. The parson of every parish—the alcade—and the magistrates and the clergy in general, are to be held *responsible*—1st. For the payment of all contributions. 2nd. For the supply of the French army with equipments, goods, merchandise, and means of transport.

' Art. IV. Any village which shall not immediately execute any order it shall have received shall be subjected to *military execution*.'—vol. i. p. 567.

Even in the annals of French violence in Spain, we have never before found such *avowed** atrocity as this—which was detestable, not only in itself, but as provoking and justifying retaliatory measures on the part of the Spaniards: yet Bessières had the reputation of being one of the least savage of Buonaparte's pro-consuls; and these infernal *ordonnances* are countersigned by

' The Auditor of the Council of State,

' Secretary General of the Government,

' DE BROGLIE.'

—vol. i. p. 567.

De Broglie! What, the present Duke de Broglie? Alas, yes! The self-same liberal and tender-hearted gentleman who could not endure the intolerable despotism of the *Restoration*, and who was so peculiarly indignant at the Polignac *ordonnances*—which, compared with these of his own manufacture, were, we venture to think, as honey to vitriol—as water to blood!

In the same style, we find 'the Emperor dissatisfied (*mécontent*) and complaining (se *plaint*) of the mistakes and *inactivity* of Augereau (i. 433), though Augereau has left us some damning proofs of a zeal not less atrocious than that of Bessières and De Broglie. In a proclamation to the people of Catalonia, 18th December, 1809, he says, *inter alia*,—

' Every Catalan taken with arms in his hand, twenty-four hours after the present proclamation, shall be *hanged without the form of trial*, as a highway robber—the house in which any resistance is made shall be *burned—all shall undergo the same fate*.'—i. 429.

And these abominations are not the exaggerated imputations of enemies, but facts published and republished by the French

* We beg pardon:—Colonel Jones, in his late work on Spain, quotes, from the uncontradicted pages of a French military writer, a distinct statement that, in Massena's army, detachments sent out to forage had orders to bring in all girls between twelve and thirty years of age for the use of the soldiery. A gallant friend of ours, who has been so good as to read these pages before publication, recalls to us this horror, and adds—'I saw with my own eyes, when Massena had retired from before the lines of Torres Vedras, forty or fifty of these wretches in a state of disease, famine, and *insanity*, beyond all conception.'

themselves,

themselves, and were practised in a province which, as Buonaparte wrote to Marshal Macdonald, a few months after, 'he intended to make a part of France.' (i. 435.) Of this last insanity we do not recollect to have before had such positive evidence.

Bessières, notwithstanding the bloody zeal of his and M. de Broglie's proclamations, was soon recalled, and replaced by General Dorsenne, with whom Buonaparte very soon showed that he was no better satisfied.

Lord Wellington had now taken Ciudad Rodrigo, and again discomposed his Imperial Majesty's temper—who thereupon sets to criticising, and lecturing, and reproaching his generals with his usual acrimony.

We shall exhibit some specimens of these *jobations*, with the replies of the accused party in the opposite columns:—

** Prince Berthier to General Count Dorsenne, commanding the army of the North at Burgos.*

'Paris, 11th Feb. 1812.

'The Emperor is extremely dissatisfied with your negligence in this whole affair of Ciudad Rodrigo.

'How is it that you had not news from that place twice a week?

'What were you doing with Souham's fine division?

'This is a strange mode of making war; and the Emperor obliges me to say that the *shame* of this event falls on you.

'This humiliating check can be attributed only to want of precaution on *your* part, and to the inconsiderate measures *you* adopted.'
—vol. i. p. 608.

** General Count Dorsenne, commanding the army of the North, to Prince Berthier.*

'Burgos, 23rd Feb. 1812.

'Monseigneur,—If your Excellency had been pleased to read my despatches of the 15th, 16th, and 23rd *January*,* before writing yours of the 11th, you would have seen that I was in no degree to blame about Ciudad Rodrigo.

'I ordered General Barrié to send me reports, not twice a week, but *every day*. They were intercepted—is that my fault?

'Souham's division passed from my command under that of Marshal Marmont, so long ago as the 10th January.

'Your Highness had yourself placed me *under Marshal Marmont's orders*, to whom you had given direct instructions relative to the defence of Rodrigo, with which, therefore, I had nothing at all to do.

'If the Emperor does not change his unfavourable opinion of me, *I beg he will recall me*, as I cannot remain in Spain with the conviction of having lost his confidence.'
—vol. i. p. 609.

* Misprinted *February* in the original.

'Prince

'Marshal

'Prince Berthier to Marshal Marmont.

'Paris, 11th Feb. 1812.

'The Emperor regrets that with Souham's division and the three other divisions you had assembled, you did not return towards Salamanca to see what was going on. That might have alarmed (*donné à penser*) the English, and been useful to Ciudad Rodrigo.

'You must now concentrate your army on Salamanca, and even push on to Ciudad Rodrigo, and if you have siege artillery, even take the place—your honour requires it. If you cannot, for the moment, retake Ciudad Rodrigo, take up an offensive position from Salamanca to Almeida—re-occupy the Asturias—make your preparations for a siege; push forward heavy detachments on Ciudad Rodrigo, and menace the English.'—vol. i. p. 611.

Berthier to Marmont.

'Paris, 18th Feb.

'The Emperor is not satisfied with the direction which you give the war. *You have a superiority over the enemy*, and yet, instead of taking the initiative, you do nothing but receive it.

'You displace and harass your troops—that is not the art of war.

'Marshal Marmont to Prince Berthier.

'Valladolid, 26th Feb. 1812.

'Your Highness forgets that the Emperor had previously ordered me to leave the three divisions on the other side of the mountains.

'If I were to concentrate the army on Salamanca, it could not exist a fortnight. If I were to advance toward Ciudad Rodrigo, I could not remain three days before the place would have ruined my army. You say "my honour requires the re-capture of that place." My honour will always prompt me to do what is useful to the Emperor's service; but it seems to me that his Majesty reckons as nothing the difficulties of feeding the army. Perhaps his Majesty may not be satisfied with my reasons—in that case *I beg that he will give me a successor*, and place the command of his army in better hands.'—vol. i. p. 628.

Marmont to Berthier.

'Valladolid, 22nd Mar. 1812.

'My army is, *I admit, strong enough to beat the English*—[*witness SALAMANCA*]*—but it is inferior in the means of moving. The English have their abundant magazines behind them, and ampler means of transport. I, on the contrary, must be guided, not by the principles of military manœuvres, but by the resources of the localities, and the possibility of existing. This state of things will last till the harvest.*

'If this alludes to the detachments in the valley of the Tagus, it cannot apply to me, for I did not send them there, and, on the contrary, have stopped movements

that

'The

The real road to Lisbon is by north. The enemy, having his magazines and hospitals on that side, can only retire very slowly from that capital.

You run great risks by receiving the initiative instead of giving it by thinking about the army of the south [Soul's], which does not need your assistance, since it is composed of 80,000 of the best troops in Europe; and by busying yourself about districts which are under your command—you, I say, by directing your attention to those objects, the receiving a shock which might be felt throughout Spain.

I repeat, therefore, the Emperor's orders—within twenty-four hours after the receipt of this letter you will set out for Salamanca. You will concentrate your army at that place, Toro, and Benevent, making your head-quarters at Salamanca. Work actively at fortifying that town. Employ for that purpose 6000 troops and 6000 workmen. Collect there a fresh magazine—establish magazines of provisions.

that were making, and have taken the greatest pains to spare my troops all unnecessary fatigues.

'I believe that all who know the country are of a contrary opinion. The enemy has neither magazines nor hospitals on that side: his magazines are at Abrantes and in Estremadura, and his hospitals in Castelbranco, Abrantes, and Lisbon itself. For my part, I am convinced that, whenever the army attempts to operate by the north, the result will be disastrous.

'The Emperor thinks that I trouble myself too much with other people's concerns, and not enough with my own. But until now I had considered that the Emperor himself had prescribed to me as a duty to assist the army of the south, and this duty has been formally urged upon me in twenty of your despatches, and lately repeated by the order to leave three divisions in the valley of the Tagus; but being now relieved from this, my position is much clearer and better.

'His Majesty's orders are so imperative that I shall obey; but if, in consequence, Badajos shall be taken, I hope I shall not be blamed. [*It was taken in three weeks after.*] It seems that his Majesty forgets that I have neither money to pay, nor victuals to feed, these 12,000 workmen, and that every kind of service on every side is on the point of failing utterly for want of resources; and as to magazines, if his Majesty were to send me the necessary means, and if I could collect one month's subsistence for the army, I should think I had done wonders; and it would be most advisable not to spend these supplies in making demonstrations, but to reserve them for the moment

'Let

'Let your outposts exchange shots every day with those of the enemy.

'You will immediately send an advance-guard to occupy the *debouchés* on Ciudad Rodrigo, and another the *debouchés* on Almeida.

'It will be eight days after these measures are taken before they will produce their effect on the enemy; but as you see the effect of these offensive operations on the enemy, you will gradually withdraw the division you will have left in the valley of the Tagus, and you will increase your offensive demonstrations so as to show that you only wait for the new grass to enter Portugal.

(Signed) 'ALEXANDER.'

—vol. i. p. 614.

ment when we are to act seriously on the enemy.

'His Majesty is then ignorant that our advanced posts are, from the nature of things, no wher nearer to the English than twenty leagues (50 or 60 miles); and that if we are to exchange shots, it could only be with guerrillas, who come up to our very lines.

'I know not what is meant by the *debouchés* of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida: the country between the Agueda and the Tormes is an immense plain, open in all directions.

'I conclude, Monseigneur, by expressing the pain I feel at the manner in which the Emperor depreciates the efforts which I am constantly making for his service; and since his Majesty attributes the loss of Almeida to me, I am ignorant how I can possibly guard myself against any possible incal-pation.

(Signed) 'THE MARSHAL

'DUKE OF RAGUSA.'

—vol. i. p. 634, &c.

Our readers have seen that, in this correspondence, the incul-pated generals were clearly in the right, and that Buonaparte's complaints were captious in spirit and unfounded in fact; and we shall see that—as in the former cases of Bessières and Dupont—the event contradicted his predictions, and that his own positive orders produced disasters of which he subsequently laid all the blame on the unfortunate generals. In spite of Marmont's explanations and remonstrances, we find that, in a letter of the 16th April, Berthier reiterates the preceding orders,—

'To concentrate the army about Salamanca—to take the initiative, and give the war the character suited to the glory of the French army—and to exchange shots with the English every day under the very walls of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.'—vol. i. p. 642.

But when Marmont, in pursuance of the spirit and almost the letter of these positive instructions, provoked the battle of Salamanca, and lost it, Buonaparte (who, as Marmont had before hinted to Berthier, had a convenient facility of forgetting even his own orders) turned round on Marmont, and on the receipt of the

the despatches of the 22nd July, directed the Duke of Feltre, minister of war, to send him a very sharp censure of his conduct, which Feltre delayed to do for some months, waiting Marmont's recovery from the severe wounds he received in the battle. The following are the main points of this letter :—

‘ The Emperor, in considering the case, has set out with a principle which you cannot dispute, namely, that you should consider the *King* (Joseph) as your commander-in-chief, and that you were bound to conduct yourself by the general system which *he* should adopt! Now being placed at Salamanca, in furtherance of that general system, you ought not to have departed from it without the sanction of your commander-in-chief. The Emperor, therefore, considers your proceeding as a direct insubordination and disobedience of his orders.’—vol. i. p. 668.

Our readers will observe that, in the former instructions, there is not an allusion to King Joseph or his system, nor a hint that Marmont was placed at Salamanca in pursuance of any such system. On the contrary, he was there by the special and detailed orders of Napoleon himself, and he was told not to busy himself with anything beyond his own immediate sphere. But there is one point on which Buonaparte's criticisms appear to have been just, namely, Marmont's not having waited for the considerable reinforcements which he knew were within a couple of days of him. To these criticisms Buonaparte directed Marmont to make ‘ precise and categorical answers;’ but M. Belmas does not give us the Marshal's defence, which we should be the more curious to see, as the Duke of Wellington seems to concur with Buonaparte in thinking Marmont's movements premature and injudicious. Our readers will see with interest his Grace's short, yet comprehensive summary of this battle, addressed to Lord Lynedoch, then Sir T. Graham :—

‘ *Flores d'Avila, 25th July, 1812.*

‘ I cannot allow the despatches to go off without writing you a few lines respecting our action of the 22nd. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached hills, which you will recollect on the right of our position. This race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action.

‘ I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the army of the north on the 22nd or 23d, and that the army of the centre [Joseph's] was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But instead of that, and after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last passed my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried *our* Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning

turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating.'—*Wellington Despatches*, vol. ix. p. 309.

What force, what simplicity, what true grandeur, even in this familiar note to a private friend!

Marmont, however, was not singular in his presumption that he was strong enough to beat the English, for Suchet writes to Joseph from Valencia, 30th June,—

' Marshal Marmont may unite the greater part of the army of Portugal, and I doubt whether, in the *present state of England*—[the French always calculated on the factious spirit at home as a powerful auxiliary]—Lord Wellington dare hazard a battle. He has too much to lose, and the French too much glory to gain, to venture an engagement so far from his ships.'—vol. i. p. 660.

But Suchet had his own troubles. He ends the same letter by these words:—

' In my present position, I find myself under the disagreeable necessity of entreating your Majesty [Joseph] to request the Emperor to give me a successor in this command, who—more happy than I—may find your Majesty disposed to believe his reports, and who may possess enough of your Majesty's confidence not to be selected to afford the example of a commander-in-chief's being called from an extensive government and indispensable duties, to make a march of twenty days' distance from his head-quarters with 12,000 men.'

It is not surprising, considering that this work was patronised by M. Soult, that M. Belmas should give us none of Buonaparte's criticisms and *tirades* against that marshal; but we find that he, like the others, complained that he had not the Emperor's confidence, and requested to be *relieved in his command*. (vol. i. p. 459.) M. Belmas gives no *pièces justificatives* concerning the battle of Albuera (17th May, 1811); but it is to his credit that his narrative presents a tolerably fair account of the action, which, from the official pen of an enemy, is worth abstracting. He says:—

' The Duke of Dalmatia had with him 20,000—the allied army was composed of 31,000, including 4000 Spaniards under Castanos, and 10,000 other Spaniards of Blake's *expeditionary* army, a division of Portuguese (about 5000), and two *British divisions* under Cole and Stewart (10,000 men.)'

The fact is, that at Albuera there were, of British infantry, nominally 7000, but really only 6000—of British cavalry 1200: there were 38 pieces of artillery, of which 24 were British; and the allied forces of all kinds were not quite 30,000 men:—while the enemy had 19,000 *French* infantry, 4000 *French* cavalry, and 50 pieces of artillery. But let us hear M. Belmas:—

' The main attack was on the right of the allies, where the English were posted, while General Godinot was to make a diversion on the left. General Girard advanced with the first French corps to attack the English

English right, while four regiments of cavalry, hussars, and lancers, took it in flank by a brilliant charge; the first line of the English yielded to these vigorous efforts, but soon rallied, and, returning *en potence*, directed a most effective fire (*des mieux nourris*) on Girard's column, which soon suffered enormous losses, and was forced to retire. The second division, under General Danican, immediately advanced, like the first, in close column; but it suffered the same difficulty in deploying under the enemy's fire. It struggled for a while, revolving in confusion on itself (*en tourbillonnant sur elle-même*), but at last entirely disbanded itself in the most frightful disorder (*se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre*.) The reserve, under General Werte, hastened up to protect the retreat, but could not retrieve the victory. It, in its turn, was carried away in the flight of the others (*entraîné par les fuyards*). The artillery, which amounted to *from thirty to forty* pieces, sustained for two hours the efforts of the English. Its fire was dreadful, and it, supported by the cavalry, saved the army. So ended one of the bloodiest battles of the Spanish war. The French, very inferior in number'—[by M. Belmas's own account they were double the number of the English, on whom he also admits the whole brunt of the action fell]—'lost 7000 men *hors de combat*, the allies more than 8000, the most part of the artillery and cavalry—two-thirds of the English were destroyed. The two armies remained in presence of each other the next day, the 17th; but *in the night*, Marshal Soult, who could no longer hope to face the allies, made his retreat—but so slowly, that he did not reach Llerena till the 23rd. The British cavalry'—[there was, it seems, cavalry enough left to take the offensive]—'pursued him, and there was a sharp affair at Usagre, but without result. Marshal Soult remained *in observation* at Llerena to *reorganise his army*, which was very much discouraged (*dont le moral se trouvait fort affecté*) by the losses it had suffered.'—vol. i. p. 184.

Such was the battle as described by M. Belmas,* Colonel of Engineers, from the archives of the French war-office, which Marshal Soult, with his usual modesty, described as a '*victoire signalée*,' and which some English writers have pleased to misrepresent in the same style. We heartily wish that M. Belmas had

* 'It is hardly worth while to notice even M. Belmas's little inaccuracies—which, however, are always in favour of the French. One brigade of the British infantry could not cross the Guadiana; so that in reality we had but 6000 of our own infantry in the field. Of these 4500 were killed or wounded, so that we had but 500 during the night. The Spaniards would not fight *early* in the day; and Soult, with 20,000 infantry and a very great superiority of cavalry, ought, by all rules, to have won that battle. But our 6000 British infantry, commanded by gentlemen, stood firm, in happy ignorance of the tactical pedantry which permits troops to run away whenever their flank is turned or their line broken. Thus, for example, the 57th regiment had at Albuera, out of 25 officers, killed and wounded 22; of 570 rank and file, killed and wounded 425. This regiment was composed chiefly of Londoners from the Middlesex militia. They had been notorious as mutineers, and were nicknamed the *Steelbacks*, from being daily flogged by the provost; but after Albuera their more honourable style was the *Die-hards*.'—MS. Note of an officer previously referred to.

given us Marshal Soult's original despatches, and above all, Buonaparte's observations on them. We happen, however, to have an indication of Napoleon's opinion on the subject, in an original note signed and underscored by his own imperial hand, in which he desires Berthier to acknowledge the receipt of Marshal Soult's despatches, which it seems had been forwarded by one Captain Lafitte, who, instead of promotion and reward, (with the expectation of which Soult had sent him,) received a sad rebuff, and suffered, poor man, for the misadventure of his patron.

We shall give this curious piece—of which the autograph is before us—both in French and English.

'Au Major Général [Berthier].'

'Mon Cousin,

'Vous témoignerez mon mécontentement au Duc de Dalmatie de ce qu'il m'a envoyé les drapeaux d'Albuera par un étranger. Mon intention n'est pas de le lui accorder pour aide-de-camp. Il paraît que ce Lafitte sort du service d'Autriche—il a donc fait la guerre contre nous. Il est ridicule que le Duc de Dalmatie m'envoie un pareil homme. Faites connaître à ce Capitaine Lafitte qu'il ne retournera plus en Espagne et que je donne ordre qu'on le place dans le 9 rég't. de Cheval-légers.*

'Sur ce je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait dans sa sainte et digne garde.

'St. Cloud, le 23 Aout, 1811.'

'NAPOLEON.'

(Translation.)

'To the Major General.'

'My Cousin,

'You will express to the Duke of Dalmatia my displeasure at his having sent me the colours of Albuera by a foreigner. I shall not confirm his appointment as his aide-de-camp. It seems that this Lafitte comes from the Austrian service. He has therefore fought against us. It is ridiculous that the Duke of Dalmatia should have sent such a man. Let this Captain Lafitte be informed that he shall not return to Spain, and that I have given directions that he should join the 9th regiment of light horse.*

'On this I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

'St. Cloud, 23d August, 1811.'

'NAPOLEON.'

This needs no comment from us to explain the temper with which Buonaparte received Marshal Soult's account of the *victoire signalée d'Albuera*, which seems to have been a *victory* of the same class, but not quite so *signal*, as that which he *won* three years after at Toulouse. By the way, we should like to know how the French monument of that *crowing victory* gets on; we hope that King Louis

* No English nor Portuguese colours were lost, nor we believe any Spanish, but if in the *mêlée* the French carried off anything like colours, they must have belonged to the Spanish irregulars.

Philippe's 40l. has not been subscribed in vain. As Englishmen, we somehow have a great anxiety that this memorial should be completed, and if there is any want of funds, we pledge ourselves to collect in the United Service Club ten times his Citizen-Majesty's subscription. But we fear that the design is abandoned, for we see in a late article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a publication of high authority in France, a full and fair admission that—'after all that has been said about it—the plain truth is, we [the French] *lost the battle*, but lost it with honour.'—vol. xix. p. 766.

Before we conclude, we must add one or two important observations suggested by these papers—which, besides the light they throw on the conduct of the Peninsular war, afford an answer to a question which has been often asked, and never, that we know of, quite satisfactorily explained; namely, how it was that *all* Buonaparte's marshals abandoned him so suddenly, so readily, and apparently so ungratefully. It has been usually accounted for by their having grown old and rich, and being anxious to *realise*, as it were, and secure their prodigious but precarious prosperity; and this had no doubt a great immediate effect; but these papers show, we think, a powerful predisposing cause. There seems to have been not one of these naughty marshals whom he did not, at every turn of his temper, treat with an insolence and injustice which would have offended even the most patient man, but which must have been peculiarly and almost intolerably revolting to these *parvenu* soldiers of fortune, proud, presumptuous, and peppery—many of whom had been his superiors—all his equals; and who exactly in the proportion in which they were inclined to domineer over others, would be alienated and exasperated by such affronts to their own vanity and *amour propre*. Yet Buonaparte was afraid of them, or rather of the army of which they were representatives—he would offend individuals, but he never ventured on any step that they might feel as a body. He never ventured to establish, and still less to enforce, any clear idea of military subordination amongst the marshals, and seemed rather pleased to see that those who obeyed him would obey nobody else. But with what recollections of affronts and offences he must have stored all their minds! We see even in the few documents which M. Belmas has brought to light—in so narrow a space, and so short a period of Buonaparte's domination, what extensive dissatisfaction must have existed. We see that every one in succession, Soult, Massena, Ney, Bessières, Marmont, Augerau, Jourdan, Victor, Suchet, Dorsenne, Gouvion St. Cyr, were either censured or superseded; and that those who were not spontaneously recalled,

successively tendered their resignations. What would be the picture if the whole of this class of transactions could be known? It is already clear that Buonaparte literally *treated them like dogs*—he gave them fine names—fed them—occasionally caressed them—trained them to hunt down the game—and rewarded them with a share of the spoils;—but he made little scruple of whipping and kicking them when anything went wrong. We believe that even dogs may be disheartened by rough usage—but, sure we are, that the leading hounds of the pack of this military Nimrod may be excused if they were not sorry at seeing him get such a fall as should disable him from ever using the whip again.

ART. III.—*England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a series of Original Letters never before printed. With Historical Introductions, and Biographical and Critical Notes.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1839.

THERE are two classes of antiquaries, as widely divided from each other as we from our antipodes. There are men who batten on the *husk* of antiquity, and never reach the kernel; but pronouncing the outer rind inimitable nutriment, insist upon all the world not only swallowing and digesting, but delighting in this *pabulum*. But there is a better sort:—these love ancient things, not because they are ancient, or even because they are rare, but because in the contemplation of them they are able to detect the *spirit* of ages gone by, to obtain a wider field for the exercise of their sympathies, to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge and intellectual enjoyment. Of the former we leave it to the remembrance of every reader to supply examples. Regarding them *en masse*, they are a gentlemanly, amiable, innocuous race; well bred, and well fed; intimately acquainted with the cookery of the time of Edward III., but not neglectful of its progress under Victoria I.; connoisseurs of old portraits, and of old port too; addicted to gossip and green fat—and with no particular fault that we know of, except an utter incapacity of distinguishing subjects of real importance from matters utterly tiresome and trivial, with a pretty strong repugnance to anything requiring accurate information—*i. e.*, severe study. Your true antiquary must be a spirit ‘finely touched.’ He owns no kindred with the small-eyed pedant who sees in the portrait only the hard lines it represents; at whose bidding the old hall does not overflow with guests; to whose mind the
parchments

parchments suggest no idea beyond what their dry technicalities were intended to convey; for whom the coin has nothing besides its workmanship, or its legend, to recommend it; who can discover in the parish register only names and dates apparent to the beadle.

The antiquary now before us is well known as the author of what will, when completed, be the *only* history of Scotland. Here, however, the historian has laid aside his official panoply, and reveals himself in a less formidable costume,—in his doublet and hose. His object has been throughout to excite interest,—to awaken sympathy,—and the plan which he has pursued is deserving of notice, in the first place, for its novelty.

The general historian cannot interrupt the flow of his narrative to enter on frequent episodes, nor pause on the threshold of every incident to sketch with minuteness the respective characters and foibles of the personages who are pressing forward, and about to play their parts. He is speaking of the fate of empires: a nation's glory, and a nation's ruin, alternately come before him; and as he passes in slow review the events which led to that conquest or to this defeat; to the dawnings of heavenly light upon a degraded people, or the decay of religion from among them; to the progress of art and science, or to the expiring taste for all that is great and noble; while he is busy in shifting the scenes of his mighty panorama, he neither has, nor ought to have, a scrutinizing eye for the minuter details. It is not his province to detect the springs and workings of individual passion, by which the phenomena he is considering were produced; or, unless they be of surpassing moment, to kindle at the recollection of particular acts, and particular sayings: least of all can he spare a corner for the minor peculiarities of men.

It results from this, that even in our best general historians there is a painful indistinctness. We see Elizabeth, and Essex, and Burleigh; but the outline is ill-defined, the colouring feeble. It is, in fact, but the back of the tapestry;—we would fain get round it, fain get nearer these grand shapes; we long to hear the rustling of the Queen's ruff and satins as she dances her *coranto*—to follow Essex to her bedside—to steal after old Burleigh when he rises from the council-table, and hies away to his garden and bowling-green. But this is not all. What we look for in History is truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and it seems now to be pretty generally admitted that able, and philosophical, and graceful, as are some of our standard writers—Hume or Robertson for example,—still, no talent could make up for their want of those materials for the expiscation of the truth, which subsequent research has developed,
and

and is yet every day developing. Authors too, it is needless to say, have their prejudices, which warp, and colour their narrative and their conclusions. Who would implicitly trust Hume in any subject involving the history of the Christian faith,—or Lingard, a most acute controversialist, on the subject of the Reformation,—or such partial and partisan writers as Brady and Tyrrel, and Bacon, and Fox, and Burnet? Hence, in all these points of view, the value and interest of such subsidiary instruments as old letters, in which it is the actor, and not the historian who speaks : hence the importance of such collections as the Cabala, the *Scrinia Ceciliana*, Digges' *Compleat Ambassador*, and, more recently, such works as Hardwicke, and Sadler, and Lodge, and Ellis. We get close to the *dramatis personæ*, or rather we are introduced behind the scenes. We collect facts which had escaped research ; we test the narrative by witnesses who start from their graves, and are compelled to tell the truth, at the expense even of criminating themselves.

And yet, while we admit the great value of such collections, it is to be frankly confessed that one must have a sharp-set historical stomach to read them through. They labour under such an utter want of continuity,—there are, we mean, so many gaps,—so much historical knowledge is pre-supposed in the reader,—there is so great a want of keeping in the grouping of both persons and papers,—trifles are so ridiculously magnified,—impertinent, nameless, and long-winded individuals are so constantly elbowing the higher actors ;—the language, moreover, is so antiquated, the orthography so repulsive, that if we try to read, not for consultation, but for amusement, in nine cases out of ten we shut the book in despair.

These objections, which attach more or less forcibly to all previous collections, have in the present series been foreseen and provided against. We have done what we never did before : we have read two volumes of ancient English letters at a sitting.

‘ The present work (says Mr. Tytler) has been divided into periods, each of them prefaced by short historical introductions ; slight biographical sketches are given of those illustrious statesmen and scholars who pass in review before us ; and occasional critical discussions are introduced, where the letters were calculated to throw new light on obscure or disputed passages of history, or supplied important facts in the lives of eminent men. Lastly, it has been judged right to render these letters intelligible to general as well as to antiquarian readers by abandoning the ancient mode of spelling.’—(Preface, p. vii.)

The system therefore which has been adopted is neither history, in its highest sense, nor a mere collection of letters, but
a *via*

a *via media*. We are not to consider the book as making any pretensions to give a *complete* view of England under Edward and Mary; for instance, the large and vitally important subject of religion is purposely—and we think unwisely—avoided. Besides this, however, other points of considerable pith and moment have been passed over: while some again have been brought forward, and made to occupy a conspicuous place, which Hume would have deemed it out of his province to touch upon. To view these volumes aright, they should be regarded as the gossip of a humane and charitable scholar, who is quoting and explaining a series of state-papers in the order in which they present themselves. Where no letters occur, he makes few remarks, or none: where the letters are abundant, he has many things to say. One paper requires an introductory sketch, biographical or historical; another provokes a few remarks on the opinions of previous writers; a third suggests an entertaining episode: a lack of novel materials for conducting the recital of English history leads him to glance at our continental relations; but it is impossible for him long to examine the reports of our ambassadors without finding it necessary to explain how this negotiation and that treaty affected the interests of England; and thus coming back again to the principal and most interesting subject. No character comes forward without our being told where he comes from, or whither he is going. His rank does not screen him from judgment: while, equally inefficacious in averting from him censure or commendation, are the plaudits with which preceding writers have encumbered him, and the disparaging remarks with which he has been inadvertently or designedly blackened.

Mr. Tytler has considered the period which his work embraces as susceptible of division into three parts. The first comprises the interval between the death of Henry VIII. and the fall of Somerset (1547 to 1549): the second is from the deposition of Somerset to the death of Edward VI. (1549 to 1553): and the third treats of Queen Mary's reign. Each of these sections is preceded by a brief essay, which, giving a preliminary sketch of foreign and domestic history, places the reader on a pinnacle, as it were, and enables him to take a bird's-eye view of the subject, before approaching it more closely.

We have too much respect for our readers to think it necessary to remind them of the march of events in England during the period of time which our collector passes first under review; but without a rapid glance at some portion of the history—let that portion be ever so inconsiderable—it would be difficult to convey a just idea of what his volumes contain. It will be remembered,

remembered, then, that the death of Henry entailed upon the nation that heavy misfortune, an infant king; and this circumstance, at any time pregnant with mischief, was rendered particularly calamitous by the state of feeling in England, and by the ambitious spirits which ties of blood placed nearest to the throne. The young king's uncle, at that time Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, assumed the protectorship, surrounded by crafty, aspiring, and rapacious nobles, of whose number, his own brother, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, the lord admiral, was at once the most conspicuous and the most formidable. And here we may call the reader's attention to a piece of secret history, singularly indicative of the boldness of the parties concerned in it, and affording a curious illustration of the method with which they played their game. When it is stated that the events of the three days immediately succeeding Henry's demise, viz., from the 28th of January, on which day, at two o'clock in the morning, the king died, until the 31st, when his death was first disclosed and his will read to the parliament, have ever been looked upon as one of the obscure passages in the history of King Edward's reign, the value and interest of the two following letters will be immediately perceived,—written during that interval, and by the principal person in the kingdom.

'The Earl of Hertford to Sir William Paget.'

'This morning, between one and two, I received your letter. The first part thereof I like very well; marry, that the will should be opened till a further consultation, and that it might be well considered how much thereof were necessary to be published; for divers respects I think it not convenient to satisfy the world. In the meantime, I think it sufficient, when ye publish the king's death, in the places and time as ye have appointed, to have the will presently with you, and to show that this is the will, naming unto them severally who be executors that the king did specially trust, and who be councillors; the contents at the breaking up thereof, as before, shall be declared unto them on Wednesday in the morning, at the parliament house; and in the mean time we to meet and agree therein, as there may be no controversy hereafter. For the rest of your appointments, for the keeping of the tower, and the king's person, it shall be well done ye be not too hasty therein; and so I bid you heartily farewell.

'From Hertford, the 29th of January, (1546-7), between three and four in the morning.

'Your assured loving friend,

'E. HERTFORD.'

'I have sent you the key of the will.'

The endorsation is—

'To my right loving friend, Sir William Paget,' one of the King's Majestie's two Principal Secretaries.

'Haste!

'Haste! Post haste! Haste with all diligence. For thy life!
For thy life!'

Mr. Tytler observes,—

'Edward VI., at the moment of his father's death, was at Hertford, not Hatfield, as has been erroneously stated. Immediately after the event, his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown, hastened to this place, from whence they conveyed the young king privately to Enfield, and there they first declared to him and the Lady Elizabeth the death of Henry, their father. Both of them heard the intelligence with tears. "Never," says Hayward, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."'

The following letter is of the next day (30th January):—

'To the Council.'

'Your lordships shall understand that I, the Earl of Hertford, have received your letter concerning a pardon to be granted in such form as in the schedule ye have sent, and that ye desire to know our opinions therein.

'For answer thereunto, ye shall understand we be in some doubt whether our power be sufficient to answer unto the king's majesty that now is, when it shall please him to call us to account for the same. And in case we have authority so to do it, in our opinions the time will serve much better at the coronation than at this present. For if it should be now granted, his highness can show no such gratuity unto his subjects when the time is most proper for the same; and his father, who we doubt not to be in heaven, having no need thereof, shall take the praise and thank from him that hath more need thereof than he.

'We do very well like your device for the matter; marry, we would wish it to be done when the time serveth most proper for the same.

'We intend the king's majesty shall be a-horseback to-morrow by xi of the clock, so that by iii we trust his grace shall be at the Tower. So, if ye have not already advertised my Lady Anne of Cleves of the king's death, it shall be well done ye send some express person for the same.

'And so, with our right hearty commendations, we bid you farewell.

'From Enwild (Enfield) this Sunday night, at xi of the clock.

'Your good Lordship's assured loving friends,

'E. HERTFORD.

'ANTHONY BROWNE.'

Our commentator says:—

'Short as are these two letters, they furnish us with some important facts, which are new to English history, and throw light on what may be justly called the salient points in the policy of Hertford and his party—their proceedings in the interval between the king's death and its being communicated to parliament. It has been observed by Sir James Mackintosh that, in our own time, the delay of three days before taking

taking any formal steps relating to the demise of the sovereign would be censured as a daring presumption ; but neither this writer, nor any of our historians who had before, or who have since treated of this reign, were aware how far more daring was the conduct of Hertford and his associates than the mere concealment of Henry's death. Their leader had the will in his private keeping. This is proved by the emphatic postscript, "I have sent you the key of the will." And the fact increases the suspicion which hangs over this extraordinary document. They opened it before the king or the parliament were made acquainted with the king's death ; they held a consultation what portions of this deed were proper to be communicated to the great council of the nation. Hertford himself deemed some parts of it not expedient to be divulged ; and when parliament and the nation yet believed Henry to be alive, the measures which were to be adopted under the new reign were already secretly agreed on by a faction to whom no resistance could be made. It is worthy of remark also, that Hertford, although still bearing no higher rank than one of the executors of the late king, is consulted by them as their superior, and already assumes the tone and authority of Protector ; another proof that all had been privately arranged amongst them.'—vol. i. pp. 15-19.

On the very threshold of this work, so many great names arrest us and demand attention—so many pleasing biographical notices introduce this private letter, and that official despatch—that we cannot think of passing on to any thing else till we have selected another specimen both of the author's manner and of his materials ; and the following remarks, for their good sense and right feeling, as well as for the historical value of the document which they precede, seem as deserving of insertion as any :—

'There are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon English history, which have become part of the national belief : they may have been hastily or superficially assumed—they may be proved, by as good evidence as the case admits of, to be erroneous ; but they are fondly clung to—screwed and dovetailed into the mind of the people—and to attack them is a historical heresy. It is with these musings that I approach her who is so generally execrated as the "bloody Mary." The idea of exciting a feeling in her favour will appear a chimerical, perhaps a blameable one ; yet, having examined the point with some care, let me say, for myself, that I believe her to have been naturally rather an amiable person. Indeed, till she was thirty-nine, the time of her marriage with Philip, nothing can be said against her, unless we agree to detest her because she remained faithful to the Roman Catholic church ; nor can there, I think, be any doubt that she has been treated by Fox, Strype, Carte, and other Protestant writers, with injustice. The few unpublished letters of hers which I have met with are simple, unaffected, and kind-hearted ; forming, in this respect, a remarkable contrast to those of Elizabeth, which are often inflated, obscure, and pedantic. The distinguishing epithets by which the two sisters

sisters are commonly known, the "bloody Mary" and the "good Queen Bess," have evidently a reference to their times, yet we constantly employ them individually.

These observations apply, however, more to Mary the princess than Mary the queen. After her marriage with Philip, we can trace a gradual change in her feelings and public conduct. Her devoted attachment to Philip, and the cold neglect with which he treated her, could not fail to tell upon a kind and ardent heart; blighted hope and unrequited affection will change the best dispositions; and she, whose youthful years had undoubtedly given a good promise, became disgusted with the world, suspicious, gloomy, and resentful. The subsequent cruelties of her reign were deplorable; yet it is but fair to ascribe much of them rather to her ministers than to herself; she believed it to be a point of her religion to submit her judgment to the spiritual dictation of Pole, Gardiner, and Bonner; and they burnt men upon principle. This was a miserable mistake—bigotry in its worst sense; but we can imagine it existing in a mind rather distorted and misled, than callously cruel. No one ever accused Cranmer of cruelty; yet he insisted on burning Joan of Kent. These remarks, the reader who wishes to judge for himself, should follow up by studying Sir Frederick Madden's minute and interesting memoir of Mary, prefixed to the volume of her privy purse expenses. The following letter from her when princess, addressed to the Duchess of Somerset, her "good Nan," exhibits her in an amiable light, interceding for two poor servants who were formerly attached to the household of her mother, and who had fallen into poverty:—

' To My Lady of Somerset.

' My good Gossip,—After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her Grace's maids; and, as you know by his supplication, hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing, without any recompense for the same hitherto; which forced me to trouble you with this suit before this time, whereof (I thank you) I had a very good answer; desiring you now to renew the same matter to my lord your husband, for I consider that it is in manner impossible for him to remember all such matters, having such a heap of business as he hath.

' Wherefore, I heartily require you to go forward in this suit till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to lye long in the city.

' And thus, my good Nan, I trouble you both with myself and all mine, thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Wherefore, once again I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my brother's wardrobe of the beds, from the time of the king my father's coronation; whose only desire it is to be one of the knights of Windsor if all the rooms be not filled, and, if they be, to have the next reversion; in the
obtaining

obtaining whereof, in mine opinion, you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God, who send you good health, and us shortly to meet, to his pleasure.

' From St. John's, this Sunday at afternoon, being the 24th of April.

' Your loving friend during my life,

' MARYE.'

—vol. i. p. 48.

This 'good Nan,' the gossip of the queen, was Anne Stanhope, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, 'a lady, as Lloyd says, 'of high mind and haughty, undaunted spirit.' As the protector's wife, she chose to hold her head higher than the queen-dowager, who had married his brother the admiral. 'Very great,' says the same quaint writer, 'were the animosities betwixt their wives, the duchess refusing to bear the queen's train, and, in effect, justled her for precedence; so that, what between the train of the queen and long gown of the duchess, they raised so much dust at court as at last put out the eyes of both their husbands.'

On the second period (1549 to 1553) we must not enter. It embraces the triumph of the lofty and towering Warwick, soon after Duke of Northumberland, over the protector Somerset—the trials and deaths of both these great men—and the character of the young king, which comes out more harsh and cold, and leveling, than we look for. It may be a matter of question, from a few glimpses we get in these letters, whether the early death of Edward did not save the Church of England from some severe blows; but we have no room for extracts, and must be contented with pointing out these new materials to the future historian of the period. One passage in a letter of Sir Richard Morysine contains a graphic portrait of Charles V. (vol. ii. p. 135). The emperor sitting 'at his ease without a carpet or anything else upon it, saving his cloak, his brush, his spectacles, and his tooth-pick: the courtesy with which he received Edward's letter, 'putting his hand to his bonnet and uncovering the upper part of his head: the impediment in his speech, 'his nether lip being in two places broken out, and he forced to keep a green leaf within his mouth at his tongue's end: we are pleased with these minute touches when connected with so great a man. 'He hath a face,' says Morysine, 'unwont to disclose any hid affection of his heart, as any face that ever I met with in all my life; his eyes only do betray as much as can be picked out of him. He maketh me oft think of Solomon's saying, *a king's heart is unsearchable*: there is in him almost nothing that speaks beside his tongue.'

The third and last section embracing, as it does, the whole of Mary's reign, is perhaps the least satisfactory of the three. This, however, is to be attributed solely to its shortness: for it discloses many curious documents; of which by no means the least important

tant are the letters of Simon Renard, Charles V.'s ambassador at the English court. We obtain from it a few hints relative to Elizabeth's connexion with Wyatt's conspiracy; and referring the reader to the papers themselves for particulars, shall content ourselves with transcribing Mr. Tytler's brief summary, which seems to embody the substance of all that has hitherto been disclosed on that obscure point of history.

'These letters of Renard tell their own story, and follow each other at such brief intervals that any comment is unnecessary. If I do not overrate them, they add many new and important facts to the history of this period, on which Noailles' despatches have hitherto been the great authority; a slight glance at them will convince the critical reader how differently the same facts appear in Noailles' pages and in Renard's narrative. Both ambassadors undoubtedly had their bias, the one for, the other against, Mary; and, between the two, we are likely to arrive at something like the truth. As to one point, Elizabeth's connexion with Wyatt's plot, I confess, Renard's letters leave on my mind little doubt of her knowledge of the designs of the conspirators in her favour. That she directly encouraged them there is no direct proof; and, if Wyatt wrote to her, and the Lord Russell delivered his letter, she could not help it. It may be said, concealment was equivalent to indirect encouragement; but we can imagine her shrinking from becoming an informer, and yet disapproving of the enterprise.'—vol. ii. p. 421.

Queen Mary's knight (Sir Frederick Madden) is more chivalric than her esquire (our author); for the former maintains that personal beauty was superadded to all her other good qualities,—a cause in which the latter refuses to do battle: but the esquire's opinion is sustained by all the authentic portraits, of which one is engraved for his second volume—though we wish he had rather obtained the use of that which was taken by the French from the Madrid Gallery, and which is now in Lord Ashburton's possession. One document now disinterred contains a refutation of the commonly received opinion of her severity towards her sister, at the time of Wyatt's rebellion. A narrative in Fox has furnished all our historians, from Strype to Turner, with materials for an invective against Mary. That writer states, that on the day after the rising, the Queen sent three of her council to Ashridge with a troop of horse, to bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, '*quick or dead*;' and he has embellished his account of the journey, and of the mode in which the messengers performed their errand, with sundry touches of cruelty which render the whole story revolting. Mr. Tytler publishes the original report of the commissioners, describing their interview with Elizabeth, and entering into full details of their conduct: from which it is proved that Fox's narrative is completely erroneous.

neous. Another source of misapprehension, which has led some of our historians into error respecting Mary's feelings towards her sister, is also here pointed out (vol. ii. p. 429). Her responsibilities are heavy enough, without needing that any unfounded calumnies should be laid to her charge.

There were two rare qualities united in Queen Mary's character; she was determined in council, resolute and bold in action; but when she had accomplished her purpose, she was, Mr. Tytler thinks, as mild as was consistent with her personal safety. The letters of Renard show, that Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was deeply implicated in Wyatt's rebellion, and in the eye of the law he was worthy of death; yet Mary not only pardoned him, but treated him with much kindness, and sent him to travel for his improvement (vol. ii. p. 471). Mr. Tytler gives a touching letter addressed to the Earl by his mother (p. 473), and another more curious, but less interesting, from the Earl to the Queen herself (p. 474). More illustrations of Mary's merciful disposition might be quoted.

One of her most unpopular acts was her match with the Spanish Prince; and we extract a description of Mary's behaviour with reference to her approaching marriage, as given in one of the somewhat lengthy despatches of Renard to Philip's imperial father:—

'On the following Tuesday at three o'clock, the Earl of Pembroke and the Admiral came to bring us to the Queen and her Council; here, in a chamber where was the blessed Host, the ratifications of her Majesty and his Highness were delivered, and the oaths taken by both the one party and the other: but, before this, the Queen fell on her knees, and called God to witness that this marriage was not in her the result of any carnal affection; that it did not originate in ambition, or any motive except the good of her kingdom, and the repose and tranquillity of her subjects; that in truth, her single intention in all she did, was to prove faithful to the marriage and oath which she had already made to the crown; expressing this with so much grace, that those who stood round were in tears. . . . After this, her Majesty, as she had already done, dropped upon her knees, and requested us to join our prayers with hers, that God would be pleased to give her his grace to fulfil the treaty to which she had sworn, and that He would make the marriage fortunate. Upon which, the Count Egmont presented to her the ring which your Majesty has sent, and which she showed to all the company (and assuredly, Sire, the jewel is a precious one, and well worth looking at). After this we took our leave, first enquiring whether her Majesty had any commands for his Highness; to whom she begged to send her most affectionate regards, begging us to assure him that for her part, as long as she lived, she would by all dutiful obedience endeavour to vie with him in mutual love and good offices: she added that, as his Highness had not yet written to her, she
deferred

ferred writing to him till he began the correspondence.'—vol. ii. p. 326, 328.

We cannot find room for a description of the marriage, but must refer the reader to vol. ii. p. 430. He will also be interested with the new proof adduced by Mr. Tytler of the extent to which the unhappy Queen indulged the delusion that he was about to become a mother. There exists in the State Paper Office an original letter addressed to Cardinal Pole, and signed by Philip and Mary, wherein the wished-for event is mentioned as having already occurred: 'God has been pleased, amongst his other benefits, to add *the gladdening of us with the happy delivery of a Prince*' (p. 469). The anxiety of Charles V. on the subject is strikingly illustrated in a letter from Sir John Mason: p. 470.—But we must restrict ourselves to some one definite object.

Deeply impressed with the historical importance which attaches to the name of Cecil, Mr. Tytler has lost no opportunity of directing attention to him in the course of these two volumes, which embracing that portion of his life, concerning which least of all is known, contain much that is new about this great minister. His biographers, dazzled by the lustre of his acts and high station, under Elizabeth, invariably slur over the two preceding reigns; contenting themselves with vague assertions or unsupported conjectures. Let us attempt, with Mr. Tytler's help, to supply this defect. Cecil was born, as he himself informs us, in one of his little memorandum-books preserved in the British Museum, on the 13th of September, 1520.

'His grandfather,' says Mr. Tytler, 'David Cecil, esq., was water-bailiff to Henry the Eighth, and one of the King's serjeants-at-arms. His father was Richard Cecil, esq., yeoman of the wardrobe. From these facts we may infer that he was descended from an honest and respectable, rather than from a "very ancient and honourable house," as his biographers have so often repeated. He belonged, I think, to the gentry of the country. The heralds, it is true, in the palmy days of Burleigh, got up for him a handsome descent from William Sitsilt, an intimate friend of William Rufus, in the year 1091; which pedigree (with reverence be it spoken) is said to be drawn by Camden: yet so much doubt hangs over the effusions of Rouge Dragons and Clarendieux's, when working for prime ministers, that, till the proofs are produced, we may be allowed to hesitate.'—vol. i. p. 71.

We may indeed. But Mr. Tytler should here have mentioned Cecil's mother,—Jane Hickington, the daughter and heiress of a Lincolnshire gentleman, William Hickington, of Bourne. It was she who brought Burleigh, then a small property, into the family. She lived to a great age, to see her son prime minister, and to keep (as her letters and other papers show) a very strict
and

and severe scrutiny over the farming and planting operations of the great Statesman, who in her lifetime managed Burleigh for her. There is a curious portrait of her at Hatfield, exceeding grim and plain, but with an expression of strong sense. Such were Cecil's ancestors: nor does there seem to be the remotest proof that he had any claim to the genealogical honours of the house of Sitsilt; neither do we remember, amid all the orthographical vagaries which his name admits of, ever having seen it blundered into *Sitsilt* by any one of the family. It was alternately Cyssell, Cyssyll, Cissell, Cecyll: and various persons addressing the minister, contrived, by a little gratuitous exercise of ingenuity, to torture the sibilants into combinations yet more uncouth and eccentric. He himself invariably spelt his name *Cecil*.

This great man, who has illustrated a long and honoured posterity, may well dispense with ancestral glories. Still, however, his progenitors can be shown to have been 'respectable.' In a bitter attack upon him which came from abroad, it is said his grandfather kept the best inn at Stamford, and the writer ridicules his quartering lions in his coat, when a couple of fat capons would have been more appropriate. The greater part of this piece is, no doubt, a mere-lying libel; but it is curious enough that in the will of David Cecil, he leaves to his son Richard, Burleigh's father, 'all the title and interest that he has or may have in the *Taberd* at Stamford.' That David, therefore, had something to do with this inn is clear: it is possible that his ancestors may have had a nearer connexion with it; but *he* could, we think, have had none but one of property. He styles himself, in his will, 'of Stamford, in the county of Lincoln, Esquire;' and in those days *Esquire* meant something. In the British Museum are preserved many of his letters: they prove that he was patronized by Cromwell, the able but unscrupulous minister of Henry VIII., and seem the production of a worthy man, and of one possessing considerable local authority and importance. He evidently lived in something like affluence: but from his enumeration of the effects which he bequeathed to his wife, and to his sons Richard and David, his property seems to have consisted mostly of farming stock and feather beds. He mentions no large sums of money; and Richard, as he inherited little, so had he little to bestow.

Burleigh himself, having received the rudiments of education at Grantham and at Stamford, at the age of fourteen was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge; where he is said to have made extraordinary progress: his diligence being so great, that, according to the story preserved by one of the gentlemen

of

of his household, 'he hired the bell-ringer to call him up at foure of the clocke every morninge;'—an anecdote which the seminary priests afterwards turned into an assertion that he was hired as the bell-ringer's boy. This over-application impaired his health, and is supposed to have laid the foundation of that malady, to which, in his old age, he became a martyr. He had, no doubt, something of the stimulus of the grand 'Magister Artium.' It is recorded by a contemporary, and evidently a partial writer, that 'one Medcalf, then master of that house (St. John's), seeing his diligence and towardness, would often give him money to encourage him;' and Cecil himself in after years declared that his 'bringing up' had been '*mean*.'—(vol. i. p. 430.)

'We know from his Journal,' says Mr. Tytler, 'that, on the 6th of May, 1541, when twenty-one years of age, he came to the inns of court. His marriage to a sister of Sir John Cheeke took place in August, 1541, and this seems to me to have been the first thing that brought him into notice; for, Cheeke being appointed tutor to Prince Edward in 1544, he must have had opportunities of befriending his brother-in-law: and yet I suspect he did not even then desert the law, and come to court. The exact year when he did so has not yet been pointed out by any of his biographers, and his Journal is silent.'—vol. i. p. 72.

The traditional account of Cecil's obtaining the notice of Henry VIII., by confuting O'Neill's two chaplains in a Latin argument on the supremacy question, is very vague; but true or false, it is fair to infer from such a report that he gave early evidence of that understanding and judgment for which he became afterwards so remarkable.

The conjecture respecting the circumstance which first swelled Cecil's sail with the gales of court favour is probably correct. Sir John Cheeke, as tutor to the young king, must have possessed considerable influence at court, though he was a person of inconsiderable origin. Baker says,—'Cheeke's mother sold wine in St. Mary's parish, in Cambridge, in which quality she may be met with upon the college books.' By this marriage Cecil had one son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter; and the next point deserving of notice in his history has been first distinctly pointed out by Mr. Tytler; viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, 'he managed the whole correspondence of the Protector Somerset, probably in the capacity of his private secretary.' (vol. i. p. 73.) This was in 1547, at which time we may begin to regard Sir William Cecil in the light of a public man—though the statement that he was master of requests in that year is inaccurate; he was not appointed to this office till much later.

The period, therefore, when he entered on his public career

was precisely that interesting epoch with which the volumes before us commence. Somerset, the lord protector of the kingdom, at that time in the zenith of power, was his friend and patron; Cecil accompanied the duke on his great Scottish expedition in 1547, at the battle of Pinkey (10th September); and he narrowly escaped being killed by a cannon-shot. In the following February (1547-8) the protector speaks of him in such terms as seem to show that he managed much of his correspondence (vol. i. p. 75); and this very well agrees with an entry in Cecil's Latin diary, which has misled the biographers. Under the year 1548, he says, '*Mense Septemb. cooptatus sum in officium secretarii*,'—meaning of private secretary to the protector. Accordingly, Sir Walter Mildmay and others, addressing him in that year, style him 'Secretary to my lord protector's Grace.'

Perhaps there never was a period of history more trying to a statesman than that when Cecil commenced his career. It was a fiery furnace wherein pure faith and honesty proved fatal to their possessors, and the baser qualities stood a man in better stead. He was most fortunate who could most skilfully steer his barque amid the conflicting currents in the great ocean of politics; for to resign oneself to the influence of any one of these, and to become involved in utter ruin, were the same thing. The recollection of Cecil's subsequent greatness suggests some investigation of his conduct during this extraordinary period: and first,—What befel him when Somerset was hurled from place and power in 1549? When the Duke was deserted by his former friends and colleagues—openly denounced as an enemy by the council, who till that hour had done his bidding—Cecil was one of the very few who clung to him. Cranmer, Paget, Smith, and he, were almost the only friends who remained with the Protector at Windsor at that memorable moment when the imperious Warwick was summoning him 'to withdraw himself from the king's majesty, disperse the force which he had levied, and be content to be ordered according to justice and reason.' Of these, Cranmer and Paget proved false to him, but Smith and Cecil shared his imprisonment. '*Mense Novembris, A° 3° E. 6, fui in Turre*,' says Cecil: a statement which has puzzled Mr. Tytler (vol. i. pp. 245 and 274), but we think without reason. The Duke and Smith were committed to the Tower on the 13th of October: how then, says our author, did it happen that Cecil did not follow them thither till the following month? We reply, first, that Cecil's having been in the Tower in November is no proof that he was not sent there in October; and secondly, that, as Mr. Tytler has himself remarked (vol. i. p. 76), Cecil's diary is evidently the work

work of a later period of his life; and therefore its minute statements are not to be relied on. The inconveniences attending a residence in the Tower during the nipping month of November probably made the strong impression upon his memory.

Mr. Tytler has shown that Cecil obtained his liberty 25th January, 1549-50 (vol. i. p. 274). The fact is interesting; but still more interesting and extraordinary is the fact that, on his release, he possessed the regard not only of Somerset but also of Warwick. That he should have been obliged to sacrifice the duke's friendship in order to obtain a share of the earl's confidence seems only natural; but Mr. Tytler appears to think that he did not *then* do so (vol. i. pp. 276-7). Warwick must have been deeply impressed with Cecil's merit and value: Cecil, who was now twenty-nine, pursued the path which it is probable that, under similar circumstances, most men would have pursued; and the consequence of his adherence to Warwick was his promotion to the secretaryship on the 5th of September, 1550.

In 1551, the memorable year of Somerset's second and final fall, our author again directs attention to Cecil's conduct. Edward VI. states in his journal, that when 'the duke sent for the Secretary Cecil to tell him he suspected some ill, Mr. Cecil answered, that if he were not guilty, he might be of good courage; if he were, he had nothing to say, but to lament him: whereupon the duke sent him a letter of defiance:' and on this reply, 'so cold, measured, and unkind,' Mr. Tytler proceeds to pass some severe comments: but let us look a little into this. Surely, before we condemn him for having turned his back upon his friend and first patron in the hour of adversity, it is necessary to examine scrupulously on *what* the charge rests: now the only evidence is the young king's journal, and 'there cannot be a doubt, I think,' says Mr. Tytler himself, 'that the narrative of Edward was the story told him by *Northumberland*' (vol. ii. p. 60). It is proper to remember that Cecil was now a man of considerable personal standing—that he *had* to make his choice between two ambitious chiefs—that it is quite possible he sincerely disapproved of Somerset's, and approved, as far as he then understood them, of Northumberland's views—and, finally, that *much* would depend on the language and manner in which he communicated with Somerset on the occasion; as to which we have no evidence at all. In October, 1551, he was knighted; and Pickering wrote from Paris, congratulating him on having been 'found undefiled with the Duke's folly.' Northumberland and he lived apparently on terms of great intimacy and friendship, as Mr. Tytler shows from a curious letter in which the Duke assures him

that he will not fail to visit his father, in his progress through Lincolnshire, were it only 'to drink a cup of wine with him at the door; for I will not trouble no friend's house of mine otherwise in this journey,' says the magnificent Northumberland, 'my train is so great, and will be, whether I will or not' (vol. ii. p. 111). 'It must have gratified old Richard Cecil,' observes Mr. Tytler, 'to see the boy who had left his roof with no such bright prospects, return to it secretary of state, and friend and confidant of the first man in the realm. But had he known the cares and dangers of the office, he would have hesitated to change his own cloth of frieze for his son's cloth of gold.' Cecil seems to have deeply felt the restraint to which Northumberland's imperious temper subjected him. In a remarkable entry in his private diary, he describes himself as having no will of his own under Edward, and as only recovering the rights of a free agent by the death of the young king,—*'Libertatem adeptus sum, morte Regis; et ex misero aulico factus liber et mei juris.'*

We must find room for another extract.

'Cecil's desertion of Somerset, and his devotedness to Northumberland, brought him to the brink of a precipice. The moment of trial was now come, and it is curious to trace him under it; yet let us do it with every allowance. The times were dreadful, and, in the vocabulary of statesmen, to lose your place and to lose your head were then almost convertible terms. On his first suspicion of the desperate game which Northumberland was playing, Cecil appears to have adopted an expedient not uncommon in those days with councillors who wished to get rid of a dangerous question. He became very sick, and absented himself from court. This, at least, is Strype's conjecture, and there is every reason to believe it correct. Many of his friends, however, thought him really ill, and amongst these, Lord Audley, who loved and studied the healing art, undertook his cure, as appears by the following humorous recipe and epistle.' 'Cecil's disease was deeper fixed than to be cured by soup formed from the distillation of a sow-pig boiled with cinnamon and raisins, or a compost of a porpin or hedgehog stewed in red wine and rosewater. It was Northumberland's plot that troubled his digestion.'—vol. ii. p. 171.

It must be unnecessary to do more than remind the reader of the daring scheme of the last-named ambitious peer to divert the succession into his own family, and of the reluctance of the council to comply with his wishes. Cecil was as loth as the rest to affix his signature to the king's will, and at first was so fearful of becoming implicated in any of Northumberland's proceedings, that he, as we have seen, absented himself from the council on the plea of sickness. This was from the 22nd April to the 2nd June, 1553, at which time Lord Audley prescribed his hedgehog soup.

soup. His signature, however, in common with that of the rest of the council, was obtained by Northumberland, and he was thus made accessory to an act directly hostile to Queen Mary.

This placed him in a critical position on her accession. Northumberland on the scaffold, and the Roman Catholic party triumphant, were appalling changes. We must content ourselves with a general reference on this subject to the volumes under consideration (pp. 191 to 206), where an extraordinary paper is published in illustration of Cecil's conduct. It is entitled '*A brief Note of my Submission and of my Doings*,' and was presented by himself to the Queen. He endeavours to exculpate himself on the grounds,—1st, of his having acted on compulsion—'I did refuse to subscribe the book, when none of the council did refuse; in what peril I refer it to be considered by them who knew the duke;' 2ndly, of his having participated, to the least possible extent, in the treasonable practices of Northumberland, or rather of his having secretly acted against him, *e. g.* 'I dissembled the taking of my horse, and the rising of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, and avowed the pardonable lie where it was suspected to my danger.'

All this seems rather shabby; but he was pardoned, though he lost all his places. It is not wonderful that he should seem to have taken little part in public affairs during Mary's reign; though we strongly suspect not so much because he *could* not have acquired a larger share of influence and authority, as because he did not choose to contend for any. But while he shunned all public business, he continued to be the private adviser of Elizabeth. 'Write my commendations in your letters to Mr. Cecil,' said the Princess to Parry, her cofferer, in 1551; 'I am well assured, though I send not daily to him, that he doth not, for all that, daily forget me: say, indeed, I assure myself thereof.' (vol. i. p. 426.) He foresaw that, provided Queen Mary died without issue, a few short years, could he but be successful in surmounting them in safety, would restore the religion and the government of the country to that footing on which it was the wish of his heart to see them placed. When, therefore, we find him following Paget and Hastings to the court of the emperor for the purpose of conducting to this country Cardinal Pole, we feel less inclined to believe, with Mr. Tytler, that he 'cultivated with assiduity the friendship of Cardinal Pole, the great man of the day, to whom Mary gave her chief confidence' (vol. ii. p. 475), than to suspect that Cecil absented himself as a measure of precaution; too happy to be out of the way of those trials to which all Protestants (especially such as had enjoyed favour in the preceding reign) were exposed. Cecil's name does not occur in the instructions with
which

which Paget and Hastings were furnished (vol. ii. p. 445), and he does not appear to have attended them in an official capacity; if he did, it must have been in a very subordinate one. It seems tolerably certain, however, that with his characteristic sagacity, Cecil did attach himself in some degree to Cardinal Pole. 'The Cardinal,' says Burnet, 'was a man of a generous and good disposition, but knew how jealous the court of Rome would be of him if he seemed to favour heretics, therefore he expressed great detestation of them. Nor did he converse much with any that had been of that party but the late Secretary Cecil, who, though *he lived for the most part privately at his house near Stamford*, where he afterwards built a sumptuous house, and was known to favour the Reformation still in his heart, yet in many things he complied with the time, and came to have more of his confidence than any Englishman.'

The question in how far Cecil conformed to the popish church after his return to England is one with which his biographers have *coquetted*. There is in the State Paper Office a document illustrative of this subject, from which Mr. Tytler prints a few extracts. It gives 'the names of them that dwelleth in the parish of Wimbleton, that was confessed, and received the sacrament of the altar,' at Easter, 1556: the first three persons being 'my master Sir William Cecil, my Lady Mildred his wife, and Thomas Cecil [his son]' (vol. ii. p. 443): from which, viewed in connexion with other documents cited by Mr. Tytler, the fact that Sir William Cecil conformed to the full extent during Queen Mary's reign may be considered as established. He confessed, attended mass with his wife, and brought up his son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter, in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. The paper to which Mr. Tytler has called attention was apparently in the hands of Dr. Nares before him; yet could it extort from the latter nothing beyond the general admission,—'Of Sir William Cecil's conformity, *to a certain extent*, there can be no doubt.' (*Life*, vol. i. p. 673.) Sir William Cecil's conformity was exactly what he found necessary to his personal security.

A more pleasing feature, which comes prominently forward during this reign, was his strong attachment to country occupations,—his love of his farm—of his garden—of planting and horticulture. In the pocket-book which he carried with him into the Low Countries, when he accompanied Paget, we meet with no ambitious memoranda—no hints for government or statistical collections—but a method of cultivating the willow is carefully set down, dated from Menen. This taste seems to have acquired strength as he advanced in years. 'His temperate mind ever
tempered

tempered all his actions,' says a contemporary biographer ;—' If he might ride privatlie in his garden upon his little muile, or lye a day or two at his little lodge at Theobalds, retyred from business or too much company, he thought it his greatest happiness and onlie greatness. As to his books, they were so pleasing to him, as when he got liberty from the Queen to go unto his country house to take the ayre, if he found but a book worth the opening, he would rather lose his riding than his reading ; and yet, riding in his garden and walks upon his little muile, was his greatest disport.' If the reader ever dreamed away a happy hour in the picture-gallery of the Bodleian, he will not require to be reminded that he has *seen* Burleigh pursuing this favourite recreation.

It would be an endless task to collect all the curious evidences of the extent to which Cecil indulged this passion for his garden and his library ; but particularly for his garden. Allusions to it occur in the official correspondence of many of our ambassadors, and some high dignitaries in church and state at home testified their solicitude to gratify the minister in this particular by many an interesting postscript, and indeed often by entire letters. But, above all, we have abundance of Cecil's correspondence with his own stewards and servants ; where, amid the most miscellaneous notices relating to the building of his house, the state of his farms, &c. &c., such passages as the following are of perpetual recurrence :—' Sir, I have sent to Burleigh seven pear-tree stocks and six apple-tree stocks to graft in ; and if I can find any more, I will send them thither.' This was written by Sir James Hurst, the vicar of Essenden. Another passage from a letter of another vicar and steward, Sir John Abraham (Lansdowne MSS., 3. 75), is worth inserting. At the time it was written, Cecil was busied enclosing his ground with quickset. ' When your swans,' says Sir John, ' are fat, I shall, as I may, sell one of them. Your Jennet is, and shall be, both favoured and foddered as well as we can do it. I beseech you let us have either the grey or bay mare to draw, whereof we have much need, and she not worse a pin. The hop yard was dressed above three weeks ago, and the holes in the orchard dug ready for fruit trees, but none came to be set but two dozen of crab-tree stocks. The 19th of this month were your sheep drawn and numbered. There was of young wethers seventeen, one ram, lambs with tithe lambs five score and four, ewes five score.' So wrote Sir John Abraham on the 22nd November, 1557. Gerhard, the author of the well-known *Herbal*, was for twenty years Cecil's gardener.

It was in pleasures and concerns such as these that the secretary
sought

sought relief from the overwhelming cares of such a weight of business as, perhaps, never before or since fell to the share of a single officer of the state. Well might it be said of him by one of his household, 'I myself, as an eye-witness, can testify that I never saw him half an hour idle in four-and-twenty years together;' for through his hands, as well as through his head, every transaction involving in any degree the interests of the nation seems to have passed. He was far, indeed, from being of Choiseul's opinion,—to wit, that there is ink enough in a premier's standish if there be 'de quoi signer son nom.' Was an ambassador to be despatched to some foreign court,—the rough draft of his instructions is found in Cecil's handwriting; was any negotiation pending, any treaty contemplated,—the arguments *pro* and *con* will be found drawn up by the same vigilant, unwearied pen, and the question, in private, decided by him alone. His endorsement is seen on most of the despatches of our statesmen, as well as on most of those letters which he daily received from the spies and emissaries which the dangerous complexion of the times and the want of newspapers rendered it indispensable to have distributed over England, Scotland, and the continent. In addition to his business in the council, he is said to have daily received never less than twenty or thirty letters containing domestic intelligence, and, during term time, from sixty to a hundred petitions. 'Indeed, he left himself scarce time for sleep, or meals, or leisure to go to bed,' says his domestic:—'It was notable to see his continual agitation both of body and mind. He was ever more weary of a little idleness than of great labour. When he went to bed and slept not, he was either meditating or reading; and was heard to say that he penetrated further into the depths of causes, and found out more resolutions of dubious points in his bed, than when he was up.' In vain, therefore, did he exclaim at night, when he put off his gown, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer!'

To read his private journals, (of which several have been preserved,) one would seriously doubt whether, instead of the memoranda of a prime minister, we had not stumbled on those of some ancient and very methodical housekeeper,—or at best, the precise steward of some small property. The wages of servants—the allowances or little perquisites to the miller, brewer, butcher, cook, &c., are all prescribed in his own hand. Thus, beside the miller's name, Burleigh writes, 'He shall have but three hens and one cock;' opposite the butcher's, the Atlas of the state indites, 'Of cattle-socking he shall have but the head, offal, and the skin.' We have notices of his minutest domestic arrangements; he tells us, for instance, that his Sunday dinner consisted

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of 'brawn and mustard, beef boiled, veal or pig, or such roast, roast capon, or some baked meat,' &c. Then we are treated with an inventory of his wardrobe; for which some excuse might perhaps be made, for

'Without black velvet breeches what is man?'

But how shall we picture to ourselves the care-worn statesman at Wimbledon, finding time and inclination ever and anon to weigh himself, his wife, children, and servants, and gravely recording the result of the experiments in his memorandum-book?

While speaking of such small traits, we may notice one which we never remember to have seen pointed out, viz. that Cecil's handwriting was invariably excellent. He seems to have been gifted with a calm self-possession, which, even in moments of most pressure, never deserted him. Another peculiarity was his habit of preserving everything in the shape of a written paper which came into his hands; and this is deserving of notice, because to this we are indebted for much of the accurate information we possess concerning Queen Elizabeth's reign. No one who considers his papers attentively will doubt for an instant that his intention was to have destroyed a large proportion of them, which, owing to their immense variety and extent, it is not difficult to understand that he never lived to accomplish. We have sometimes been much struck with this last-named feature of Cecil's mind; how does it happen that he became re-possessed of so vast a number of *his own* letters; and, above all, how is it that the *rough drafts of letters addressed to him*—by his son's tutor, for example—came into his hands? There can be no question that he procured the surrender into his keeping of all the documents which in any way concerned himself, his family, or his affairs, as well as of a vast number with which he had no concern at all. His love of pedigrees must not be ranked among the minor features of his character; for, from his county-visitation books it was that he derived that intimate knowledge of the interests and alliances of private families, which he was enabled to turn to such good account on so many occasions.

But it is time to close this sketch, with an allusion to the sincere piety which seems to have influenced Cecil throughout the greater part at least of his life. The earnestness with which he looked upward for support amid his trials, as well as his habitual reference of every blessing to the source of all good, have been dwelt upon at considerable length by his contemporary biographer. In this practice we shall find the best explanation of the same writer's assertions respecting the calmness with which he received the most unfavourable, as well as the most agreeable intelligence—'never moved with passion in either case; and it was worthily noted of him

him that his courage never failed, as in times of greatest danger he ever spake most cheerfully, and executed things most readily, when others seemed full of doubt or dread. And when some did often talk fearfully of the greatness of our enemies, and of their power and possibility to harm us, he would ever answer, '*They shall do no more than God will let them.*'

Before we close this paper we must say a word on what appears to us a most ridiculous matter. It is stated by Mr. Tytler in his preface that by far the largest portion of these original letters were, by permission of Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary, selected from the invaluable stores of the State Paper-office; but we have heard with some surprise a report that Lord John, shortly before he transferred himself from the Home Office to the Colonial, in deference to the remonstrances of certain royal Commissioners for the publication of State Papers, was prevailed on to interdict any continuation of this work. The plea upon which this very unusual step has been taken is, it is said, an alleged alarm that Mr. Tytler's labours may interfere with the large quarto volumes of State Papers now in progress of publication by these Commissioners. But surely it requires only a cursory glance at the vast plan of these gentlemen, as detailed in their preface, and as contrasted with the object and execution of Mr. Tytler's volumes, to be convinced how perfectly groundless are all such terrors. To bring before the reader the *gigantic* undertaking of Government, it need only be mentioned that, although these Commissioners have already published five or six volumes, each containing about nine hundred pages, in illustration of the reign of Henry VIII., not more than one fourth, or at most one third, of the papers relating to that one reign have been hitherto printed by them;—that the papers of a later period increase so enormously in numerical extent, that *fifty volumes*, at least, would be required to embrace—on their plan—the annals of Elizabeth; and that the materials for history swell out in such an enormous ratio throughout all succeeding reigns, that it becomes absolutely impossible to say where the labour of publication would end. Next, it must be stated that the volumes in question were originally published at three guineas each, so that it was contemplated that a person, to possess himself of a copy of the State Papers, was to disburse—it cannot be an exaggeration to say—several hundred pounds. No one will deny that it was intended that the State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign should cost about £60; since, to prevent any one from buying a single volume, or at least to prevent any use being made of it when bought, the index has been reserved for the end of the last volume!

Although

Although the price of the volumes has of late been lowered to *one guinea*, we apprehend that we are not far from the mark in asserting that a complete set on the scale originally projected, would still cost some hundred pounds sterling; and let them cost what they might, the work cannot certainly be meant for the present age—it is obviously meant for posterity, and for a very remote posterity too. No *living* man must hope to see the State Papers of even Queen Elizabeth's reign; happy if he lives to possess the index to the volumes already published, relating to the history of her father. And all this—cheerless as the prospect is—is on the supposition that the work *will be* continued. Notwithstanding that the price has been so considerably reduced—a measure, we may be well assured, not of choice, but of stern necessity—the work has no sale; nor was a sale ever to be expected for it. It is, as far as it goes, well and carefully done; we have no fault to find in its execution; but it is not a book to be read; it is a book to be referred to; and of most books of reference it may be truly said, not only that they *are* to be found in all public libraries, but that they are *not* to be found anywhere else: while of the volumes hitherto published, it is obvious that their utility as books of reference is almost annihilated by the want of an index. The pains which have been taken to preserve the ancient orthography is also a serious obstacle which they have to contend with; for in point of fact, those who have never served an apprenticeship at the British Museum, or elsewhere, *cannot* decipher a sentence so as to render it intelligible. Scarcely, therefore, does it seem an exaggeration to say of the volumes in question, that they are parts of a work which, in the first place, will never be completed; which, if completed, would never be bought; and lastly, which, if bought, would never be read.

Mr. Tytler has printed, in all, 191 letters; of which about 160 are preserved in the state-paper office: these 160 letters extend over a period of twelve years, viz., from 1547 to 1558. Now, considering the official volumes to contain, on an average, 450 letters each—(the first volume contains 468, and we have not the others at hand to refer to)—it appears that thirty years of Henry VIII.'s reign (for the earliest date is 1517) will claim illustration from about 9000 letters! This comparison must of itself demonstrate how groundless is the assertion, that one of these publications interferes with the other. It would be almost as just to say that a literary man selecting a few instruments or treaties to illustrate some question of national history, finance, or political economy, was encroaching upon Rymer's *Fœdera*. Moreover, the modernized spelling which Mr. Tytler has adopted—the narrative with which he connects his

his letters—his criticism—his biographical sketches—and, above all, the protracted disquisition which he brings to bear upon a disputed point—unbroken, occasionally, throughout the space of twenty pages (as in the opening of the second volume, where the fall of Somerset is discussed)—all these features of his work effectually disconnect it from and render it dissimilar to the State-Paper publications;—and they are features, we must say, which we had strongly wished to retrace in a collection respecting the glorious reign of Elizabeth.

We do not comprehend the Commissioners. To anticipate what booksellers call a 'lively sale' for *their* productions would be about as reasonable as to expect a Treatise on the Cube Root from Lady Stepney—Mr. Sydney Smith to circulate papers for an edition of St. Jerome in a score of folios—or Dr. Pusey to start another 'Book of Beauty' in opposition to Lady Blessington. Their sole ambition in following out their colossal scheme must be to become the means of depositing in each of the principal towns of the United Kingdom, as well as in each of the capitals on the continent, a complete series of most important materials for history. To accomplish this must be the summit of their ambition; and they need dread no collision. General as the love of history undoubtedly is, it is quite obvious that a taste for the study of its original documents is still with the mass of society in its infancy. The public is like a great child: it requires to be led; and it is our deliberate opinion that, so far from interfering with the sale of the official State-papers, a series of volumes, conceived and executed like Mr. Tytler's, would conduce more effectually to promote the objects for which the commission was appointed than any scheme which could be devised for that purpose. The whole of this business appears to us absurd: and we are sure we are only doing Lord John Russell justice when we avow our belief that he never found leisure to bestow personal attention upon its bearings. If Lord Normanby should remain any time in the Home-office, we hope he may some fine morning happen to take up the fancy of overhauling the 'outrage' of these Chartists.

ART. IV.—*Mémoires d'un Touriste; par l'Auteur de Rouge et Noir*. 2 tomes 8vo. Edition seconde. Paris, 1839.

WE have read these volumes with lively interest: much amusement is to be found in them; not a little of valuable information: the observations, reflections, jokes, and sarcasms, of a clever man—a very favourable specimen of the *libéral* of the present time; noted down from day to day, as he repeatedly asserts,

asserts, in the course of journeys undertaken for professional purposes, through several of the finest, and one or two of the obscurest, provinces of France. The book is undoubtedly one of the ablest that the Parisian press has lately produced; and we are inclined to believe that it offers better materials for an estimate of the actual social condition of the France of Louis Philippe than could be gathered from a score of works holding forth graver pretensions.

We understand it is generally ascribed to the pen of M. Beyle, who, in former days, was pretty well known under the *nomme de plume* of M. Stendhal. About twenty years ago, in particular, he published two little volumes, entitled, we think, ‘*De la Physiologie de l’Amour et du Mariage*,’ which had a great vogue in his own country, and were read, admired, and abused here. He met Lord Byron at Milan; and his reminiscences of the poet are included in Mr. Moore’s biography. We are not well acquainted with M. Beyle’s personal history; but it is evident that, if he be the author of these *Mémoires*, he has endeavoured to mystify his readers by the account which the *Touriste* is made to deliver of himself. M. Beyle must be a good deal older than the traveller says he is; and never was there a thinner disguise than this gentleman’s assumed character of an iron-merchant. There is not one mercantile atom in his composition. He is evidently a practised professional *littérateur*, who has spent a considerable part of his life in Italy, and is so imbued with Italian ideas as to the fine arts that he must needs have the supremest contempt for French sculpture, painting, and architecture—but whose notions on all other subjects whatever are intensely and exclusively Parisian. Beaumont and La Chapelle might as well have tried to support the characters of a couple of *Epiciers*—or the author of the ‘*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*’ that of a Doctor of the Sorbonne.

‘I do not believe,’ he says, ‘that any possible railroad in France could ever pay six or seven per cent., except one to Lyons and Marseilles. But is good sense to decide such questions? I do not believe one word of it. Fashion, aided by handsome *douceurs*, will give us abundance of railroads. It is so convenient to create shares on which one gains ten per cent.—what signifies the result of the concern? The original shareholder realises his advantage. The subject is too troublesome to be explained: never will our clever journalists have patience to clear up the tricks to which a railroad scheme may give rise. Adroit people, therefore, may speculate in tranquillity on this important subject; for example, what say you to founding 2000 shares of 5000 francs for a railway that could never yield more than three per cent. on the cost of construction—persuade the public, by means of the newspapers, that a return of ten per cent. is certain—sell all your own shares at 7000 francs

francs—pocket your 2000 on each share, and good bye to the enterprise?’—vol. i. p. 255.

Elsewhere he asks—

‘What will become of railways, should they really succeed in making steam-carriages to travel on the common roads?’—*ibid.* 57.

We suspect that this gentleman’s connexion with the iron-trade amounts to his having been *bit* in some little tampering with a railway bubble. If not, his *shares* just at present would seem to lie in the ‘Entreprise Marseillaise.’

He has one or two shrewd and very gloomy pages on the state and prospects of the silk manufacture of Lyons; and he enters *con amore*, we must allow, into the history and management of some of the most celebrated vineyards of Burgundy; but these things will hardly induce the simplest reader to believe that this voluptuous wit travelled over the French provinces with specimens of iron bars in the well of his *calèche*;—which *calèche*, by-the-by, he is almost as fond of alluding to as if he had been much more familiar with the *coupé* of the diligence. He chatters about it and his valet Joseph, almost as pitifully as Prince Puckler did of the *barouche* and ‘my people.’

The author’s time of life is not much better disguised. He is by no means in love with the popular literature of *la jeune France*, which, we are sorry to say, is giving its colour to much of our own. He has hardly one allusion, other than contemptuous, to the names now in vogue. Their whole plan of writing merely *for effect* he considers as a melancholy symptom of the extent to which taste has been vulgarised in consequence of the Revolution of 1789, and its sequel of the Barricades; of which last performance, however, as a step in the march of liberal policy, he seems to be a decided admirer. In his view all great revolutions are, and must be, accomplished at the expense of the temporary destruction of social refinement, an obliteration of the reign of elegance in manners and arts. He prophesies better things for the hereafter; but the frankness with which he acknowledges the unhappy immediate results in all departments except those of finance and (what he calls) liberty, cannot, we apprehend, have been over favourably received by the actual tenant of the Tuileries and restorer of Versailles, even though that personage is repeatedly (and justly) described as ‘un roi, homme supérieur;’ nay, complimented very cleverly in the shape of a sarcasm upon the great Condé:—

‘En 1649, le grand Condé put se faire roi. . . . Il le désira; mais la maturité de sens lui manqua pour voir bien nettement cette possibilité, et pour tirer parti des circonstances. D’ailleurs, la grandeur de sa naissance lui donnait des momens de folie.’—vol. ii. p. 102.

M. Beyle

M. Beyle says :—

‘ At present, in consequence of the Revolution, the people are *energetic*—witness their suicides ! A third of the rich persons who hire the boxes at the Opera would find it difficult to prove that their grandfathers could read. Hence the *energy* which seeks to force its way in the literature of 1837. The principle of energy, however, was even stronger in the society of the tenth century than it is now with us : the son of the Roman drew back everywhere before the son of the barbarian. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries began to blush for their barbarism, and the passion for church architecture developed itself. In like manner French literature may hope for a period of really noble energy when the grandsons of those who have been enriched by the Revolution shall come to figure on the scene.’—vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

In a steam-boat near Macon he has a long colloquy with a Carlist, whose politics he at once divined, because ‘ *sa conversation avait une fleur exquise de politesse.*’ (vol. i. p. 132.) Politics were shunned—but a few days afterwards he encounters another gentleman of the same class, and the grand question is calmly discussed between them.

‘ This brave officer,’ says the tourist, ‘ treated the actual state of things with very little ceremony. I answered,—What is it that we have to regret ? Louis Philippe has frequently had seven of the most enlightened men in France (*les hommes le moins arriérés*) for his ministers. With one or two exceptions, was not the case with Louis XVIII. the reverse ? That prince chose occasionally very amiable persons—such as the Abbé de Montesquiou, who made him date in the 9th year of his reign—but when had he a rational minister ? As for *the Charter*, to my thinking, it much resembles the Bible, the basis of our religion, in which the ablest man cannot, however, point out one word about either the pope or the mass. A king who should have gained a couple of battles in person would be adored by the French, and would very soon persuade them that his government, whatever that might be, was according to the Charter. We have in fact gained only four points since Barnave, Sieyes, and Mirabeau :—

‘ 1. The king must choose for ministers persons who can speak in public nearly as well as the best speakers among the Deputies.

‘ 2. We have gained the *Charivari*—that step is immense. The *Charivari* alone would render a second Napoleon impossible, though he should have won ten battles of Arcole. His first steps towards the dictatorship—his first airs of superiority—far from exciting enthusiasm, would be overwhelmed with ridicule.

‘ 3. Europe remembers with respect that the French empire extended from Hamburgh to Terracina. This is what France owes to Napoleon, and Constantina has just been refreshing that idea, though it could never have given it birth.

‘ 4. The nations of Europe, deceived by so many promises, know well that, if ever they are to get freedom, it will come to them from France : this is the reason that they neglect the English newspapers and devour those of Paris.’—vol. i. p. 253.

We

We must leave it to our reader to reconcile as he best may, the statements that the *Charivari* (a newspaper made up of squibs) would render another Napoleon impossible in spite of ten Arcolas, and that any king of France who had gained two victories might erect any kind of government he thought fit, and convince all France that it was in strict accordance with the Charter of 1830. We must also leave it for M. Beyle to explain on what grounds he asserts that all Europe is looking for liberty to France, not to England, while he himself, in many passages of this very book, expressly says, that he hopes, rather than wishes, to see France enjoy, before he dies, a constitutional system *as wise and liberal* as that of England in 1837!—But indeed there would be no end to our impertinence, if we were to press our ingenious tourist for an explanation of apparent inconsistencies of this class. We merely place a few passages in juxtaposition.

The author on arriving at Vannes walks out to inspect the sea, which he had supposed to be close to the town, whereas it is two leagues off—so night overtakes him and he has to return *re infectâ*.

‘When one is so grossly ignorant, I said to myself, one should at least have the courage to ask somebody for information! But I must acknowledge it, I have such a horror for the vulgar, that I lose the whole thread of my sensations if I am obliged to ask my way.’—vol. ii. p. 103.

Again—he gets into a public carriage between Dol and St. Malo, and found for company some wealthy ‘bourgeois’—

‘Never was I in such vile company. How often did I regret my *calèche*! These people talked continually of themselves, and what belonged to themselves—their wives—their children—their pocket-handkerchiefs, in the buying of which they had cheated the mercer by a franc in the dozen. The sign characteristic of a man of this class is, that whatever has the honour to belong to him must needs be super-excellent: his wife is worth all the other wives in the world—his dozen of handkerchiefs is the first dozen in existence. Never had I seen the human species in a baser light: these people rejoiced in their own vilenesses as a pig does in his mire. In order to be a Deputy must one pay his court to fellows like these? Are these the kings of America?’

‘In the hope of extracting some facts from them, and thus diminishing my disgust, I touched on politics: they all began in praise of liberty, and this in a style sufficient to sicken one with the name, making it to consist in the power of hindering their neighbours from doing what they themselves don’t happen to like. Hereupon they had discussions among themselves of an unutterable meanness; I should renew my disgust by detailing them. They ended, however, by converting me to their system. I would have consented to be in prison for a fortnight for the pleasure

of

of giving each of them a hearty drubbing with my cane. They explained to me that, when the elections came round, they *certes* will not send to Paris an *orgueilleux*. I understood that they gave that title to deputies who are not over-zealous about getting their boots and breeches for them from the tradesmen they employ in the capital.

‘It is fine sport that, in order to have a voice on those great questions which are to decide the fate of Europe a hundred years hence, it should be necessary to begin by cultivating such animals (de tels animaux).’

‘As to the pleasure of my journey, how different had I fallen in with five legitimists! Their principles could not have been more absurd, more hostile to the general weal—and instead of being wounded every moment, I should have enjoyed all the charms of a polished conversation.’—*ibid.* 170.

The following view of the polite people in question is from a letter dated ‘Nivernais’:—

‘Ouvrez l’Almanach royal de 1829, vous verrez la noblesse occuper toutes les places : maintenant elle vit à la campagne, ne mange que les deux tiers de son revenu, et améliore ses terres. Outre les fermes, chaque propriétaire a une réserve de cent cinquante arpens qu’il fait valoir ; beaucoup achètent tout ce qui est à vendre autour d’eux, et dans dix ans ces messieurs auront refait des terres magnifiques. C’est un bonheur que de les rencontrer : on trouve chez eux un ton d’exquise politesse que l’on chercherait vainement ailleurs, et surtout chez les nouveaux riches. Mais, si la forme de leur conversation est agréable et légère, elle finit par attrister, car au fond il y a un peu d’humeur.’

‘Par la position qu’ils se sont faite depuis 1830, les hommes les plus aimables de France voient passer la vie, mais ils *ne vivent pas*. Les jeunes gens ne donnent pas un coup de sabre à Constantine, les hommes de cinquante ans n’administrent pas une préfecture, et la France y perd, car beaucoup connaissent fort bien les lois et réglemens, et tous avaient des salons agréables, et n’étaient grossiers que quand ils le voulaient bien. Pour un homme bien né, être grossier c’est comme parler une langue étrangère qu’il a fallu apprendre, et qu’on ne parle jamais avec aisance. Que de gens haut placés parlent cette langue aujourd’hui avec une rare facilité!’—vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

Here is one of a thousand sketches on the subject of provincial administration:—

‘Je viens de traverser un bien triste pays. Je me suis arrêté quelques jours au château d’un de mes amis, homme d’esprit, mais qui a des bois à exploiter, et portant un grand intérêt à ce qu’une certaine route soit faite. L’ingénieur en chef est excellent ; c’est en outre l’homme le plus aimable de la province.’

‘Je suis allé avec M. R. à la sous-préfecture.’

‘L’ingénieur en chef avait fait un plan de route excellent ; ce plan fut déposé il y a trois ans dans cette sous-préfecture, avec un grand livre de papier blanc, destiné à recevoir les objections. Je venais pour lire ces objections ; il faut avouer qu’elles sont à mourir de rire. Le préfet a nommé une commission pour les juger ; mais, pour ne pas désobliger

deux membres du conseil-général du département, habitant le pays, il les a placés dans cette commission. Il faut savoir que dans les provinces, le conseil-général est pour le préfet à peu près ce qu'est à Paris la chambre des députés pour les ministres : on s'en moque fort en paroles, mais *il faut* les séduire.

‘ Ces deux membres du conseil-général n'ont pas voulu désobliger les électeurs dont ils disposent, ni leurs parens. La société, qui se réunit dans les cabarets du pays, s'est prononcée fortement contre le plan de l'ingénieur en chef, qui n'avait d'autre mérite que d'être raisonnable. Il supprimait une montée abominable, contre laquelle ces mêmes paysans crient depuis trente ans.

‘ L'ingénieur avait fait passer sa route contre la dernière maison d'un village ; on l'a forcé à la faire passer *dans le village*, où cette malheureuse route rencontre deux angles droits dont elle doit parcourir les côtés. Je n'en finirais pas si je voulais raconter toutes les absurdités du grand travail qu'on exécute en ce moment. Tel est l'effet de *l'aristocratie du cabaret*. Nous voici déjà en Amérique, obligés de faire la cour à la partie la plus déraisonnable de la population.’—vol. i. p. 50-53.

Perhaps, however, the two following specimens, which occur within a very few pages of each other, may create more surprise than all we have been quoting. Having previously ascribed Napoleon's ‘faiblesse pour l'aristocratie’ to his early intercourse with Madame Colombier at Valence (vol. i. p. 277), he at vol. ii. p. 278, gives an account of the emperor's reception at Grenoble on his return from Elba ; and lauds the courage of a young magistrate of that town, M. Rey, who,—

‘ Osa lui dire que la France l'aimait comme un grand homme, l'admirait comme un savant général, mais ne voulait plus du dictateur qui, en créant une nouvelle noblesse, avait cherché à rétablir tous les abus presque oubliés ;’—

and exclaims,—

‘ S'il eût compris cette voix du peuple, lui ou son fils régnerait encore ! ’

Well, Buonaparte's weakness for aristocracy was thus the sole cause of his losing the hearts of the French nation. Turn three or four leaves, and you find M. Beyle moralizing over the tomb of Cardinal Dubois,—

‘ — ce fameux cardinal, cet habile ministre, cet homme d'un esprit infini, auquel on ne rend pas justice ! *La France l'admirerait s'il fut né grand seigneur.*’—vol. ii. p. 285.

Our readers can, however, be at no great loss for the *mot de l'énigme*. M. Beyle may placard whatever *liberalism* he thinks proper upon fit occasions, but neither he, no, nor any other *gentleman* (the French have adopted this word by the way, as well as *dandy*)

dandy) can be at heart an enemy of aristocracy. He has exactly the same horror for universal suffrage, even for the coaxing of shopkeepers, and the mystification of town-councils, that the most dainty Sybarite of Vienna could avow. In all his habits, feelings, opinions—in all but a certain stock of phrases—he is diametrically opposed to the principles of the Movement and the practices of its sincere advocates. He is not within the immediate circle of court and cabinet influence—he is easy in his fortune—his literary reputation is fixed and considerable, and he has no longer (if he ever had) any ambition out of literature: therefore, he does not keep that strict watch over his expressions which many of his equals see excellent reasons for doing; every now and then the truth escapes from his pen, whereas it never comes from their lips except when doors are shut. He is not a deputy—he is not a candidate either for a prefecture or a peerage—he is merely ‘a literary Whig.’ In his book, therefore, we have every now and then honest glimpses of his political infidelity, whereas Whigs differently situated carry their hypocrisy with edifying gravity about them in all their outward sayings and doings, consoling themselves occasionally in a corner with a Leo-like chuckle of ‘*Prodest nobis hæc fabula.*’

M. Beyle presents a French mirror in which many elegant English faces are reflected. He abhors the idea of investing his moneys in land; he says, truly, that such property yields but a moderate per centage—he is of opinion that it cannot be managed even to decent advantage without personal intercourse with ‘brutal, ignorant, cunning, and rapacious peasants;’ and, therefore, he is all for the public funds, or ‘houses in Paris well insured against fire.’ He cannot comprehend how anybody should follow the other course, unless with views to a place in the Chamber, which he would look upon as a *bore*. The country gentleman who resides on his estates, improving them by his care and example, enjoying the society of his home circle, taking no part whatever in politics, any more than in the show and bustle of the *beau monde*, preferring a book at the fireside to a *loge* at the theatre, a *roman* sung by his wife or daughter to all the warblings of Grisi, and a dance on the village green to five thousand tumblings of twenty Taglionis—this man, in M. Beyle’s opinion, vegetates, but cannot, as we have seen, be said to *live*. He in another place speaks of the increasing passion for quiet domestic existence as ‘*notre sauvagerie moderne.*’ In fact, our agreeable Parisian is far above considering that there are in this world any such things as duties—that is to say, for people who possess ‘*de quoi vivre*’—who keep a *calèche*.

‘Marriage in the 19th century is a luxury, and a great luxury. One ought

ought to be *very rich* before one thinks of indulging in such a thing. *Et puis quelle manie de créer des misérables !*—vol. i. p. 226.

‘Madame R. serait encore fort bien de mise si elle le voulait : mais elle commence à voir les choses du côté philosophique, c’est à dire triste, comme il convient à une dame de trente-six ans, fort honnête sans doute, mais qui n’est plus amoureuse de son mari. Quant à moi, dans mes idées perverses, je lui conseillerais fort de prendre un petit amant : cela ne ferait mal à personne, et retarderait de dix ans peut-être l’arrivée de la méchanceté et le départ des idées gaies de la jeunesse. C’est une maison où j’irais tous les jours si je devais rester ici.’—vol. ii. p. 11.

‘The temples of the ancients were small, their circuses very large. It is otherwise with us ; religion now-a-days proscribes the theatre and enjoins mortification of the flesh. That of the Romans was one festival, and not demanding of the faithful that they should sacrifice their passions, but only that they should give them a direction useful to the country, had no occasion for crowding people together for hour after hour, with the intention of cutting the fear of hell deep into their hearts.’—*ibid.* 241.

‘LE CORAN est fort supérieur à UN AUTRE LIVRE.’—*ibid.* p. 265.

What comes next is from a letter dated at St. Malo’s :—

‘On ne sait rien faire bien en province, pas même mourir. Huit jours avant sa fin, un malheureux provincial est averti du danger par les larmes de sa femme et de ses enfans, par les propos gauches de ses amis, et enfin par l’arrivée terrible du prêtre. A la vue du ministre des autels, le malade se tient pour mort ; tout est fini pour lui. A ce moment commencent les scènes *déchirantes*, renouvelées dix fois le jour. Le pauvre homme rend enfin le dernier soupir au milieu des cris et des sanglots de sa famille et des domestiques. Sa femme se jette sur son corps inanimé ; on entend de la rue ses cris épouvantables, ce qui lui fait honneur ; et elle donne aux enfans un souvenir éternel d’horreur et de misère : c’est une scène affreuse.

‘Un homme tombe gravement malade à Paris ; il ferme sa porte, un petit nombre d’amis pénètrent jusqu’à lui. On se garde bien de parler tristement de la maladie ; après les premiers mots sur sa santé, on lui raconte ce qui se passe dans le monde. Au dernier moment, le malade prie sa garde de le laisser seul un instant ; il a besoin de reposer. Les choses tristes se passent comme elles se passeraient toujours, sans nos sottes institutions, dans le silence et la solitude.

‘Voyez *l’animal malade*, il se cache, et, pour mourir, va chercher dans le bois le fourré le plus épais. Fourrier est mort en se cachant de sa portière.

‘Depuis que *l’idée d’un enfer éternel s’en va*, la mort redevient une chose simple—ce qu’elle était avant le règne de Constantin. Cette idée aura valu des milliards à qui de droit, des chefs-d’œuvre aux beaux-arts, de la profondeur à l’esprit humain.’—vol. ii. pp. 179, 180.

By this time our readers begin to have a tolerably accurate notion of M. Beyle. We proceed to consider a few of the many
very

very curious and striking facts which he has accumulated in illustration of the excellent effects which attend, even in the provinces, emancipation from the vulgar credence in a future state of rewards and punishments.

Our tourist visited Argenton in the spring of 1837. The town was at this moment the scene of one of those romances of real life which are so faithfully copied by the existing masters of melo-dramatic *energy*. A young man of the working class, but in easy circumstances, by name Ganthier, had married his cousin, a remarkably pretty and sweet-tempered girl. They seemed to have no earthly distress, except that, after several years of union, they were still childless. She passed for a model of conjugal affection and contentment, and he was greatly esteemed. Early in January he had to drive a load of corn to Limoges; he started at peep of day, and as he was passing a bridge over the Creuse, a man leaped into the cart and stabbed him. Ganthier jumped out of the cart—a violent struggle ensued—he received five or six thrusts of a knife, but at last put the assassin to flight. He by and by fainted, however, from loss of blood, and was found senseless on the road; but he revived and was bandaged in a farmhouse, carried home in the course of the day, and put to bed by his afflicted wife, to whom, as well as to the neighbours, he said that, from the imperfect light, he had been unable to distinguish the features of his assailant. Nevertheless, suspicion rested on a relation of his own, a maker of wooden shoes, by name Marandon, who had been for about two years a widower, and had, it seems, been observed to pay particular attentions to his cousin's handsome helpmate. The magistrates ordered inquiry: they found a few drops of blood on Marandon's clothes, and it was proved that he spent the night of the attack away from home—but Ganthier renewed his denial of having recognised the assassin, and treated the charge against his friend and kinsman with utter contempt; so the man was dismissed and the affair remained in mystery.

Three weeks passed; Ganthier recovered, and the first visit he paid was to the magistrate. He now said that he had perfectly recognised Marandon as his assailant; but that knowing the suspicion entertained of a *liaison* between him and his wife, and having entire faith in her innocence, he had controlled his feelings and maintained silence, lest, by naming the *sabotier*, he should confirm the idle and malevolent rumours of the neighbourhood. When he had got nearly well again, he had told his wife all about it, and she had expressed the warmest gratitude for his consideration of her character. That morning, however, the maid-servant had found means to see him alone, and had given him

him a *billet* written by her mistress, which the latter had asked the girl to deliver to Marandon ; it was in these words :—

‘ My dear Man, I cannot rest as I am, for I am the most wretched woman in the world ever since he told me that he knew it was you that did it. He certainly means to have you apprehended, and since that I have no consolation, and if you wish to finish your days with your wife, you must give the answer immediately by Mary. Don’t be afraid about Mary, she will keep our secret, and I will give her something for it, and you will tell me what we should do to get rid of life. My dear delight, don’t forget your own girl : the sooner it is done it will be the better.’

The magistrate sent in quest of Marandon, but he had, it seems, observed Ganthier enter the prefecture, and instantly disappeared. He was found dead, but still warm, in a cave by the river : he had shot himself through the head.

As they were carrying the body to the town, Madame Ganthier, who had been calling on her mother in a neighbouring village, met them : she was on horseback ; she fainted, and fell from her saddle ; they lifted her up, conducted her home, and treated her with every kindness, but as soon as, feigning to be asleep, she was left alone, the poor woman rose, ran up stairs, and flung herself out of a garret window. The fall was severe—forty feet—but she recovered—was tried as an accessory before the fact—and acquitted—‘*comme on l’avait prévu.*’ ‘Marandon had,’ says M. Bayle, ‘black eyes, d’une expression admirable et singulière chez un paysan. Il était aimé dans le pays.’

“If these people had believed in hell,” said the prefect, “they would not have thought of suicide.”

“Oui,” replies the Touriste, “mais toute sa vie avoir peur, n’est-ce pas malheur?”—vol. i. p. 60.

Walking with a distinguished silk-lord and *bon-vivant* of Lyons by the Rhône, near the *Barrière de Genève*, M. Beyle remarked a particularly elegant *hôtel*. His friend exclaims ‘Ah! c’est la maison de la pauvre Madame Girer de Loche’—and then comes another story.

This was *the* beauty of Lyons. At nineteen she lost a husband whom she had married for love, and remained till five-and-twenty mistress of this charming residence, besieged by suitors, but deaf to all their proposals. She passed some weeks of autumn at a watering-place near Grenoble, and on her return let her *hôtel*—took the first floor in a small house in an obscure street—gave up her usual habits of company and gaiety—was seldom visible abroad, except on her way to and from church. ‘La dame étoit devenue plus jolie, mais en même temps fort dévote.’ About two months after this change in her arrangements,

ments, a young gentleman from Grenoble arrived in Lyons to superintend the conduct of a lawsuit—he took the second floor in the same house—went occasionally to Grenoble, and returned—the lawsuit was likely to be a tedious one. By degrees he became fond of Lyons—addicted himself to angling in the Rhone, &c. : thus several years passed. He was observed to have some slight acquaintance with his pretty neighbour, at least he visited her in due form once a year, about Christmas—but this was all. He also was considered as *dévo*t.

At the end of five years he disappeared: it came out soon afterwards that he had married a rich and beautiful young Jewess, and was established at Grenoble.

About this time Mad. de Loche required to have some alterations made in her apartment, so she took the floor over it also. The workmen she employed came from another town—fifty or sixty miles off—Valence: they remained for a few days, and went away again without having told any one what the *job* had been. On their departure Madame's physicians recommended the air of the south. She embarked in the Marseilles steam-boat, but travelled on to Ciotat, and took a lodging in that little town, where nobody knew who she was. After the lapse of a month she was found 'asphyxiée dans sa chambre.' She had burnt her passport, and taken out the marks in her linen. Her identity, however, was discovered by a sort of accident. Inquiries were made: the Valence workmen heard of the affair, and came forward. They had been employed to remove a little staircase, masked by a couple of cabinets, which had afforded the means of private communication between Madame's 'premier étage' and the apartment on the floor above.

We must give the third specimen in its native shape—and for the sake of one or two happy phrases, let us begin a little before the beginning:—

'Grenoble, le 12 Août.

'On m'a conduit ce matin au château de Montbonot qui appartient à un homme aimable et savant. Ce château couronne une jolie petite colline qui avance vers l'Isère. C'est sans doute la plus belle position de la vallée. D'un côté la vue s'étend jusque près de Saint-Egrève, Noyarey, le pont de Clair, et de l'autre jusqu'aux environs du fort Barreaux. Mais comment décrire ces choses-là? Il faudrait dix pages, prendre le ton épique et emphatique que j'ai en horreur; et le résultat de tant de travail ne serait peut-être que de l'ennui pour le lecteur. J'ai remarqué que les belles descriptions de Madame Radcliffe ne décrivent rien; c'est le chant d'un matelot qui fait rêver.

'Je ne puis que dire au voyageur: Quand vous passez par Lyon, faites vingt lieues de plus pour voir ces aspects sublimes.

'De Montbonot, je suis descendu jusqu'à l'Isère, pour voir l'emplacement

placement d'un pont en fil de fer pour lequel je fournirai peut-être du fer de La Roche (en Champagne). On a raconté devant moi, sur les travaux, le *singulier* [?] suicide d'une jeune protestante de Grenoble. Elle avait les plus beaux yeux du Dauphiné, mais passait pour être un peu légère; c'est à dire que dans ses jours de gaieté elle ne refusait pas à certains jeunes gens de ses amis de se promener avec eux devant la boutique de sa mère, ce qui passait pour un grand crime aux yeux des dévots du voisinage, très disposés déjà à la haïr à cause de sa religion. Rien de plus innocent, comme la suite la prouve. Victorine avait un caractère vif et gai, connu dans tout le faubourg Trêscloître; elle se laissait facilement entraîner par la joie. Un jeune voisin, d'un caractère sombre, catholique de religion, et qui la blâmait d'abord avec emportement, devint éperdument amoureux d'elle; d'abord la jeune personne se moqua de lui, puis elle l'aima. Les parens du jeune homme se sont refusés avec indignation à ce mariage avec une fille d'une gaieté si suspecte, et d'ailleurs protestante. Les jeunes gens ont employé tous les moyens possibles pour les fléchir; ensuite ils ont eu l'idée, maintenant si simple, de se tuer. La veille du jour qui devait être le dernier, le jeune homme apporte cent francs au chirurgien du faubourg, en lui disant ces propres paroles: "J'aurais un duel un de ces jours; si je succombe, donnez-moi votre parole de faire l'autopsie des cadavres. Cela est essentiel à la paix de nos derniers momens. Vous êtes homme de sens et vous me comprendrez dans trois jours. Rappelez-vous que je compte sur votre honneur, et c'est l'honneur qui me fait parler."

'Le chirurgien, qui n'entendait rien à ce langage, le crut revenu à ses anciennes idées de mysticité.

'Les pauvres jeunes gens ont loué une chambre, où on les a trouvés asphyxiés. La jeune fille avait dit la veille en pleurant: "Un jour on reconnaîtra que j'ai toujours été sage." C'est sur quoi l'autopsie du cadavre n'a laissé aucun doute. On a trouvé sur elle une lettre touchante dont on montrait la copie: en voici une phrase:

"Je serai oubliée aussitôt qu'enterrée; mais, avant cet oubli final d'une pauvre fille trop malheureuse, j'espère que l'on dira dans tout Trêscloître: *Victorine fut parfaitement sage.*"—vol. ii. p. 280-282.

Elsewhere (vol. ii. p. 266) the tourist notes—"Il y a souvent des suicides ici. La vie est estimée partout ce qu'elle vaut—c'est à dire peu de chose."

We have no inclination to meddle with M. Beyle's ample assortment of merely gay and festive intrigues and adulteries. The reader appreciates already his profound indifference as to the question of moral or immoral in all affairs of—to use his own phrase—"l'amour, ou ce qui lui ressemble le plus." He writes of course for the class which he thus compliments and describes—"La bonne compagnie, seul juge légitime de tout ce qui nous imprimons, a une âme de soixante-dix ans." It is among such readers of course that he considers 'the idea of death' as having come to be 'what it was before the time of Constantine;—in other words, he writes for a public which he presumes to be heathen—

heathen—a public which still acknowledges no bible but Voltaire. ‘When man dethrones God,’ says a Frenchman of another school, ‘he must necessarily find some other object of worship. He makes a god of *man*—he deifies man’s faculties, his passions—even his vices. It was so in the old world—it is the fashion again.’ There is one *historiette*, however, of which we must be allowed to quote the closing paragraph. It is the *dénouement* of the romantic passion of a charming but penniless hussar of five-and-twenty for a certain widow of fifty (whose daughter is in love with *him* by the by), possessing three fine chateaux, and somewhere about 10,000*l.* a-year. We take it for granted that M. Beyle does not give the true names, and mystifies to a certain extent the circumstances, of the parties.

‘Par les femmes de chambre, on a obtenu quelques détails précieux sur la conclusion de l’aventure. Elles prétendent qu’un soir M. Villeraie, se promenant au jardin avec Madame de Nintrey devant les persiennes du rez-de-chaussée, lui tint à peu près ce langage : “Il faut, Madame, que je vous fasse un aveu que ma pauvreté connue rend bien humiliant pour moi. Je ne puis plus espérer de bonheur qu’autant que je parviendrai à vous inspirer un peu de l’attachement passionné que j’ai pour vous. Et comment oser vous parler d’amour sans ajouter le mot *mariage* ? Et quel mot affreux et humiliant pour un homme ruiné ! Je ne pourrais plus répondre de moi si j’étais votre époux ; l’horreur du mépris me ferait faire quelque folie. Si l’argent au contraire n’entre pour rien dans notre union, je me regarderais comme ayant enfin trouvé ce bonheur parfait que je commençais à regarder comme une prétention ridicule de ma part.” . . . Elle est partie pour l’Angleterre ; sans doute aujourd’hui on l’appelle Madame Villeraie.’—vol. ii. p. 83, 84.

We have little doubt that the melodramatic genius of the Boulevards will turn to good account this exquisite *ruse*—of wooing a rich widow by proposing to make her, not a wife, but a mistress ;—and then, in the course of nature, we may look for a philosophical and sentimental English novel in three volumes, with Captain Fitzcrocky for hero, and Viscountess Broadstairs, or the Duchess Dowager of Ramsgate, for *vetula beata*.

M. Beyle indicates, with undisguised regret, that out of the easy elegant *bonne compagnie* whose favour he aspires to the moral condition of the nation is regarded with alarm as well as abhorrence. Most strenuous efforts are making to restore the prejudice to which he assigns the date of Constantine the Great—though we believe it is generally admitted that Christianity was not actually invented by the Council of Nice. The rapidity with which the clergy are re-establishing themselves in the management of education in all its branches ; the zeal of the resident proprietors in erecting and endowing schools—all under ecclesiastical control ; the already
almost

almost complete engrossing of female education in the provinces by religious sisterhoods, who find funds for building new nunneries on a scale of extraordinary extent and splendour—these things are expatiated upon throughout whole chapters of the ‘*Touriste*.’ The quantity of money which the priests and nuns can command for such purposes appears, in fact, to be enormous; and is only to be accounted for by the flourishing condition into which absence from Paris has already brought the revenues of the Carlist gentry. M. Beyle is of opinion that all goes on in strict accordance with the views, and even in strict obedience to the instructions, of certain unseen managers for the legitimate branch of the royal family; but in whatever motives he may seek an explanation for the secret orders, he does not affect to doubt the strength of the religious feeling which actuates the paymasters, though he takes good care to tell us that engravings of the young Henri V. are very common in the parlours of the seminaries.

He bears a candid testimony to the private virtues, as well as the polished manners, of the country noblesse. He says the peasantry have lost, to the best of his belief, their prejudice against the Carlists altogether. From the day of M. de Villele’s ‘*milliard*,’ the jealous fear about ulterior designs of reclaiming property lost in the old Revolution, which had prevailed very generally, began to be dropped. He thinks it has now died out. The habitual residence of these families among them has had its natural effect on both sides. Their influence, he adds very significantly, is not confined to the peasantry. He abstains from pointing out names and numbers, but confesses that at several places the conversation of the garrison officers had ‘*a peu près le ton de Waverley!*’

The question of dynasty, however, is a secondary one. M. Beyle does not conceal his apprehensions that throughout many very extensive and important classes of French society the appetite for ‘*a real revolution*’ is ardent. He endeavours to console himself with the recollection that of the thirty-five millions in France, five millions are proprietors of lands or houses, and hopes that here is a standing force of conservatism sufficient to keep down the effervescing spirits. And we hope he is right; but at the same time—to say nothing of the general demoralization of feeling—he gives a frightful picture of the wretched poverty of the peasantry throughout many of the provinces; twice over he distinctly says that he does not believe any West Indian negroes ever underwent such hardships as ‘*three-fourths of the French peasantry*’ are now enduring. These people, he owns, believe that the classes immediately above them, who have obtained comparative comfort, owe that to nothing but the hardly masked robbery of other

ther men's possessions during the tempest of 1792. We take not without considerable allowance the representations which fastidious travellers give of the actual condition of working-people in my country: but, unless M. Beyle be a very gross exaggerator, the French manufacturing population, especially that of Lyons, are in an awful abyss of misery and degradation; and we cannot but suspect what his object was when he put into the very page after one of his most eloquent expositions of that fact such a picture as the following:—

‘ Je ne connais qu’une chose que l’on fasse très bien à Lyon; on y range admirablement, et, selon moi, mieux qu’à Paris. Les légumes surtout y sont divinement apprêtés. A Londres, j’ai appris que l’on cultive vingt-deux espèces de pommes de terre; à Lyon, j’ai vu vingt-sept manières différentes de les apprêter, et douze au moins de ces manières sont inconnues à Paris.

‘ M. Robert, négociant, ancien officier, homme de cœur et d’esprit, acquit des droits éternels à ma reconnaissance, en me présentant à une société de gens qui savaient dîner. Ces messieurs, au nombre de dix ou douze, se donnaient à dîner quatre fois la semaine, chacun à son tour. Celui qui manquait au dîner payait une amende de douze bouteilles de vin de Bourgogne. Ces messieurs avaient des cuisinières et non des cuisiniers. A ces dîners, point de politique passionnée, point de littérature, aucune prétention à montrer de l’esprit; l’unique affaire était de bien manger. Un plat était-il excellent, on gardait un silence religieux en s’en occupant. Du reste, chaque plat était jugé sévèrement, et sans complaisance aucune pour le maître de la maison. Dans les grandes occasions, on faisait venir la cuisinière pour recevoir les compliments, qui souvent n’étaient pas unanimes. J’ai vu, spectacle touchant, une de ces filles, grosse Maritorne de quarante ans, pleurer de joie à l’occasion d’un canard aux olives; soyez convaincu qu’à Paris nous ne connaissons que la copie de ce plat-là.

‘ Un tel dîner, où tout doit être parfait, n’est pas une petite affaire pour celui qui le donne; il faut être en course dès l’avant-veille: mais aussi rien ne peut donner l’idée d’un pareil repas. Ces messieurs, la plupart riches négocians, font très bien une promenade de quatre-vingts lieues pour aller acheter sur les lieux tel vin célèbre. J’ai appris les noms de trente sortes de vins de Bourgogne, le *vin aristocratique par excellence*, comme disait l’excellent Jacquemont. Ce qu’il y a d’admirable dans ces dîners, c’est qu’une heure après on a la tête aussi fraîche que le matin, après avoir pris une tasse de chocolat.

‘ Lyon abonde en poissons, en gibier de toute espèce, en vins de Bourgogne; avec de l’argent, comme partout, on y a des vins de Bordeaux excellens; et enfin Lyon possède des légumes qui réellement n’ont que le nom de commun avec ces herbes insipides que l’on ose nous servir à Paris.’—vol. i. pp. 208-210.

We need not say that we most earnestly hope M. Beyle is right in the view he takes of the prospects of the great, the rich, French conservative

conservative party—the educated part of the nation, possessing probably almost all the land and all the moneyed capital—in case of direct hostile collision between what Sancho Panza calls the ‘two eternal enemies, the House of HAVE and the House of WANT.’ Not to hope this as regards France would be to despair of it, or very nearly so, as regards England, and therefore as regards all Europe, and even America. But we are bound to confess our very reluctant conviction that France must pass, within no distant period, through the severest ordeal that ever any national system underwent. We, even if we had no authority to lean on but that of this very able tourist himself, could not but perceive that there is still a very powerful Buonapartist party; that it includes a considerable portion of the upper classes, not a few, indeed, of the most influential names; a portion yet more considerable of the mercantile and moneyed interest, both in Paris and the provinces; the heart and spirit, to an extent more formidable still, of the enormous army; and the inflammable imagination of the vast body of young men born to little fortune, and educated in the principles of the ante-Constantine epoch, whose heads have been turned, as M. Beyle says, ‘for fifty years to come,’ by what they must read and hear about ‘a certain lieutenant of artillery and his *entourage*.’ We extremely doubt whether this party could, under promising circumstances, resist ultra-democratical temptations. We also perceive, even from M. Beyle alone, the deep root which the cause of the elder Bourbons has in France, and the all but certainty that this influence must, ere long, produce itself openly on the scene of political action; and we have only to read the *Gazette de France*, and remember the audacious pranks of our own Bolingbrokes, in order to dispel every doubt of the possibility of exiled monarchy trying to convert impatient democracy into the instrument of its ambition. There remains the unmeasured force of pure republicanism. The only intellectual influences sure to be on the side of general conservatism seem likely to be, day after day, more unfavourable to the pretensions of the existing dynasty. We are, in short, of opinion that the death, come when it may, of Louis Philippe, will mark a more doubtful crisis than has ever yet been encountered by France, and, through her, by modern European property and civilization. The cool, dexterous, astute ‘roi, homme supérieur,’ in spite of all his admirable talents and imperturbable courage, has never been able to excite the remotest shadow of anything like personal feeling, enthusiasm, loyalty, for himself: he rests upon nothing but qualities which no human being can be sure of transmitting; and the incessant attempts upon his life prove nothing so clearly as the universal conviction

conviction of the nullity of his majesty's sons. We cannot but recall the words of the Augustan historian:—'Neminem prope magnorum virorum utilem filium reliquisse satis claret. Denique aut sine liberis interierunt, aut tales habuere plerique ut melius fuerit de rebus humanis sine posteritate discedere.'

Among all their innumerable and irreconcilable feuds and spleens, the French of all parties seem to have one point of agreement—hatred of England; and though he disclaims it bravely, it is transparent that the Tourist is no exception to the rule. After one of his most energetic preachments about the unrivalled genius of Napoleon, he passes into an ingenious as well as ingenuous exposition of the incompatibility of his keeping possession of the throne with any such advances as have been made of late years in civil freedom, and exclaims, in conclusion, 'Vive la bataille de Waterloo!' Yet he is much pleased with certain mysterious revelations confided to him by an English Whig—'un charmant officer Anglais,' he says,—'qui rit quelquefois, c'est le nommer;' and though it is far from true that only one charming Whig colonel has fine teeth, we rather think we *could* name the gentleman. What especially delights M. Beyle is the communication by this frank colonel of some details, 'not fit to be published before 1850,' which tend to account for the seemingly inexplicable 'resolution' manifested on the 18th June, 1815, by the 'très prudent Duc de Wellington.' What this portentous secret may be, we do not pretend to divine; but, in the mean while, we must be contented with drawing our own conclusions from M. Beyle's own commentary upon a scene which he witnessed on board a French steam-boat. He describes the tumult of disobedience and disorder consequent on an alarm of fire in the vessel—their hair-breadth escape—and—after some rather indignant remarks on the contrast between Frenchmen in the moment of active assault, and Frenchmen called to stand firm under difficulty and disaster—he winds up as follows:—

'It does not appear that the French ever beat the English in a battle *on land* but once, and then we had a German (the Maréchal de Saxe) for our general.'

Does he mean to insinuate that they ever beat us in a battle *at sea*?

Not the least agreeable parts of this book are those in which our author describes and discusses monuments of antiquity and works of art. We can afford little space to these things—but here are a few specimens.

'Ce matin, par un beau soleil, je passais devant une boucherie très proprement tenue: des morceaux de viande bien fraîche étaient étalés sur des linges très blancs.

' Les

‘ Les couleurs dominantes étaient le rouge pâle, le jaune, et le blanc.
 ‘ Voilà le ton général d’un tableau de Rubens, ai-je pensé.’

‘ Dans cette même église des Petits-Augustins [Lyons], on a placé, dans un coin, le plâtre d’un buste de Michel-Ange, fait, je pense, vers 1560. Si vous voulez voir la différence des génies français et italien, allez au musée du Louvre; à six pas de la porte, en entrant, vous trouvez un buste français de Michel-Ange. *C’est un tambour major qui se fâche.* Il est contre le génie des Français de reconnaître l’idée qu’ils se font de Michel-Ange, et de l’importance qu’il devait se donner, dans l’homme mélancolique et simple de l’église des Petits-Augustins.’

‘ Ce matin, mon Anglais et moi nous sommes allés voir dans un salon de l’Hôtel-de-Ville, et moyennant le prix d’entrée d’un franc, *la Mort de Féraud*, grand et magnifique tableau de M. Court, sifflé à Paris. Il y avait foule, et j’avoue que je suis de l’avis des Lyonnais; je ne partage point l’humeur des Parisiens. Mon Anglais a remarqué des gens de la société de Bellecour, qui amenaient là leurs enfans pour leur inoculer l’horreur de la république. L’idée est fort juste: cette tête coupée et livide peut frapper vivement un enfant et décider pour la vie de ses penchans politiques. L’Anglais s’étonne du peu de succès de ce tableau.

‘ — Vous verrez, lui dis-je, que M. Court n’est d’aucune camaraderie.

‘ Ce tableau donne la sensation d’une grande foule, de l’agitation passionnée de cette foule; et quand l’œil frappé de l’aspect de l’ensemble arrive à observer les groupes, chacun d’eux est d’un bel effet et augmente l’impression générale. Les figures de femmes sont fort bien, et pourtant ce ne sont point des copies de statues grecques; ce sont de vraies Françaises. Les représentans sont des hommes indignés et magnanimes; les insurgés des faubourgs sont furieux. On ne peut plus oublier, après l’avoir vue une fois, la joie stupide de l’homme du peuple qui se fait gloire de porter au bout d’une pique la tête de Féraud. Chaque groupe exprime nettement une certaine action. Enfin, chose qui devient de jour en jour plus rare, la forme des corps humains est respectée: ces jambes, ces bras, appartiennent à des gens vigoureusement constitués, et animés en ce moment d’une passion désordonnée. Rien de mesquin ni de pauvre dans les formes, et pourtant rien qui rappelle trop crûment l’imitation des statues. La couleur n’est pas brillante; elle n’est pas une fête pour l’œil charmé, comme celle de Paul Véronèse, mais elle n’est pas choquante: la composition générale est fort bien; enfin, pour suprême louange, les personnages n’ont pas l’air d’acteurs jouant, si bien qu’on veuille le supposer, le drame de la mort de Féraud et du courage de Boissy-d’Anglas.’

‘ J’écris devant une fenêtre qui domine la place de Bellecour et la statue de Louis XIV., qu’il faut faire garder par une sentinelle.

‘ Cette statue de Louis XIV. est fort plate, moralement parlant, mais elle est parfaitement ressemblante. C’est bien là le Louis XIV. de Voltaire; c’est tout ce qu’il y a au monde de plus éloigné de la majesté

esté tranquille et naturelle du Marc-Aurèle du Capitole. La chevalerie a passé par là.

‘ Au reste, je vois ici deux métiers bien difficiles : celui de prince et celui de statuaire. Faire de la majesté qui ne soit pas ridicule est une rude affaire aujourd’hui. Vous faites certains gestes, vous relevez la tête, pour me donner l’idée, à moi, maire de petite ville, que vous êtes un prince—vous ne vous donneriez pas la peine de faire ces gestes si vous étiez seul ; il est naturel que je me dise : Est-ce que ce comédien réussit ? est-ce que je le trouve majestueux ? Cette seule question détruit tout sentiment.

‘ Il y a long-temps qu’on ne fait plus de gestes et qu’il n’y a plus de naturel dans la bonne compagnie ; plus la chose que l’on dit est importante pour qui la dit, plus il doit avoir l’air impassible. Comment fera la pauvre sculpture, qui ne vit que de gestes ? Elle ne vivra plus. Si elle veut représenter les actions énergiques des grands hommes du jour, elle est réduite le plus souvent à copier une affectation. Voyez la statue de Casimir Périer au Père-Lachaise : il parle avec affectation, et, pour parler à ses collègues de la chambre, il s’est revêtu de son manteau par dessus son uniforme ; ce qui donnerait l’idée, si cette statue donnait une idée, que le héros craint la pluie à la tribune.

‘ Voyez le geste du Louis XIII. de M. Ingres au moment où il met son royaume sous la protection de la Sainte-Vierge. Le peintre a voulu faire un geste passionné, et, malgré son grand talent, n’est parvenu qu’à un geste de portefaix. La sublime gravure de M. Calamata n’a pu sauver les défauts de l’original. La madonne fait la moue pour être grave et respectueuse. Elle n’est pas grave *malgré elle*, comme les vierges de ce Raphaël que M. Ingres imite.

‘ Voyez le Henri IV. du Pont-Neuf, c’est un conscrit qui craint de tomber de cheval. Le Louis XIV. de la place des Victoires est plus savant : c’est M. Franconi faisant faire des tours à son cheval devant une chambrée complète.

‘ Marc-Aurèle au contraire étend la main pour parler à ses soldats, et n’a nullement l’idée d’être majestueux pour s’en faire respecter.

‘ Mais, me disait un artiste français, et triomphant de sa remarque, les cuisses du Marc-Aurèle rentrent dans les côtes du cheval.

‘ Je répons : J’ai vu une lettre de l’écriture de Voltaire avec trois fautes d’orthographe.

‘ J’aurais pu donner une vive jouissance à ce brave homme, en lui apprenant que, contrairement aux idées du savant M. Quatremère, la statue de Marc-Aurèle est toute de pièces et de morceaux. Avec quelle vanité n’eût-il pas triomphé de la supériorité des fondeurs actuels ! C’est ainsi que les artistes qui ont fait les statues de l’abbaye du Brou, dans le Bugéy, savaient faire une feuille de vigne séparée par une distance de trois pouces du bloc de marbre d’où elle a été tirée.

‘ *Le mécanisme de tous les arts se perfectionne : on moule des oiseaux à ravir sur nature ; mais les rois et les grands hommes que nous mettons au milieu de nos places publiques ont l’air de comédiens, et, ce qui est pis, souvent de mauvais comédiens.*

‘ *Le Louis XIV. de la place de Bellecour est un écuyer qui monte fort*

fort bien à cheval. Peut-être qu'un ministre de l'intérieur a posé devant le statuaire.'

‘LE PONT DU GARD.

‘Vous savez que ce monument, qui n'était qu'un simple aqueduc, s'élève majestueusement au milieu de la plus profonde solitude.

‘L'ame est jetée dans un long et profond étonnement. C'est à peine si le Colisée, à Rome, m'a jeté dans une rêverie aussi profonde.

‘Ces arcades que nous admirons faisaient partie de l'aqueduc de sept lieues de long qui conduisait à Nîmes les eaux de la fontaine d'Eure; il fallait leur faire traverser une vallée étroite et profonde;—de là le monument.

‘On n'y trouve aucune apparence de luxe et d'ornement: les Romains faisaient de ces choses étonnantes, non pour inspirer l'admiration, mais simplement et quand elles étaient utiles. L'idée éminemment moderne, *l'arrangement pour faire de l'effet*, est rejetée bien loin de l'ame du spectateur, et si l'on songe à cette manie, c'est pour la mépriser. L'ame est remplie de sentimens qu'elle n'ose raconter, bien loin de les exagérer. *Les passions vraies ont leur pudeur.*’—vol. ii. p. 254.

‘Par malheur il n'y a pas de hautes montagnes auprès de Paris: si le ciel eût donné à ce pays un lac et une montagne passables, la littérature française serait bien autrement pittoresque. Dans les beaux temps de cette littérature, c'est à peine si La Bruyère, qui a parlé de toutes choses, ose dire un mot, en passant, de l'impression profonde qu'une vue, comme celle de Pau ou de Cras, en Dauphiné, laisse dans certaines ames. Par une triste compensation, les plats écrivains de notre siècle parlent sans pudeur et sans mesure de ces choses là, et les gâtent autant qu'il est en eux.

‘*Le pittoresque*, comme les bonnes diligences et les bateaux à vapeur, nous vient d'Angleterre; un beau paysage fait partie de la religion comme de l'aristocratie d'un Anglais; chez lui c'est l'objet d'un sentiment sincère.

‘La première trace d'attention aux choses de la nature que j'aie trouvée dans les livres qu'on lit, c'est cette rangée de saules sous laquelle se réfugie le duc de Nemours, réduit au désespoir par la belle défense de la princesse de Clèves.’—vol. i. pp. 106, 107.

We conclude with two pleasantries—there are not very many of these in the book that we should have liked to quote:—

‘On nommait la *Saône* en présence d'un Parisien qui étalait la simplicité savante de son maintien sur le joli quai de Mâcon.—A Paris, nous appelons cela la *Seine*, dit-il en souriant. Le Mâconnais ajoute *finement*: Le Parisien croyait apparemment qu'il n'existe qu'une seule rivière au monde.’—vol. i. p. 134.

This is confessedly a Joe Miller—and perhaps the next may belong to the same category:—

‘*Lyon, le 19 Mai, 1837.*

‘Il y a trois jours qu'un M. Smith, Anglais puritain, établi ici depuis

is dix ans, a jugé à propos de quitter la vie; il a avalé un flacon contenant une once d'*acide prussique*. Deux heures après il était fort malade, mais ne mourait point, et, pour passer le temps, il se roulait sur un plancher. Son hôte, honnête cordonnier, travaillait dans sa boutique au-dessous de la chambre; étonné de ce bruit singulier, et craignant qu'on ne gâtât ses meubles, il monte: il frappe, pas de réponse; il entre alors par une porte condamnée, il est effrayé de la position de son malade, et envoie chercher M. Travers, chirurgien célèbre, ami du malade. Le chirurgien arrive, médicamente M. Smith et le met bien vite hors de danger; puis il lui dit:

- ' — Mais que diable avez-vous donc bu?
- ' — De l'*acide prussique*.
- ' — Impossible, six gouttes vous auraient tué en un clin d'œil.
- ' — On m'a bien dit que c'était de l'*acide prussique*.
- ' — Et qui vous l'a vendu?
- ' — Un petit apothicaire du quai de Saône.
- ' — Mais vous vous servez ordinairement chez votre voisin Girard, là, vis-à-vis votre porte, le premier pharmacien de Lyon.
- ' — Il est vrai; mais la dernière fois que j'ai acheté une médecine chez lui, j'ai dans l'idée qu'il me l'a vendue trop cher.'—vol. i. p. 155.

ART. V.—*The State in its Relations with the Church.* By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., Student of Christ Church, and M.P. for Newark. London. 8vo. Third Edition. 1839.

IF any one, twenty or even ten years back, had prophesied, that in 1839 we should be seriously discussing the propriety of maintaining a national religion, he would have been looked on as an idle alarmist. Something of the kind might have been expected at a distant period; but very few anticipated that the spirit of CHANGE would advance upon them with such strides as we have recently witnessed. The controversy, however, has commenced; and a controversy of a very different kind from the theories of Warburton, Paley, and Burke, who only assigned reasons for supporting a Church, which the nation was resolved to support whether reasons were given them or not. It is becoming real, earnest, and practical, as in a question of life and death;—and Mr. Gladstone's work is one of the first which has appeared with this change of tone and argument.

If Mr. Gladstone were an ordinary character, we should be inclined to speak most strongly of the singular vigour, depth of thought, and eloquence, which he has displayed in his essay. But he is evidently not an ordinary character; though it is to be hoped that many others are now forming themselves in the same

school with him, to act hereafter on the same principles. And the highest compliment which we can pay him is to show that we believe him to be what a statesman and philosopher should be—indifferent to his own reputation for talents, and only anxious for truth and right.

With this impression it would be idle to divert attention from real points of interest, by criticisms upon minor questions of detail or style. When Mr. Gladstone has written more on these subjects—as it is to be hoped he will—he will write with greater ease and clearness. At present his language is the natural expression of a high-toned and powerful mind labouring to reach a truth deeply felt, but indistinctly discerned, through a complication of popular errors. Men cannot carry on a resolute struggle against sophistry with the same smoothness and simplicity with which they enunciate truisms. And perhaps even the occasional obscurity of his style may do good, if it compel those who read, and, still more, those who propose to apply his theory, to examine it very carefully before they pretend to understand it.

But his book is remarkable on many accounts. It is a common remark, that it is a sure symptom of a nation's decline when its practical statesmen have lost sight of a profound philosophy; and surely few histories exhibit such a failure so decidedly as our own during the last two centuries. Mr. Gladstone's book is one of the first instances of a return to deep thinking connected with business-like statistics; and—although we are far from thinking that the speculations of Mr. Coleridge, which this author quotes with evident approbation, are a safe text-book of political philosophy—any philosophy whatever is better than the meagre empiricism which had excited that extraordinary man's contempt. As a necessary consequence of a profounder philosophy, Mr. Gladstone has also taken far higher grounds in his argument than have been occupied by the defenders of the Church for many years. Whether he is in advance, or in the rear of public opinion, is another question; and unless public opinion is something better than the mere echo of popular will, it matters little for the cause of truth, whether it agrees with him or not. But he has seen through the weakness and fallacy of the line of reasoning pursued by Warburton and Paley. And he has most wisely abandoned the argument from expediency, which offers little more than an easy weapon to fence with, while no real danger is apprehended; and has insisted chiefly on the claims of duty and truth—the only consideration which can animate and support men in a real struggle against false principles. Even if he stood alone, yet with his talent and position in the country,

country, this movement to escape from the low ethics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries would be of great importance. But we hope and believe that Mr. Gladstone may in some degree be considered the exponent of a body, now forming gradually in the country, and which presents one of the most interesting features in the present day. It is no uncommon spectacle, but rather the ordinary course of history, for nations, under the influence of democratical principles, to dissolve rapidly—to destroy their old institutions—to fall then under a military despotism, and finally to lie, perhaps for ever, in a state of exhaustion, as if the very principle of vitality were worn out in the violence of their political convulsions. But there is no instance, we believe, of a state far gone in this career of ruin, righting, or even attempting to right itself by a fresh infusion of sound principles of loyalty, obedience, respect for authority, and self-renunciation, into the body of the people. Such an attempt, however, is now making in England; and the first movements have met with a success, which is as full of interest to a philosophical observer, as of hope and encouragement to its originators.

It will be well if, in conducting this controversy, writers will keep clearly before them the true object of the argument, and how much success they may fairly expect. They have little or no chance of convincing their opponents. The democrats, whose only object in promoting a national apostacy is to destroy the authority of government, and seize on power for themselves, will be deaf to the argument that religion ought to be maintained as confirming the authority of government. The men who have no religion in themselves will not understand the duty of religion in a society. And the economist, who knows of no other national interest than the balance of his own ledger, will smile unmovedly at calculations of *moral* advantages. No argument, perhaps, ever convinces—or at least influences—men whose interest and inclination are fixed against it. But the discussion may be very useful to two other classes—the one, those who feel, from a natural piety, the necessity of a national religion, and are resolved to support it, without having actually examined the grounds of their duty, or, consequently, the right rule for action in difficult circumstances; the other, a very numerous body, who have been permitted to lose sight of the real nature both of a State and of the Church—who fancy the question to be one of mere convenience and expediency—who see that the contest must be carried on with much resistance and with only slight chances of success, and therefore are willing to give up what they have never been taught to value, and to conciliate by a timely compromise. This

class of indifferentists is, perhaps, the most numerous in the country; amongst them may be placed all those who, holding Conservative principles, hold them only as the standard of a party—all who maintain old institutions simply because they are old, without appreciating the value of them—all who defend the Monarchy merely as the government most conducive to freedom, and the Church as the best police-establishment to preserve the morals and subordination of the people. Looking to the other nations which have before fallen a prey to democracy, many, too many of these, acquiesce in the prospect of a similar end for ourselves, as in a sort of inextricable fatality. All that can be done, they think, is to postpone the evil day, and to ensure a decent fall by not provoking the enemy to strike them down.

To such men, Mr. Gladstone's book and other discussions of the same kind will do great good. They are, for the most part, well-intentioned, honest men, who have no interest of their own to serve, and really wish to benefit their country, and to do their duty. And the defectiveness in their view of duty arises from their not being taught it. They have been brought up in a generation unaccustomed to regard questions of government and religion in any other light than that of expediency and opinion. False principles have been paraded before them till it was impossible not to think them true; and true principles have been suffered to die away out of sight, till their revival startles men like the production of a falsehood. But bear with them patiently; lay the full truth before them, accustom them to deeper views of society and religion, put everything on the highest ground, and act on those grounds also, and a very short time will be sufficient to raise their tone of feeling, and rally them to a hearty defence both of the Constitution and the Church.

Considered as a full view of the subject, neither Mr. Gladstone nor his readers will profess to think this Essay perfect. He has the great merit of having opened the case boldly, and with striking talent—of leading the way in an attack on the mischievous theories of his immediate predecessors—of stating forcibly some of the most prominent lines of argument—of venturing to face the difficulties of the question, even if he has not overcome them—of raising a cautionary protest against certain extreme opinions which may be apprehended from his own party—and of giving a plain, but painful, review of the present condition of the country in respect to its religious profession. He has not exhausted, nor would volumes exhaust, the subject. Deeply as he has entered into the philosophy of it, he has left much to be still explored; and, what is still more difficult, to be placed clearly before the eyes of a people, whom the state of their popular

popular literature has converted from a thinking into a reading public, and who will persist in calling everything mysticism which is not comprehensible at first sight.

There are two main causes of the obscurity which must attach to Mr. Gladstone's argument, and to every argument on the subject, for some time to come. We do not understand the real nature either of a *State* or of *the Church*, and how can we understand the laws which fix the relation between them? And even when the idea of a State is clearly developed, the application of it to our own circumstances is full of perplexity, because, while names have been preserved, things have changed. We still call the Sovereign the *governor* of the country, but he is at the same time supposed to be in the hands of his Parliament; and we make the ten-pound freeholders his *subjects*, while, strictly speaking, their will is appealed to on every question as the ruling power. More or less this change is going on; and when we argue on the duties of a ruler, and fix those duties on the crown, we are met at once with the answer that the realization of them is impracticable, and therefore the theory is false. The first thing therefore required is to set before people the real nature and claims both of the Catholic Church and of Political Society; and first of the Church.

In the popular view the Church means the clergy; and the clergy of the Catholic Church are supposed to be in no respect different from ministers of other denominations of Christians, except in being recognised by the State. They are supposed to maintain a certain body of doctrines as representing their own opinions, and to promulgate it on their own authority just as other sects promulgate theirs; Christians are thought at liberty to choose between the rival systems as they would decide between schools of philosophy;—and, starting with this notion, it is not surprising that men should be puzzled how to act, when called on to govern a nation split into religious dissension.

In the first place, the Clergy are but a part of the Church: they are its officers, ordinary teachers, appointed governors, and peculiar channels for conveying to it its supernatural blessings; but the whole body of Christians comprehended in its communion constitute the Church in its genuine sense. In the second place, the Church is not a body voluntarily associated and organised. It was instituted and organised by God, and appointed to act as his minister and representative on earth. In the third place, she does not promulgate her faith as her own opinion—quite the reverse. She proclaims it as a message and declaration intrusted to her care, which may not be altered, or diminished, or enlarged by any human voice, and is independent
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of human fancies. She lays, indeed, before her members a vast body of supplementary teaching, on the authority of her best and wisest instructors; but this is carefully distinguished from express revelation, as human from divine. It is recommended on its own merits, not imposed as articles of faith. She distinguishes the one from the other, and proves the fact of revelation by the test of Catholicity; and what Catholicity is must be fully explained. It must be explained, and put prominently forward, because it is the only external test of revealed truth; and truth is the only foundation on which to support either the belief or the establishment of religion. We are not fighting for a name, but for a thing, and a thing of the utmost importance.

By Catholicity, then, is not meant that a doctrine has uniformly been held by all Christians, or by the greater number, for error has always prevailed more extensively than truth, in religion, as in morals and science; and far greater numbers, if counted by heads, might be brought to vouch for heresy, for Arianism, Puritanism, and Popery, than for the Catholic Faith. Neither does it mean the uninterrupted maintenance of any particular doctrine from the first ages to the present time; for though the stream may have preserved a great degree of purity in some few churches, this fact may be obscure and perhaps incapable of proof. And neither this fact nor the other would prove that the doctrines so held were *revealed, and not invented by man*, which is the point in dispute, nor, indeed, that they were true at all, any more than the fact that by far the greatest number of men have believed the sun to move round the earth, and that some nations may have continued to believe it from the creation of the world, would prove that their notion was either received from above, or was right. What we want—what all sects of Christians, or rather all men but atheists, must require—is a proof, not that certain doctrines are agreeable to human reason, but that they come from God, were introduced upon the earth by a revelation, and, whether men like them or not, are to be received on the command of God. This the Church proves of her articles of faith by purely historical evidence. She shows that, in the first three centuries of Christianity, as soon as churches had been planted all over the world, there were found in the most remote countries certain forms of teaching, uniform and identical in all essential points; that these had radiated from the Apostolic body as from a common centre; that they had uniformly been received as Apostolical, and transmitted under a solemn obligation to preserve them unaltered; that they were used as a standard of truth to try a great variety of opinions which arose in the first centuries; that when these opinions were condemned, they were condemned

in the especial ground of novelty, and disagreement with the received faith; that this principle of adherence to a definite creed was maintained with so much jealousy, that the Church was perpetually involved in controversies in order to defend it; that those who held did not corrupt it, because it was the acknowledged public formula of communion for the whole Church, and formed, as it were, the pass-word, credentials, and introductory declaration of the bishop of each diocese on his admission into his office;—and that it could not have been introduced at any date subsequent to the apostolic age, because there never was a time when it was not put forward as Apostolical and as Catholic; and because a human theory could not have established itself simultaneously in such a number of scattered churches, each possessed of an anterior creed, and vigilant to preserve it from corruption. The very fact that human reason rose so vigorously against its restraints in a multitude of early heresies, and that it always stood firm against them upon the ground of implicit faith, is a proof that human reason could have little to do with its foundation. But the historical evidence alone is amply sufficient; and the more it is examined the stronger it will appear.

It is now easy to see why Mr. Gladstone, and every other writer on the relation between the Church and the State, must lay great stress on the *catholicity* of the Anglican Church—that is, on her communion with a number of distinct societies, ancient as well as modern, holding one form of faith, and deriving it from one common centre. It is the guarantee that her creed is the creed which God gave to man in his revelation, and is not of human invention. And no other communion even professes to possess it. The Romanist openly avows that his creed has been added to by man, and may be modified at any period of the church by his ecclesiastical superiors. Ultra-Protestants claim the same right, each man for himself, by allowing every individual to put his own private interpretation on the Bible, and thus to colour the revealed word by his own mind and his own errors. And thus the doctrines of the Church rest on a totally different foundation from the dogmas of other bodies, calling themselves Christians, but not claiming or not deserving the title of *Catholic*. They are not dogmas or opinions of man, but doctrines, or truths taught by God.

It is evident, also, that this guarantee of revelation is little or no ways affected by the necessity of going back to primitive antiquity in order to find it. Even if the true doctrine had been entirely lost since the fourth century, and Popery during the intermediate time had been one mass of unminged falsehood, unsuspected and unprotested against, which assuredly it was not,
still

still to have found at any period, however remote, and for any time, however short, the uniform concurrence of numerous independent churches in an unbroken traditional faith would have been enough to show us which the true faith was. For the same reason it matters little what was the principle of the Reformation. Undoubtedly, the English Church even then did profess the principle of Catholicity. She opened the Scriptures to the people; but without sanctioning any right in the individual to interfere with the Catholic creed. And she retrenched many forms, and even doctrines, but on the express grounds of their not being Catholic. This fact has been sufficiently established by many late inquiries. But the English Church, though reformed at the Reformation, is not built upon it, and whatever ground was taken at that time, she is perfectly at liberty at present to defend the system which she has providentially received, upon the only true footing on which it can be maintained.

Again, it is evident that no obscurity attending the investigation, although we may be unable to study all the ancient liturgies, and all the early fathers, and to confirm the assumption of the church to our own private satisfaction, can justify a refusal to admit and act upon that assumption until it is formally disproved. One ambassador brings terms, which he declares to be the same which his sovereign dictated, and there is nothing to contradict his word; another brings terms, which he confesses to have altered himself. No rational man could hesitate which to prefer: either both are false, or the former must be received: either the Catholic faith is true, or there is no truth at all to be found, and revelation is an empty name; because either nothing definite was revealed at first, or all that was definite is now irrecoverably lost.

This, then, is the first character in which the Church comes before a nation—as the messenger of God bearing a system of revealed truth, which it is appointed to proclaim and to teach to all who are not unwilling to embrace it.

But it has also another character—it is the authorised dispenser of God's spiritual blessings. That some supernatural advantages are offered to man in Christianity no Christian doubts; and every sect professes to have some means of communicating them to its members. But the English Church alone, of what are called Protestant communions, lays claim to a positive commission and authority from God, under the title of the Apostolic Succession. Mr. Gladstone has necessarily alluded to this in vindicating the claims of the Church; but he has perhaps laid too much stress on its importance as a guarantee for soundness of doctrine in the face of the errors of Romanism, and too little on it as a pledge for the validity of Church ordinances and sacraments. It is not asserted

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that these supernatural blessings are exclusively confined to the authorised ministrations of the Church—that they may not, by an especial mercy, be imparted without them—that they may not be permitted to spring up and overflow beyond the regular channels, as in various Protestant communions, which may have lost the Succession by a misfortune more than a fault; and we rejoice at the tone of kindness and consideration with which Mr. Gladstone has treated this part of his subject. But with every disposition to find Christian unity wherever it is possible, truth must not be sacrificed, nor divine institutions made light of. And therefore it is asserted, and reasoning men cannot refuse their assent, that when the Giver of a gift formally appoints certain means for conveying it, there is little wisdom or goodness in neglecting those means, and seeking for the gift elsewhere, in the chance of an exception to the rule. Now it is a matter of fact, that the Founder of the Church did appoint a regular ministry—that from the earliest times the teaching and government of the society, and especially the administration of the sacraments, were peculiarly confided to it—that an organization always existed by which the succession of this ministry was perpetuated—that this was done by episcopal ordination—and that the arbitrary assumption of the priestly office by an individual without authority is condemned by the whole voice of ecclesiastical antiquity, even by sects which are compelled to trace themselves to such a source. True, the Romish Church makes the same claim of an Apostolical Succession, and with justice; though, if any human act could empty a divine appointment of its efficacy, it might seem to be that virtual change in the divine constitution of the Church which Romanism has introduced in superseding the legitimate episcopal authority by the arbitrary popedom. True, also, we may imagine the possibility of flaws in the chain of succession: there may have been false ordinations, unbaptized bishops, &c. &c., just as we may imagine a thousand possible defects in the hereditary title to a crown, from supposititious children, or illegal unions, or concealed births. But we suspect few courts of justice would pardon rebellion, or even the refusal of allegiance upon such an hypothesis, however ingeniously conceived;—and we should strongly suspect the sanity of a man who refused the succession of an estate because nothing more than a legal title was made out, and the donor could not guarantee it against every imaginable defect. And if men will resolve to reject the offers and the authority of the Church in defiance of the positive proofs in its favour, and with nothing but a contingent hypothesis against it, they must do so in defiance of the first rule of moral prudence. They may do it as they may refuse a medicine

cine when sick, because possibly it *may* be poison, or not eat because they *may* be choked. And they must accept all the conclusions of their premise. For if the Church has no commission, certainly no other sect can have one. The Romanist stands on the same ground with the Anglican; and the Dissenter does not even pretend to it. And thus there would be at this moment no authorised ministers of God upon earth. There are therefore either no spiritual blessings to be dispensed through Christianity, or any man who chooses has a right to dispense them. Though a flaw in a single form is considered sufficient to cut off the supply from the Church, no form whatever is, in fact, supposed to be necessary. A society, which was founded to last for ever, and to preserve the strictest unity through ages, has been left without any connecting chain of guidance or government—without any provision for order—destitute of the very first condition, which the most ordinary human wisdom is compelled to devise when establishing the most common institution!

Perhaps it is the willingness which men now feel to admit such conclusions, which renders them so insensible to the boldness of their assumption. But however this may be, the fact is unaltered. And the Church does come before the State with at least a stronger probability than any other religious body of bearing the truth as revealed to the apostles, and of being the accredited dispenser of those supernatural blessings which are proffered to man in Christianity. The first she proves by the Catholicity of her Doctrines, as held in the first centuries; the second, by the Apostolical Succession; and upon these two characters depends the relation in which she stands to the State.

As the minister and representative of God, it is not possible that the Church should *unite*, or *ally herself*, or make any conditions of mutual assistance, involving the slightest compromise, with any man, or any body of men. She may consent to receive from temporal rulers, whether of her own communion or not, either protection or support which it may be their duty to give, on the same principle on which an Apostle appealed to a heathen emperor in defence of his civil rights, and as she permitted herself originally to be maintained by the personal contributions of her children. But she can enter, *in her spiritual capacity*, into no terms but those of subjection and government. She can form no association with heathens, and with Christians she can have but one relation, that of parent, guide, and teacher. 'I deem it,' the great Alfred used to say, 'a king's true and genuine dignity, *germanam et genuinam dignitatem*, if in the kingdom of Christ, which is the Church, he consider himself not a king, but a citizen; if he attempt not to exalt himself above the priesthood, but submit

mit himself reverently and meekly to the laws of Christ, promulgated by his ministers.'* And harsh as it may sound in the present day, and even with the certainty that men who know nothing of Popery but the name, will confound this principle with that of its temporal usurpations, to which it bears no resemblance, still this ground must be taken, and the Church must put forth her demands in full, or she must abdicate her office. She cannot be the Catholic Church, the pillar of Catholic truth, the appointed ambassador of God, and yet in those matters especially intrusted to her—matters, that is, of faith and spiritual discipline—be anything but a ruler. That secular powers may have usurped authority over her even in these, and that undue concessions may have been made by her own ministers, does not destroy her title.

Neither does this spiritual supremacy, maintained upon Catholic principles, encroach on the temporal supremacy of the secular power. In all but her spiritual capacity, the Church is subject to the State. She has no commission to usurp any of its functions, or to interfere with its administration, except by advice. She is amenable to its tribunals, owes obedience to its laws, recognises its authority, submits patiently to its will. Whatever secular power is given to her, she exercises as a trust from man, which man may resume. As divine she is a ruler, as human she is subject.

Mr. Gladstone has declined entering into the origin of *Political Society*. He has contented himself with asserting that a State is a person—that it possesses a will, and agency, and a conscience—that it is responsible as a moral being—and therefore is bound to profess and promulgate religion. To have entered farther into its history would have involved him in too long an inquiry. But perhaps the whole subject of the union between Church and State will never be understood till this has been done, and a new philosophy—new to us, though old in itself—has exploded the shallow theories in which this generation has been reared. We are evidently in great darkness at present with respect to the whole theory of society. If our ancestors were all wrong, it is certain, from the very variety of our modern hypotheses, that we are not all right. And there is a depth and mysteriousness in the very nature of political society, indeed of all society, which the present day is peculiarly unfit to comprehend. How a multitude of independent wills can be reduced to one—how a vast body may be made subject to a single individual, so as to be affected in all its parts by his acts, whether for evil or good—

* Harpsfield's Hist. Angl. Sax. Secul. ix. c. 5.

how a certain unity and personality, and even moral responsibility, can be perpetuated through a number of shifting generations, as the identity of the individual man survives the loss of all the atoms in his body—what particular office the State is appointed to fulfil in the moulding of man—how it is connected with the smaller circles of families, and how it first came into existence—all these are questions evidently connected with the discussion of its duties and interests, and yet not to be thoroughly answered without more of philosophical inquiry, than can be made interesting to a very unphilosophical age. And we are not sure that, in these points, Mr. Gladstone, though expressing great truths, has not exposed himself to cavils. He has not sufficiently distinguished political from other societies, and has suffered an obscurity to rest on his view of national conscience by not minutely tracing out its formation. Perhaps the simplest mode of dealing with the question is to apply it at once to the conscience of individuals.

As the term Church is given both to the whole body of Christians, and peculiarly to its governing members, the clergy, so the word State expresses both the whole nation, and especially the ruling part of it.

This ruling part must be composed of individuals. It may be one man, as an eastern despot, with a will paramount in all things; or it may be made up of many men, or many bodies of men, each paramount in some special department, the King in peace and war, the Parliament in finance, the Judge in the administration of justice. Or it may consist of one body of men holding all the reins in their own hands, as in a pure democracy. But in all these various constitutions, they give their votes and act upon their responsibility, and exercise their power, as individuals. And the Church addresses them first as individuals, and by the common laws which render religion obligatory on man, they are bound to accept her offers, and to enroll themselves in her society, and to submit to her commands, just as private persons who possess no political influence. When once enrolled as members of the Church, they are also under positive commands from their great Head to proclaim its faith, to extend its influence, to increase its numbers, to honour it with a filial respect, to provide for its temporal want, to assist, as far as they are permitted, in educating its children and maintaining its unity. No compact or stipulation of man can exonerate them from this duty.

Nor, it would seem, is any objection made to their acting thus as private men. It is only in a political capacity that they are to tie up their own hands. There is something, it is said or supposed,

posed, in political power which renders it unfit to be employed in the service of the Church. Men have no right to use it for any other than secular purposes.

The grounds of this assumption are various. One class would prohibit the State from interference in the support of religion, as derogatory and dangerous to the ecclesiastical polity; another, as injurious to what they call vital religion; another, as trenching on the right of man to choose his religion for himself; and another, as exceeding the true functions of civil government, whether those functions are supposed to be restricted by the constitution of society, or by an original compact, or by the existing pressure of force from without. There are, thus, no less than six distinct theories which in a perfect view of the subject would require to be noticed, each of them involving questions of magnitude and difficulty. And one chief difficulty consists in a certain admixture of truth with them all. It is true, that the interference of the State has at times most materially injured the ecclesiastical system; that we are suffering from it at this moment;—true, that a decay of piety did, and must ever, follow the abuse of Church patronage for political purposes;—true, that a compulsory religion is no religion at all—true, that the powers of government are not unlimited, that there are some things naturally beyond its reach in all societies;—that in some, as in the case of Scotland,—(not, as Mr. Gladstone has incautiously expressed himself, in India)—original compacts do exist;—and that in our own country the recognized power of the democracy must act as a check upon the government. And to acknowledge these truths, even mixed up as they have been with error, is the first step to disentangle our difficulties. The next is to fix certain principles which ought, under any circumstances, to regulate the support given by the State to the Church.

First, then, none is to be offered in opposition to the system and teaching of the Church itself. A servant must not serve his master against his orders, and the governor of a state, like any private individual, is in spiritual matters the subject of the Church. Hence the criminality of political rulers, who on their own authority, without consulting the Church, have meddled with articles of faith, altered rituals, assumed spiritual power, or infringed in any respect upon the spiritual offices and independence of the Church as established by God. Hence the still greater criminality of those political acts, which have crippled her resources, cut short or prevented the multiplication of her bishops, prohibited the extension of her system to the colonies, suspended her councils, deliberately corrupted her ministry, degraded her in the eyes of the world into a mere tool of secular government, and visited a refusal

refusal to consecrate bad men to be her bishops with the penalties of *præmunire*. Such have occasionally been the deeds of governments in this country, and no one can wonder that, if they were still rarer than they are, they should have raised doubts as to the expediency of political interference at all.

But, secondly, the support of the State must not be such as violates any of the acknowledged laws of society—no trespass on legal right—no infraction of just conventions—no disturbance of natural subordinations.

And there is another obvious limit to State interference. There must be no futile exercise of power—no attempt to convert men's minds by burning their bodies—no waste of legislation where legislation is without efficacy—no rude efforts to proselytize, which repel and exasperate instead of winning over enemies—no use of prerogative or force which may end in destroying itself instead of crushing opposition. Common prudence suggests this rule, as the laws of God and of nature involve the others; and it is the neglect of these, a neglect as common in private life as in the conduct of states, not anything peculiar in the nature of political power, which has cast such suspicion upon its use, and must embarrass the application of that simplest of all simple principles on which Mr. Gladstone has founded his argument. "All power (says he) comes from God; and therefore all power must be employed in the promotion and with the sanction of religion; and therefore the State is bound to support the Church." Had he said that all power ought to be employed in accordance with the will of God, and not merely for the promotion of religion, his words would have been less open to cavil, because they would evidently have implied the limitations suggested above. But with both the principle and the limitations admitted (and we do not see how either can be disputed), the only difficulty will be to apply them to particular cases. What money grants should be made by the State? or should any be made? What part the sovereign may take in calling councils, sanctioning canons, enforcing uniformity, or the like? What privileges and offices of state may wisely be intrusted to the clergy? What degree of trust, if any, reposed in men estranged from the communion? And thus the fit answer will be given to so many of the theories above alluded to, as have been framed in order to escape from the mere abuses of political power—on the difficulty, not the wrongfulness of employing it. And to this point we shall return hereafter.

But there is another class of men who, without entering into any theory, are content with the fact, that in all popular states, perhaps in all alike, the religion of the government must follow the religion of the people; and that where the people are divided,

as in England, religion must be abandoned altogether as a matter of necessity, whether right or wrong. And in this also there is much truth. It is true that the legislation of this country does take its tone, whether for good or for evil, from what is called public opinion, and the still more direct pressure of popular suffrage. It is true also that a popular government cannot long maintain a religion which is opposed to the feelings of the nation. And if the people of this country combine to attack the Church, the King, Lords, and Commons will be compelled to abandon it.

The question then rises, what resistance can, or should any, be made to the popular will? And looking to the impossibility of resisting it long; at the supposed impossibility of converting it; at the harsh measures which it is thought are implied in the support of the Church against the conscience of the people, there are a number of men who are inclined to abandon the struggle and quietly submit at once. Now much would be done towards animating them to maintain their post if they could be made to see a chance of recovering the people themselves, and by the agency, not so much of the State, as of the Church—if they could be brought to undertake this work by right means—if they were convinced that nothing was required of themselves which could infringe on their civil duties as legislators, or on the real rights of conscience—if their views of the responsibilities of government were elevated—above all, if their eyes were opened to the real claims and nature of the Church.

But the danger lies chiefly here. When men feel themselves compelled under pressure to recede from a ground of duty, they are strongly tempted to look out for some middle, half-way position, which may break their fall, and which they hope will prove more tenable. They endeavour to compromise with their conscience for the sacrifice which they are making by resolving to make no more after this one; and they are glad to affect a belief, first, that the wrong which they are doing is compulsory and necessary, and then, that what is necessary must be right: and thus they proceed by degrees, not merely to act or to suffer under protest, but voluntarily upon principle. This has been the progress of the national conscience for many centuries, and it deserves full consideration. Mr. Gladstone has traced one portion of it, the most rapid and most remarkable, in his sketch of the *History of Toleration*. And we cannot help hoping that, his powerful mind having once been drawn to the subject, he will be induced to examine it still more minutely. Nothing could prove more clearly the wisdom of resting, as he has done, the duty of maintaining the Church upon its Catholic and Apostolic character—

ter—an argument which to some will appear far-fetched and mystical—than to point out how this ground being once abandoned, step after step, by necessary consequences the people and the State fell together into the final adoption of the maxim of the present day,—that religion is a thing in which man has no authority with man; that it rests between the individual and his God; and therefore the State not only cannot, but ought not, to profess or inculcate it.

How far this maxim, which in words is very commonly professed even among men professedly religious, has established itself in the national conscience, it may be wrong to pronounce. It is certainly gaining ground, and is the watchword of all those who would exclude religion from government, not as a matter of necessity, where the people are divided among themselves, but as a matter of right under all circumstances. When its full meaning and results are developed, there are, perhaps, few minds which it will not startle. But between this and the departure from the Catholic principle of the Church there is an inevitable descent: no resting-place or half-way house, as we are accustomed to hear. If we are to escape from the bottom of the fall, we must, with Mr. Gladstone, place ourselves at once at the top.

This was the position occupied by the first Christian emperors. When they describe in their laws the religion which they profess, they, in the most marked manner, use the language which Mr. Gladstone would restore to our own statute-book—‘The Catholic faith.’ ‘The faith handed down by our ancestors.’ ‘The Catholic holiness—the judgment and fixed line marked out by the Catholic religion.’ ‘The Catholic and Apostolical teaching.’ ‘We will that nothing be enjoined but what the gospel, and the faith of the Apostles, and uncorrupted tradition has preserved.’ ‘The one Catholic faith.’ ‘That true and irreprehensible faith, which is preached by the Catholic and Apostolic Church, and which admits of no innovation.’ ‘The faith which we hold, taking our stand on and adhering to the tradition and confession of the holy Catholic Church.’

Then comes a slight departure from the right standard of truth; and Gratian and Theodosius take instead the creed of the churches of Rome and Alexandria, in which, during the influx of Arianism and other heresies, the Catholic faith had been preserved most rigidly. The deflection was slight, but it was fatal; and its course is worthy of being traced. From singling out particular churches as the depository of Catholic truth, it was easy to confine the view to one the most prominent and at that time the most pure;—and the creed of Rome alone occurs next

as the faith of the legislator. Still it was the Catholic creed as attested by Rome. But the witness soon became the paramount authority. From the Roman Church the transition was natural to the Roman Pontiff, with or without his council. From the Pope virtually, though not nominally, it passed into the hands of religious orders, whom the see of Rome, that it might appear to lead, was compelled to follow; and they fell naturally under the rule of individual teachers, seraphic and angelic doctors, and self-created saints. And then, when the authority thus rashly conferred had been abused, and men had been accustomed to look to an individual as the master of their faith, it was easy for the monarch to transfer to himself the prerogative of the pope: and, as in the statutes of our own Tudor princes, the will of the Sovereign comes forth as the rule in religion.* By Henry VIII., indeed, adherence to the Catholic Church was still openly proclaimed, though rather as a support than a check for his arbitrary caprices. But even this disappears under his successor. 'The true faith,' 'the sincere and pure religion,' words which every religionist would apply to his own creed, and which contain no external test of truth whatever, nothing but the belief of the individual, are the description of the faith which he maintains.† And the supposed piety of the individual, and real truth of his opinions in general, in this as in more modern instances, disguised the danger of the principle. But the descent did not stop here. From the sovereign the right of judgment passed naturally to the whole legislature; and in the contempt and weakness into which the Church had fallen, and the number of statutes rendered necessary by the deeds of the Reformation, the legislature appears too frequently not, in some degree, to justify the expression of 'religion by act of parliament.' Every step thus far was easy and natural; and even the last was not without excuse; since the agreement of a whole legislature might rationally be held a far stronger proof of truth than the will of an individual monarch; and still the Catholic Church was kept in view, though thrown into the background: and the connexion between Protestant communions, the references to antiquity required by the controversy with Popery, the influence of old prejudices and institutions, and the express declarations of the Anglican Church, prevented men from supposing that either parliament or sovereign was in religion all in all. But this step was taken at last. One grand effort was made by the people in sects and bodies to assert for themselves the right, which had been claimed by the government, of pronouncing what was the true Gospel and true Church—and the Great Rebellion followed. But the innumerable divisions, blasphemies,

* 32 Henry VIII., 14; 25 Henry VIII., 21.

† Edward VI. c. 1.

and follies to which the struggle gave birth, soon brought it to an end, and the Church was once more established at the Restoration; and, by common confession, upon principles much sounder and more conformable to the true Catholic theory than had prevailed for many centuries. The morals and feelings of the nation, however, had been corrupted and unsettled by the excesses of the Rebellion and the recoil from puritanism; the court was profligate; the clergy in poverty. The Church became identified with the political interests of the restored family and popery—with a French invasion and civil tyranny. Then followed the Revolution and the union with Scotland, and a still further connexion of religion with the notion of a foreign pretender, of the Church with a political establishment, and of religious toleration with the maintenance of Whiggism, until the Catholic Church was degraded even from its position as a grand instrument of general government—a position in itself, though high, yet false and dangerous—into that of a tool for a party—the right hand of Toryism. In this character it remained for years. And, painful as it is to disparage the generations from which we have sprung ourselves, it is impossible to look at the representations given of the clergy of that period; at the poverty of our theological literature; at the torpor of our schools and universities; the cessation of great works for the Church; the corruption of the fine arts, and particularly of ecclesiastical architecture; the prostitution of endowments for political purposes; and the acknowledged profligacy and infidelity of both the higher and lower classes—it is impossible to look at these facts and to wonder that a revulsion came on, and that the Church was too weak to resist it.

This revulsion commenced with a revival of personal piety in Methodism, and of independent religious inquiry in Socinianism; and the growth of our manufacturing towns, creating a numerous poor population, unprovided for by the existing establishment, and a large class of active, self-confident minds, of common business-like habits, threw open a wide field for the spread of both. In each, individual feeling, or individual reason, was made the test of truth; and the effect was much the same as that of the schoolmen and mendicant friars under the reign of popery—to claim for the individual citizen that right of judgment in religion which other individuals, his rulers, had claimed before, and had evidently abused, or were unfit to exercise. But the Church of England had neither the craft of monkery nor the power of the Vatican to uphold—could she have wished to

* Fox, James II., p. 20, c. 11, p. 153; Clarendon, *Rebell.*, b. i, p. 134, edit. 1826; Wordsworth, *Eccles. Biography*.

uphold by such means—her apparent supremacy against these new pretensions. To resist them (such had been the suppression and decay of true church principles), she had no other resource at hand but to call up her political claims, or a zeal uninstructed in her true title to respect, and therefore misdirected and mischievous. And it must be confessed that her most active and spiritual-minded members, to whom it is impossible to refer without gratitude and admiration, did nevertheless, in the common ignorance of the day, encourage rather than check Dissent, by adopting the same wrong appeals to the feelings and the reason, by looking more to personal piety than the social duties of the Church, and by distrusting or forgetting altogether the testimony and authority of Catholicity. To point out this error evinces no insensibility to their other important services to Christianity. It was the fault of the age even more than of themselves.

At this point the pressure of Dissent began to make itself felt in the House of Commons. One by one, the civil disabilities which had been imposed upon dissenters—for political not ecclesiastical ends—were removed as those ends ceased to be answered. As restrictions for the benefit of the family on the throne they were no longer found necessary: as punishments, they were contrary, not only to a false, but to the true, theory of toleration: as safeguards for the Church, they were little contemplated, and, perhaps, were not right or useful; and whether contemplated or not, they could not be maintained against the increasing force of opinion. And in all this we can scarcely think there was much to blame. If wrong was done, it was done upon compulsion. Whether it ought to have been done by the parties who professed to think it wrong is another question, into which we are not bound to enter. But the chief error lay not in conceding to Dissent what might be just, or could not be withheld, but in not foreseeing the end of the concessions, and rousing and strengthening the Church to diminish Dissent itself. This was, and still is, the part of a wise legislator; and it is not too late. But the moment is critical, and everything depends on the reasons now assigned for supporting the Church.

What, then, is the false principle which the State is now required to establish? It is, let us remember, not the original principle of Dissent, the right of religious societies to frame their creed and forms, and to impose them on their members, without reference to the Catholic Church. This was evil enough. But beyond this depth there is a deeper still; and the modern claim is made for *individuals*. It is the right of private judgment, without reference to any society or human authority whatever; in other words, *the absolute supremacy, in religion, of the will and the fancy of the individual*.

How much of truth there is in such a maxim, and what are its inevitable conclusions, are a future question. But the gradations by which an irresolute, uninstructed government may be brought finally to acknowledge it are clear. It will begin by defending the Church, not because she is Catholic, but because her doctrines agree with the received notion of true Christianity, and because her moral and religious influence is salutary; and forms, such as matters of Church government, will be set aside as secondary. If not divine, they are indifferent; if not seen to be Catholic, there is no proof of their being divine. This is the first step; and Presbyterianism and the Church are at once brought under the same comprehension. But if Catholicity is no proof of divine institution in forms, or may safely be neglected in forms, it must be the same in abstract doctrines. All nice and subtle refinements, as they are called, may be abandoned. Hold to the practical fundamental facts of Christianity, and this is enough. Here the door opens again to admit almost every sect calling itself Christian, Unitarianism, perhaps, excepted. But why protest against this? Your belief that it opposes fundamental doctrines is only your own opinion. You profess no other ground for rejecting it; and the opinion of your sect is no better than the dogma of another. Admit Unitarianism, and take the ground of what you call Christianity. But why Christianity? Christianity in any form, without the proof of its being a revelation, is but a human opinion. It may seem wise, and do good; but so does any religion which acknowledges a future state and the moral attributes of God. The Jew and the Mahometan stand at the door; why not admit them? And then there will be a pause—a short pause—but wholly vain; and Deism and Pantheism, Socialism and Chartism—every mad phantasma which may pretend to call itself religion—everything which makes mention of a God, whether a god in heaven, or in earth, an idol in stone, or an idol in nature, or a pageant of man's own fancy—everything which professes to raise man to some object higher than himself—will rush in together. They, too, have their elevating truths, their omnipotent powers, their moral duties, their creed, and worship. Who shall draw the line between them?

In vain some favourite dogma, as the belief in a future state, will be thrown up to bar farther entrance. Without any such belief, man may be moral, perhaps even religious; and, after all, it is a human opinion, and *as such* no better founded than the materialism of the atheist. Or the State may throw up another barrier, and require some testimony and guarantee; for instance, the demand of twenty resident householders, that their place of worship should be recognised. But if twenty, why not ten? And if ten,

why

why not five? And if five, why not one? And then the whole dream of exclusion is swept away; and every man, profess what he may, will demand sanction and encouragement alike.

And the State will endeavour to give it. Rather than abandon that which instinct, and reason, and experience, and revelation, declare to be the very talisman of its existence—it will make an effort to dole out its bounties, and to diffuse its smiles equitably, that is, in numerical proportion, upon all. It will place itself in the monstrous position of holding contradictions as truths; of supporting what it cannot believe; of asserting that God exists, but without thinking it important to know what is his nature; of encouraging his worship, without caring how it is performed; of making individual opinion the test of truth, and at the same time setting truth at defiance; and then, when despised and scoffed at by every sect alike, it will finally abandon the attempt. It will prohibit any mention of religion, and take refuge in the principle now put into its mouth, that political society, at least, has no concern with the worship of God or the soul of man; and then will come the end. If the State—the supreme power—the collective wisdom of the nation, as it is supposed, may not interfere with such matters, may not pronounce on religious truths, no lesser power or wisdom can pretend to do so. All human authority must be abolished in religion. This must be the point to which concession will finally be driven; and they are the best logicians who take this ground at once.

This is that principle of Dissent which the State is now called on to establish; and when it is established, what is to become of the State itself?

This question Mr. Gladstone has answered in describing the natural triumph and end of human wilfulness. And there is an eloquence, and, what is better, an earnestness of mind in what he has written, which must command the greatest respect. He is also to be cordially thanked for not overlooking the danger of making the effect upon the State, not the injury to the Church, the primary object of interest. In treating the subject as a statesman, he has not forgotten that his first duty is, not to man, but to a power above man, and to the authorized representative of that power—the Catholic Church. And if it were possible to separate the interests of the two bodies, he would be bound, whenever they clashed, to sacrifice the State to the Church. But as such a collision cannot take place—as to benefit the Church is to benefit the State—as the mode of benefiting it is by obeying it—as the line of obedience is clear, whereas that of expediency is both doubtful and dark—as the intrusion of secondary objects embarrasses and obscures those which are primary, and
accustoms

accustoms the mind to false positions—for these, and all the other reasons which are to be urged against expediency morals, it is necessary to accompany the purely political arguments for supporting the Church with a protest against the assumption of them as the true ground on which to fight the question.

Even without pretending to any extraordinary prudery on utilitarian morals, it is impossible to look back on the course of thought and argument through which we have sunk into our present position, without dreading the word ‘expediency,’ to which our decline is owing. ‘Mene, mene, tekeli, upharsin,’ is the motto, says Lord Bacon, for that king ‘who maketh not religion the rule of government, but only casteth it in to make the scales even.’⁴ And if the legislature of this country has been weighed and found wanting, and the kingdom has been divided, and the crown nearly taken from the sovereign, the cause is to be found here.

Even as a mere protest against expediency, Mr. Gladstone’s book is important, and next to the suspicions respecting Paley’s soundness, which seem to be rising up even at Cambridge under the sanction of Professors Whewell and Sedgwick, this may be regarded as one of the greatest steps which have been made to rescue our modern ethics from their present degradation.

But when this protest has been made, and it can scarcely be made too often, we may ask the legislator to consider what is to become of the State, the very object for which he is labouring, when he has been driven to acknowledge that ‘religion is not a subject for the interference of man with man.’

First, then, it directly contradicts not only the express precepts and practice, but the fundamental doctrines of Christianity itself. Among all the mysteries of our present state, perhaps the most mysterious is the manifest truth, that God has placed so very much of man’s happiness, his spiritual and highest interests, in the hands of man. What is to become of a system of which the beginning, middle, and end, rests on the union of man with man, of generation with generation, father with child, husband with wife, king with people—which makes all its members one mystical body, suffering and rejoicing all together—which sends its ministers into the world for the very purpose of preaching, teaching, warning, confirming, distributing God’s blessings to man—which represents man as in every circumstance of life, even in the most mysterious and highest of all, the instrument of God to govern and to save his fellow-beings—which makes the care of man the very test of our love to God, and the formation of a society of men into a kingdom ruling over men, the object of God’s descent upon earth:—What is to become of such a system in the face of

* Essays, vol. ii. p. 393, 8vo.

the declared maxim, that man has no right to concern himself in the religion of his fellow-man? Christianity, therefore, must be abandoned.

Every thing like a religious society must follow next—communications of every kind—Presbyterianism, Quakerism, Methodism, as well as the Church. The very essence of such associations lies in the need and benefit of a mutual dependence of men upon each other for instruction, guidance, sympathy, comfort, and belief, in religion as in everything else. There can be no preaching—no attempts at conversion—no teaching, even by books—no employment of example—not even social prayer; for thoughts and feelings cannot be united without some one presuming to control and dictate, a right which no one will possess.

With religious societies must perish religious truth—no elevated truth can be maintained without a combination of men to guard it from each other—to hold it up in the face of the world—to transmit it from one generation to another. With religious truth will perish all truth. The right of private judgment will be carried out to its full extent. There will be no even seeming truth but the opinion of the individual—and when that has changed, as it must do, over and over—what will remain? If men would trace this prospect in history, for history has already realized it in Athens, they would see something more than even external facts loosened and evaporated by these principles of sophistry. They would hear its victims doubting even the most internal evidence within them, mistrusting their senses, questioning their consciousness, regarding the world as a non-entity, their own existence as a dream; and trying to escape from this misery, as this people will try to escape it, by that which necessarily follows on the loss of truth—vice—unblushing, unprovable vice. For virtue is obedience to law, and law is an external standard, ascertainable by reason; and when no external standard, it is thought, can be ascertained, men cease to seek for it, and follow the only rule which is left—the rule of their own inclination. Every one will do what is pleasing in his own eyes, and call it *virtue*: it was so at Athens. Was it not so, for a season at least, in France?

And then the necessity will be obvious, of some party stepping in to overrule these individual fancies, to set up an external standard of right and wrong; to teach and educate their fellow men; to take an interest in their minds, though not in their souls. They are doing this in England, as they did at Athens. Even the sophists were compelled to profess the teaching of virtue; and our English sophists are the first to clamour for a *board of education*.

We

We ask—upon what pretence?—*What is there in morality, which there is not in religion, to justify the interference?* If Catholic Christianity cannot give a governor a right to diffuse Christianity, philosophy can give no commission to make a people philosophers. Natural benevolence, power, and authority, are titles the same in each. To a still better title, that of a special divine appointment, the philosopher cannot even pretend. Truth can give him no authority; for he cannot prove his system of morals without the help of principles, which he has already set at nought: as human, it is not tenable against the contempt which he has engendered for all human opinion; as divine, it cannot be established without the very argument from Catholicity, which he has rejected in rejecting the Church. To prove that his moral law came from God and not from man, as the Pantheistic rationalism, which is now spreading like a fungus around us, seems willing to allow, he must show, not that all men in all ages have acknowledged it, (for this he cannot do,) but that in the most remote unconnected countries, it has been held by detached bodies of men—on the tradition of their fathers,—as part of a law originally received from God;—that it has been preserved carefully from corruption—publicly and constantly proclaimed—embodied in positive institutions;—referred to as a standard of right—mutually compared—accepted by the rulers of societies as conditions of their rule—and with a pledge to promulgate it;—and lastly, that it came from God and not from man, because it was opposed to man, to his natural reason and passions—because it had been constantly resisted by innumerable moral heresies, and maintained with difficulty against them—because it was as unlike to any invention of immoral man, as the mysteries of Christianity to the definiteness of logical philosophy. But this catholicity of ethics the philosopher cannot admit in his own scheme without condemning his contempt for it in the Church: he must therefore take other grounds, and he will fall back upon the beauty of morality, on its internal harmony with our nature, on its excitement of feeling, its self-evident happiness. This is the scheme which is now rising up to cover the nakedness of heathenism.

And of it one thing is obvious. If it be so natural, so obviously beautiful, where is the need of enforcing it? Why all this bustle of education to prevent vice, if virtue be so congenial to man? Or, if it be necessary to enforce it against the will of the subject, what sanction has the philosopher with him but brute force—brute force to make men love the drug which they are compelled to swallow?

But it is also easy to ask, why, in this list of natural virtues and beautiful emotions, is religion to be excluded? Moral feelings
are

are indeed natural ; moral affections full of pleasure ; they spring up spontaneously towards other moral beings whenever they are placed before us, as sounds utter themselves when the string is touched. But God is a moral being as well as man ; and piety is as natural towards him as obedience towards parents, or pity towards the distressed : and there is but one way of excluding religion from forming a part and portion of morality—the way of Atheism.

True indeed—the *philosopher* will say—but then God is invisible ; and human rulers can only consider what is before their eyes. Legislation must be real, tangible—it cannot enter into mysteries and theories. We ask in what sense God is invisible, in which nearly all, perhaps all the persons to whom we owe duties upon earth, are not equally hidden from us ? What does man see of his family, of his country, of his king, even of his nearest friend, but what he sees of God—outward forms to symbolize inward acts ? We owe no duties to men's bodies, except as representatives of their minds ; and those minds we never saw, even in those who are nearest to us. We hear of them—read of them—look at them through a veil—interpret their movements as we are able—realize their presence by imagination—take our notions of our relation to them from others—concentrate our affections on them by an effort of thought—look to them as to persons out of sight, even as men look to God ; and carry on communion with them also, not by sight, but faith. If acting without sight is mysticism, our whole moral life is mysticism. If a legislator may not rule except where he can touch and handle, he has no business with morality.

And yet—a coarser-minded moralist will say—without any romance of sympathies and aspirations of heroism—there are plain homely duties—honesty, for instance, temperance, conformity to established laws, without which society must fall to pieces ; and government must inculcate these. Undoubtedly ; the most ordinary common-place legislators have always thought so. Bishop Warburton, imperfect and painful as his theory is, has shown* the practice of statesmen in all ages, and the necessity of adopting it. He has, indeed, wrongly implied that they propagated a religion for the sake of morality ; but he has not produced any instance of their establishing morality without religion. It is a dream which never was realized. Even the ethics of the French Revolution could not be propagated without a Goddess of Reason.

Empty men of their natural passions, or crush them with a police, like criminals in a gaol, or place them under the watch of a stern searching public opinion, or so stimulate and sublimize their selfishness, till they invariably do their duty, because they

* Divine Legation.

see it is their interest—and it may be possible for men to herd together within the same boundaries and under a common name, and without many great outbreaks of crime. And *this* is the promise held out, when alarm is expressed at the attack upon religion—*this* the utmost which those, who are despairingly giving way before the pressure, pretend to hope for. Civilization and information and the police are to do everything!

Alas! what is it which now keeps up the tone of public morals, and acts with a far more searching efficacy than laws or magistrates or men in general? It is not merely religion, let us remember, for religion, true, faithful religion, may be but rare. It is *the Church*,* as Bishop Butler says—it is her institutions—her daily presence—the voice of her ministers—her forms—her high *standard of practice*—still held up to view even amidst the worst defection of her individual members—which unconsciously act upon the world at large; and especially on that large portion of the world which the recommendation and example of the State bring into her bosom, as a matter of course, without any real feeling of devotion. While the State contemplated all its subjects as Christians, they were baptised, came to church, listened to sermons, respected their ministers, called themselves Christians, and with the title adopted many of the practices of the Church, much as they followed the fashion of their rulers in any other point; and the Church had no authority to reject them. And if any one think that even this, imperfect as it is, had no influence on their conduct, we refer them to Mr. Gladstone's admirable remarks in his third chapter. With the defection of the State this class of citizens will fall away also—there will still be left a small body raising its protest against vice, and exhibiting, as it may exhibit even in the most promiscuous crowd of imperfect Christians, a high example of morality; and there may be many other bodies and sects professing to inculcate it also. But the indifferent, the ignorant, the wilfully bad, the peasantry, the manufacturing population, much of the upper classes, and the whole of what is called the fashionable world, who are at present brought under the influence of the Church chiefly by political prejudices or statistical arrangements, will then be left to themselves. Church and meeting-house will be both alike, and neither will be entered: religious society, with its elevated morals, will never be brought before them—or it will assume a harsh, alien, exclusive character—open to the charge of hypocrisy and self-conceit—and therefore repulsive. The profligacy of Charles II.'s reign was the natural recoil from a sectarian puritanism. And the

* Analogy, Part II. c. 1, p. 207.

Church to the majority of men will wear the same harsh aspect, and produce in them the same evil, whenever, by ceasing to be the Church of the State, it shall cease to contain within its bosom the bad as well as the good, to unite them both under one code of laws and one language—with this only difference, that the good only do what all alike profess—and the hypocrisy is confessedly with the bad. We cannot dwell longer on this point—but the softening, unhumiliating, unassuming influence of the good on the bad, when they are both united by an external authority in one society, and pledged to the same observances, without any affectation of exclusiveness, is, perhaps, one of the most powerful means of diffusing at least external decency; and without it society must be rent at once into two great divisions of pure good, and pure evil; and the battle, a battle which revelation teaches us to expect, as the present world draws to its end, will commence between them. What police will be sufficient to keep peace and order among nearly a whole people released from the restraints of religion? What moral laws can be substituted which they will recognise as binding when religion is discarded—who will maintain these laws—what shame can be expected when the highest authority before them has abdicated its right to censure—how the tone of public opinion can be kept elevated, when the organ which expresses it is daily sinking—these are points to be solved by the Board of Education.

But then it is added, virtue is so expedient—it is so evidently a man's interest to be honest, and obedient, and sober, that only make men clever and well informed, and they must be good. Teach the ploughman and mechanic to use their intellects—give them lessons in history, chemistry, botany, and zoology—endow plenty of schools, and all will be safe. It is to be feared that the statistics of crime, lately collected, very little justify this confidence in the horn-book and the schoolmaster; but without any such perplexing inquiries, there are two facts in human nature which settle the question at once—give men all the talents in the world, and they cannot ascertain what their real interest is without the light of law to guide them prior to all calculation—give them all this light, and yet they have not the power of following it without supernatural assistance. No human intellect can collect all the possible contingencies of actions, and strike a balance—and no human will can of itself pursue real good even while it is acknowledged to be good. If you want to make men act—men, we mean, without Christianity—you must give them passions—and passions in reality, not reason, are the things to which theorists look for keeping an un-Christianized people from crime: create avarice enough, and a manufacturer must be honest
to

to avoid losing his custom : make men cowards at the thought of sickness, and they will continue sober : fill them full of ambition, and they will never act against public opinion ; in other words, only make them vicious enough, and they will infallibly be virtuous—and on these homœopathic morals we are to rest our hopes that neither prisons nor treadmills will be needed, when we have once got rid of the Church.

There is, indeed, a simpler mode of escaping from these difficulties ; and Locke saw that, having thrown over the Church, he must boldly adopt this mode at once, instead of being gradually driven to it through the other half-and-half theories. If the State is in any sense to be considered the moral ruler of its subjects, it must endeavour to rear them up in the Church, or the Church and Christianity alike must be rejected as false. From this conclusion Locke shrunk : and to escape it he manfully denied his premise. He limited the right of the government to the preservation of life and property—made it, in fact, a high constable, or commissioner of police, and nothing more ; and then, to prop up one falsity by another, as something was needed to justify this arbitrary limitation of its power, he adopted *the social compact*—a compact made nobody knows when, nobody knows where, nobody knows by whom—which men never did make, nor could make, because they never could have been without some lawful authority over them—or, to use Locke's words, *in a state of nature*. With this lie, for it cannot be called less (and the gross inconsistencies which are palpable in Locke's Letters on Toleration, would almost show that he felt it to be such), we have little to do. All inquiry into an original compact is superseded by the necessity of acknowledging that a virtual compact does exist at present. Though false of society at its commencement, it may become nearly true in its progress. It must be true of every nation, which, retaining monarchical forms and the old machinery of government, gradually shifts the real power and the last appeal to the body of the people, leaving the king and parliament the authority of a provisional committee, and this alone. We have not yet reached the extreme of this case ourselves, but we are rapidly verging to it ; and the consequences are manifest.

In the first place, there can be no real government at all. The people cannot act by themselves : no numerous body can act except through delegates ; the very necessity of appointing a committee for the management of every society proves the impossibility. But to this natural incapacity add a jealousy and suspicion of the committee which they are compelled to create—a difference of opinion on the most essential questions—the demand of a constant reference to themselves on every matter of importance,

an irritable self-consequence which will allow no one to think for or to guide them—and you paralyze at once the movements of the whole body. The society cannot stir—the committee cannot stir. On a few, very few points indeed, on which all parties may be agreed, or which are viewed with indifference, there will be liberty for the government to act, but on no others; and the more the people think, and judge, and interfere with the details of administration, the more the machine will be clogged, till it stands still. The history of the late sessions of parliament is an illustration at hand; and if little has been done this year, still less will be done next: and perhaps this suspension of the recent fever of legislation will be a happy thing for the country. The evil does not lie in the legislature doing little or nothing, but in their being confined to do only what is comparatively poor and paltry. They can only manage what the body of the people will trust to them; and the body of the people being divided on the most important of all questions—religion—with religion, whatever be their wishes, they cannot interfere. To call on them to support the Church, while a large proportion of the voices and wills which they represent are in favour of Dissent, is to demand an impossibility. On one interest, indeed, men of even the most opposite religions will agree—the value of their life and their purse: and as this cannot be secured without a police, they will entrust to their committee of management sufficient physical force and liberty of judgment to keep their homes and highways from robbers or a French army. To this they will restrict it—and thus what Lockeism pronounces to be right will become a fact; and ‘society and government will exist only for the procuring, preserving, and advancing civil interests . . . life, liberty, health, and indolency of body, and the possession of outward things, such as money, lands, houses, furniture, and the like; and the jurisdiction of the magistrate will be bounded and confined to the only case of promoting these things.’* And what will be the consequence?

Let us think first why Nature has formed political society at all—why she has so contrived things that we cannot exist without it—that it springs up as a necessary condition of human nature even against the will of its members—and we shall then be prepared to feel the answer which must be given; namely, that when government is thus reduced into a mere organ of physical force, Political Society must perish.

Look at man, as he comes into the world, with a helpless body, with evil passions, no experience, strong and pure affections, a craving for sympathy—for something better and greater than himself, for permanence, reality, and truth—and withering away

* Letters on Toleration, p. 351, 4to.

without these, as a seed in a barren soil; and we see why Nature brings him into the world in one form of society—the bosom of a Family—why a family is as necessary to his development as air to his body—how it rears his animal life—supplies him laws and physical control for his conduct—conveys to him instruction, gives him objects for affection, ensures him community of interests, raises for him an ideal excellence and greatness, and invests it with the duration of ancestry and progeniture; so that when perfect in its organic parts, and rightly regulated, his home is a little world in which all the virtues of human nature can spring up and find a partial fulfilment. Destroy it, and the individual man, is destroyed with it.

But something else is wanted beyond and above the Family—a power which shall interpose, where the moral control of consanguinity fails to repress crime—which shall protect families from each other—which shall regulate those relations and communications with each other required by the animal necessities of man, as well as by his moral sympathies—which shall unite them together in resistance to external attacks, and in accomplishing those grand objects which a mere family is too small to attempt, but which are as necessary for the perfect exercise of man's faculties as for the good of the world and the designs of Providence—but which, above all, shall fix and preserve embodied in institutions more permanent than families, those great principles of right and truth on which the domestic system must be founded, in order to fulfil its purpose of rearing and educating man.*

Keep in view this relation of families to individuals, and of the State to families, and we shall see the use of *political society*—its nature—the limits of the powers of government—but especially its necessity—for without it the family must perish: and the very first condition of its existence must be what Mr. Gladstone has rightly called the *personality of the State*. If it is to protect families from internal and external aggression, it must be armed with a physical force, and that force must be wielded by a will, under the control of those moral laws to which all will is subject. If it is to be a head and centre of union, men cannot permanently unite round any centre but a moral being like themselves. They may have watchwords, and rallying cries, which may seem to hold them together, as the Glorious Revolution, or the Days of July, or Liberty and Equality, or a Tri-coloured Flag—but it is

* A writer of high philosophical powers has recently enlarged on this subject with so much acuteness and eloquence, that we are glad to refer to his work.—See 'The Kingdom of Christ,' by the Rev. Frederick Maurice, Chaplain of Guy's Hospital.

not these abstractions which unite them, but the accident of one common feeling, which will no sooner pass away than the mass will fall to atoms. For any permanent union of men there must be a submission of individual will to an authority above them—and that authority must be moral and personal; it must command respect and affections as well as compulsory obedience. It must have that sanction which even the bad recognise, and without which the good cannot love,—high principles of duty, absence of selfishness, a law over its will—the many sanctions which in human eyes give a title to command, of prescription, antiquity, personal goodness, and accordance of sentiment; but it must have, most of all, a sanction from the source of all power—the sanction of religion—that in the strongest of all feelings the subject may sympathise with the rulers—that he may have some security above man's against the abuse of power—that when he follows willingly it may be with his whole heart, and when unwillingly with the sense that his obedience is paid to God; that no pity or contempt for error may break in on the fulness of his respect; that he may have a guarantee for the wisdom of his counsels, and for the stability of the principles and institutions which he is called on to support: and that he may look for God's blessing on a rule administered in obedience to God's will. Strip a ruler of these—prohibit him from professing religion—withdraw the name of God from his acts and his laws—compel him in the highest functions of life to declare himself willingly an atheist—or enslave his conscience to conceal on the throne what it is man's highest duty and glory to proclaim in the cottage—his relation to his Maker;—and beyond a temporary enthusiasm, or the passion of an army for its general, as of France for Napoleon, he has nothing left to attach his subjects to himself; and the bond which holds society together will fall to pieces. Other centres will form instead; kingdoms will break up into provinces; provinces into districts: the Nation is in anarchy—and the next thing to be expected is a foreign invasion and conquest.

And in the mean time, what is to become of the Family? Even if outwardly it continues to exist, where will be its moral code, its religious spirit, when left without the example, and influence, and control of the State, to the caprice of individual parents?—Where will be even its right to educate its members either morally or religiously—when the maxim has once been established that religion is a thing between man and his God, with which man has no right to interfere? You cannot draw the line between the State and the parent: you cannot allow to one what you deny to the other. If power—power over life—gives a title to teach religion to a child—power over life, even Lockeism allows to be the
essential

essential characteristic of a government. If the parent is wiser, so is the governor, or, as Mr. Gladstone rightly says, he is not fit to govern—if older, so is the State—if the child is weak and ignorant, and incapable of judging for himself, so, by the common confession, the great bulk of mankind also are in matters of religion. And if God has given authority to a parent by placing the child under his rule, he has also given authority to government. For whether governments were conventional or not, the very necessity of their existence is a warrant that they are instituted by God; the designer is the same, whatever be the mode in which he originates his work. Create families, and unless you can wholly insulate them, which is impossible, they must combine: they may be held together by a patriarchal instinct; or gradually group round the largest property, and there continue on the principle of inheritance; or fall under the strong arm of conquest; or voluntarily submit themselves to personal wisdom and goodness. But some centre must exist, and in that centre will develop a government—and that government is part of the will and design of God.

But *conscience*!—the conscience of the citizen! And we plead also for the conscience of the child. What is meant by conscience? Is it the only thing worthy of the name—a keen sense of duty founded on a clear comprehension of all our relations and duties, humility and obedience included—and claiming nothing but permission to exercise self-denial? We ask, where this is to be found among the millions of subjects who talk of their conscience, any more than in the child? Is it the mere fancy of the individual, the feeling or opinion of the moment, and nothing more than a name for self-will? *This*, which is really the '*conscience*' so vaunted and so exalted, the child has far more than the man, and it must be honoured in each alike. Or is it a mere bigoted attachment to an existing religion? The child, indeed, is born without any religion; but if the State has no right to convert, a parent has no right to indoctrinate. If the State may not presume to assert and inculcate its own views of truth upon adults, from the possibility of leading men into error, much less may an individual take advantage of the helplessness of a child to give him what may prove a wrong bias.

And thus with the authority of the State must perish the authority of the Family; and so Locke felt; and notwithstanding the better inconsistencies into which he naturally fell, either his philosophy or his practice induces him to treat the most sacred of domestic relations with levity and almost insult.*

What, however, is to become of the State when thus the bonds of all society are loosened, and one only control for the child,

* See his *Essay on Civil Government*, *passim*.

as for the man, remains—*brute force*—brute force stripped of all that can give it dignity, and beauty—shackled in all its better movements, prohibited from acknowledging the sanctions of God, or entering itself in his service; condemned to look on itself as a menial mercenary hireling—a constable, a tax-gatherer, a clerk—anything but a king—and on its subjects as bodies without souls? The end is clear. Brute force is perpetually shifting its balance, and the greatest amount must always be lying dormant in the hands of the multitude: and when government, with all its privileges, has become a matter of force, it will be a tempting object, and the struggle may be made at any time, and always with a chance of success. And then the masses (we are already become familiar with the language of the period) will rise against the few, and the few will have nothing to oppose them—no principles, no appeal to loyalty, no religious sympathy—not even the watchword of all patriotism—*pro aris et focis*—nothing but a *theory of society* in which the masses will entirely coincide, and only desire to carry into practice. And another scene still remains, the last act in the drama of society, when, on the ruins of property and institutions, and the miserable remains of the masses themselves, exhausted by bloodshed and crime, there will rise up a military despotism, to which all will succumb gladly as the only refuge from the storm, and of which the first act will be, as the necessary condition of all governments, to collect, like Napoleon, from the wreck, the fragments of some religious system, and once more to establish a Church.

Such is the necessary career of a State which has shaken off its allegiance to the Catholic Church. Once it has been realized already in the parallel history of heathenism, and its passage from a definite revealed creed into idolatry, scepticism, atheism, pantheism, and superstition. In both cases the succession of events is strikingly similar; in both there is the gradual corruption of an ancient faith by its own priesthood; in both an usurpation of temporal power by spiritual influence; in both the civil power becomes the rival instead of member of the Church, and encroaches in return on the spirituality;—as in the instance of our own Tudor princes. Then comes the union, either by foreign conquest or by compact, of different nations with different religions under one civil head. This renders necessary some compromise and connivance of error. Under this connivance dissension grows up rapidly even in the bosom of the State, till it becomes too strong to be resisted; then opposition to it ceases, and gradually, from enduring what it seemed impossible to extirpate, men at last come to excuse, to palliate, to see no fault in it, to make it rightful; and lastly, as a necessary apology, to lay down the fatal

axiom, that 'religion is a thing between the conscience of the individual and his God.'

This history may be read most clearly in the preambles of our own statutes, from the earliest laws of Ina, and the other Saxon princes, down to the legislation of the present portentous epoch. Its parallel in heathen times may be studied in the downfall of the great eastern empires and their *popish* hierarchies, and especially in the remarkable period of the Ptolemies. And, once more, we cannot help hoping that Mr. Gladstone himself may be induced to devote his attention to it, and lay the foundation for a true political history, in a true view of the relation which politics have assumed towards religion.

A great question follows:—What is to become of the Church, supposing the State to have apostatized from it? And on this point, Mr. Gladstone, we rejoice to see, has spoken wisely and temperately. It may be true that there are persons within the Church who are beginning to view

'this connexion with an eye of aversion or indifference—men attached to the State, but more affectionately and intimately cleaving to the Church, unwilling to regard the two as in any sense having opposite interests; but wearied, perhaps exasperated, by the injustice done of late years, or rather during recent generations, by the temporal to the spiritual body—injustice, inasmuch as the State has too frequently perverted and abused the institutions of the Church by unworthy patronage—has crippled or suppressed her lawful powers—and has, lastly, when these same misdeeds have raised a strong sentiment of disfavour against its ally, evinced an inclination to make a separate peace, and surrender her to the will of her adversaries.'—Chap. i. § 2, p. 2.

They may think also that a separation from the State will give the Church more freedom to raise her standard of piety [chap. iii., p. 85], to spread her arms wider, and to secure her faith against aggression. And if this were really the fact, no advantages to the State could balance the disadvantages to the Church resulting from the connexion. But Mr. Gladstone, with all his insight into the strength and promised privileges of the Church, and the injury which it has sustained and still sustains in this country from wrong state-interference, has not permitted himself to suppose that it can become more free or more pure by being left to itself. Perhaps one of the most striking parts of his essay is his view of the assistance which an establishment confers on religion. But he has not exhausted the subject.

In the first place, what is to become of its *polity*, on which its faith, and therefore its all, depends? That polity, as originally constituted, is a confederation of Bishops, each nearly absolute in his own diocese, all closely united for the government of the whole Church

Church in the Episcopal College. It is a spiritual oligarchy, composed of spiritual monarchs: each is bound to preserve independently the standard of Christian truth as transmitted from the Apostles; and to prevent corruption in any part, this is to be constantly subjected to general inspection: such is the theory of general councils, and the mode by which we distinguish the real Apostolical doctrines from interpolated opinions. Now fuse all these independent witnesses and authorities into one, as was done by the usurpation of the Pope, or detach them wholly from each other, and this beautiful machinery for the preservation of the truth is destroyed. The great problem therefore in Ecclesiastical polity is to maintain the independence of the bishops, without sacrificing their incorporation, and to incorporate them without subjecting them to one visible head.

But in all societies there exists a centripetal principle, a tendency to gather round some individual or locality, and to raise it above the rest by the combined pressure on its sides. In the Church, the energy of this principle is increased not merely by its Catholic character, but by the first doctrines and precepts of Christianity—unity and humility. To counteract it, the first thing is to form several centres, and distinct bodies which may resist each other; and it was in this manner the great churches of Alexandria, Constantinople, Rome, and Antioch, preserved the balance in the first centuries. But how are these to be formed? Evidently by taking some external centres and limits, as from existing political arrangements, or waiting till some agency within the Church creates them, as that of Rome was formed by Gregory, that of Geneva by Calvin, that of Germany by Luther. And Rome and Geneva are the best warnings against this latter alternative. There is the same centripetal tendency in the subdivisions as in the whole body of the Church—the same disposition to erect *popes*, to deify individuals, and fuse the whole society into the will and opinion of its chosen head; and the Catholic principle is immediately perilled. It is the realization of the very principle of dissent, with merely this improvement, that the centre is more fixed and permanent. And therefore the only security is the formation of national churches, and national churches cannot be formed without an union with the State.

But this is not all. Give a church activity and intelligence, and it must spread and acquire *power*, temporal as well as spiritual; for he who commands the mind commands the body. Is this to be lodged with the clergy? you have the worst feature of *popery*. But with the laity? what is to become of *episcopacy*? For he who commands the body, to a great degree also commands the mind. Frame a lay synod to balance the power of the bishops? you risk

admitting an infusion of presbyterianism, and any such body must be framed on democratical principles ; and how is a democratical body to work in harmony with the monarchical principle of episcopacy and the church? Some will be ready to say that in the days of the primitive Church episcopacy was uncontrolled and yet not abused. We answer, that it was controlled—by poverty, by persecution, by the newness of circumstances, by the multitude and smallness of dioceses (and some of these conditions may be restored)—but *chiefly* by the catholicity of the church, which is now nearly lost, and with it the greatest check upon usurpations in national churches. One power still remains—the State; a power legitimate, and appointed by God; regular in its movements, naturally interested in maintaining episcopal authority, and connected with it by a mutual dependence. Gain possession of this, make it a member of the Church, and the representative of the laity of the Church, and repose in it such power as the laity may rightly possess ; and then the question will be, whether the spiritual and temporal power, which cannot be dissevered from each other, and must be held by the same communion, shall be vested in one hand, or in two. Shall the laity be a check on the clergy, and the clergy on the laity, or either of them be absolute and supreme? and the answer is easy.

But *vital religion*, it is said, is lost when the Church is thus established. Something, indeed, of activity is lost, for there is not so much left to be done. But the quietness, sobriety, and regularity of an established position in society are far more favourable to true Christianity than the excitement, the self-sufficiency, the spiritual pride, which are apt to be produced, when men are thinking not of educating themselves and others, but of proselytizing, battling, struggling against contempt, trying to gain influence—and this as an exclusive body.

The torpor of the last two centuries was produced, not by the State possessing, but by its abusing, its power. And the Church has the remedy in her own hands. No power on earth can corrupt it against its will. We may as well lay the fault of our minds upon our bodies, and insist on having none at all, because we give ourselves up to their evil influence. And even torpor is better than fanaticism. The spark lies hid ; but it is not blown out. And we may thank the much-abused clergy of the old school, inactive and obsolete as they may seem, for the very revival of true Church principles which we now witness. It was from them, confessedly, that the views now propagated were received ; while the misdirected zeal of Methodism has unsettled the very foundation of religious truth.

But the clergy would be less open to secular motives.—The clergy

clergy are but men, and a mixture of secular motives may enter into all their actions: but pride, vanity, and love of management, are as secular as avarice; and the temptations to all these sins are far less when the Church is, as it were, in garrison, its payment fixed, its duties regular, than when it is compelled to carry on a sort of guerrilla struggle to re-conquer an alienated people. There may be mischief working in a cathedral stall; but we suspect there is still more in the pulpit of a proprietary chapel. So, too, the truth which the Church is appointed for the very purpose of preserving, is far less endangered by languid teaching than by rhetorical declamation, and is never so likely to be gradually neglected as when its advocates are compelled rather to attack their opponents than defend themselves.

But *the communion would be more pure*.—Smaller it certainly would be. When the sanction of the State was withdrawn from the Church, its weak and ignorant members, who cannot appreciate spiritual claims, and are brought into it by naturally following the authority of their superiors, would fall away. But the Church is designed, as Mr. Gladstone has admirably shown, to hold even them in her bosom, and gradually to rear them to a higher faith; and a religion which is to do this, and is to make its way to numbers, must have some external evidence of truth, intelligible to ordinary minds. The Apostles for this purpose had miracles; Romanism its arts of priestcraft; Methodism its appeals to the passions; Socinianism, which has none of these, cannot find its way to the poor. The Church in England is guaranteed by the sanction of the magistrate; and this removed, it would inevitably follow, looking only to the human condition of its preaching, that it would either be confined to the educated classes, or would be tempted to recur to some artifice for obtaining an influence with others; and the rest of the community must be abandoned to error, but more probably to infidelity.

Even *the discipline of the Church*, which, some persons surmise, would gain fresh vigour and purity by a separation from the State, would be little benefited. So far as it is exercised over obedient and submissive members, there is nothing at this moment to prevent the Church from administering it with sufficient rigour. Here she can have no check but her own discretion. But for contumacious offenders the case is different: she has for them no punishment but excommunication, a weapon far too formidable to be used on ordinary occasions, or without adequate proof of crimes. Yet, if left to herself, she must be prepared to inflict penalties on all offences. At present the State for her undertakes both the proof and the punishment. And if the penal code of a nation be framed and administered under her influence, and in harmony with

with her principles, it may be fairly considered a part of her spiritual discipline, just as when in a family the arm of the father is called in, where the moral power of the mother is too weak. But even if the Church could punish properly, she could not prove offences. She has scarcely any judicial apparatus. It was to supply this want that the mixed civil and spiritual constitutions of our ecclesiastical courts were framed. Without it, she must either act upon rumour, or confine her censures to the few cases of barefaced profligacy, or she must establish an inquisition and confessional. And an inquisition has been established, of some kind or another, in all those spiritual communions which have assumed an independent superintendence over their members, and not admitted the discipline of the State as part of the discipline of the Church. And the system, instead of being thus purified, has been filled with jealousy, hypocrisy, espionage, personal vindictiveness, superciliousness, injustice, and cruelty, till it has become either too oppressive to be borne, and the body has been split into factions, or, as in Romanism, an utter laxity of morals has at last been allowed under the appearance of rigid discipline.

We have said nothing of that point which forms generally too prominent a feature in the discussion, the loss of the revenues of the Church; because the right to her endowments and to tithes rests upon a legal title, which cannot properly be affected by the separation. That the State would follow up apostacy by robbery is more than probable. But the Church has been robbed before even by pretended defenders; and so long as property is sacred, she must be maintained in her right even by those who abandon her. It is not true to talk of tithes as a donation from the State, resumable at pleasure, and therefore dependent on its Church-membership.

But there is one most important part of her resources which would inevitably be lost. We mean the great amount of private property embarked in it as a profession. By this the Church is for the most part maintained. The private incomes of the clergy, who are now enabled by the political respectability of the establishment to undertake its duties without sacrificing other claims, would be withdrawn, when that respectability ceased. Still there would be men of zeal and piety in its ranks. But when an institution is to be maintained permanently, and over a wide extent, sober men do not calculate on extraordinary virtue, but on the commonplace morality of mankind; and it is as little safe as feasible to depend for the resources of the Church upon the precarious liberality of enthusiasm.

But without dwelling on these points, and the grievous loss of energy and spiritual influence over those portions of the community

munity most needing it, which must result, and has already resulted, from the impoverishment of the Church, the evils above mentioned, and which are not incidentally but vitally connected with its constitution, must be enough to make her members pause before they accelerate, or even acquiesce in the loss of the support of the State. If they came for the first time to Christianise this country, its governors would be among the first whom they sought to convert, and to whom, for converting others, they would look for assistance—all assistance which it would be the duty of one party to ask, and of the other to grant. If they are cast off by those governors, they must endeavour to reclaim them on the same principles, and with the same object. At present they are in danger of losing, but have not yet lost, the hold which they would have to regain; and so long as it can be preserved with honour and without sacrifice of principles, they are bound to cling to it. As a *man*, the Legislator is a creature of God, and he dares not deny or suppress this relation in any action of life. He owes to God a constant, daily public acknowledgment of his origin, and a public proclamation to others of that name, which men too often forget, and of which, as a Christian himself, he is especially appointed to be the herald and the witness—*μαρτυρεῖν καὶ κηρύσσειν*—to an unbelieving world. No position or relation to man can supersede this duty; he cannot accept a trust which is to disqualify him from discharging it.

But he has also *power*, a vast power; and we accept Mr. Gladstone's principle in its widest extent, without any qualification whatever,* 'that wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe,' and must be sanctified to him. We can believe a man who realizes his true position, to move about in the world almost with fear and trembling, as in the midst of frail perishable creatures which are the property of a Being jealous of the slightest injury done to them, but among which he can scarcely stir without hazarding their destruction. We can imagine men of no superstitious temper, looking even on a flower with a sense that it was not to be wantonly destroyed; viewing and handling the works of nature, as a stranger permitted to admire the treasures of a king's palace. We see nothing to be ridiculed in those Eastern religionists who kill with their own hands the food which they require, that life may not be taken without a warrant and acknowledgment from Him to whom it belongs. But when man comes to exert power over a whole nation of men, with all their capacities for good and evil, misery or happiness, in another life as well as this—to seize on this presump-

* C. ii., p. 33.

tuously—to use it without a thought of responsibility, or an acknowledgment of its giver, or a prayer for his blessing—there does appear in this a degree of temerity which it is really difficult to characterise without stronger words than Christians like to use. Even Sidney thought that ‘whoever receives delegated authority is accountable to those that gave it, for they who give authority by commission do always retain more than they grant.’*

But the supreme government in the state is also a *ruler*: its rule is co-extensive with its power; and as the power is over life and all things contained in life, so the rule is mediately or immediately over the whole man; and the duty of employing it aright, that is, for the good of man and agreeably to the will of Him from whom it proceeds, cannot be disputed. All attempts therefore to restrict it to what are called civil interests are futile. No such compact, in the first place, was ever made; none, if made, could be binding, because man cannot covenant with man to omit a duty imposed on him by God. Hence it is that the ‘object of government is the whole happiness of its subjects, their health, wealth, peace, comfort, knowledge, virtue, piety, everything that is good; ‘τέλος πόλεως,’ says Aristotle, ‘τὸ εὖ ζῆν εὐδαιμόνως καὶ καλῶς. τῶν καλῶν πράξεων χάριν θέτερον εἶναι τὴν πολιτικὴν κοινωνίαν ἀλλὰ οὐ τοῦ συζῆν.’† It is instituted for ‘the highest of all goods’—*κυριωτάτου πάντων ἀγαθού*. ‘Its object is especially the soul.’‡ ‘With this view it has a jurisdiction over all sciences and all arts, appointing what are to be taught, how far, by whom, and to whom. Its end contains the end of all human actions and accomplishments.’ In the same manner Plato, who, so far from being a dreamer or an enthusiast, was a most practical though elevated politician, places his government in the State in the same relation to its subject in which the intellect stands to man, and brings under it the whole range of human duties—from the maintenance of abstract truth, and, above all, the truths of religion, down to the food which subjects are to eat and the ballads they sing.§

The State’s own machinery, indeed, is very ill constructed for teaching anything. A Secretary of State may be, as we know from experience, a totally unfit person to meddle with the details of education. The House of Commons would be a bad academy for lecturing on surgery or astronomy, or naval architecture, or arithmetic. The prime minister would be ill-employed in qualifying himself for a grammar-school; and a lord high admiral may know nothing about the forging of anchors or the twisting of cables. But men formerly did not confound these technical and

* Sidney on Gov. c. iii., s. 38, p. 384.

† Polit. lib. i. c. 1; lib. vii. c. 1.

‡ Arist. Ethics Nico. lib. i. c. 2.

§ Plato, De Repub. lib. iv. p. 137; Leip. edit. lib. iv. p. 132.

servile occupations with that master science—the science of general principles and human nature—by which minds that are formed for government embrace, and employ, and distribute all the subordinate arts, understanding the bearing of each, though not perplexing themselves with its details, and exercising that highest faculty of a governing mind, the discernment of character and of fitness in appointing their several ministers. The good of the whole body is the fit object of the head, wherever that head is found, and it is comprehended by a science above, and distinct from all others. And he who, as the ruler of a state, is not religious—openly and avowedly religious—must believe that the knowledge of God forms no part of man's wisdom; that the favour of God is no security for his happiness; that the will of God is no rule of his action, and union with God no object for his affections. He must think so for himself, and therefore for those whom he governs; and he will endeavour to direct his own mind and theirs to some other objects, to money, or manufactures, or comforts, or conquests, or something which he does think good—the highest good of their nature—and cut them off from God. He will make them idolaters and atheists, and be an idolater and atheist himself.

We can scarcely condescend to notice the easy sophism, that if the State must have its faith and its religion, so must every subordinate society—as if this was a *reductio ad absurdum*. Every society whatever ought to have its faith and its religion, because its power ought to be employed according to the will of God; and however trivial or secular its immediate acts, the animus which regulates them is to be religious. Even eating and drinking we know are not too mean to be directed to the glory of God. It is true that men may join together for many ends, without any thought of the kind, and a society still seem to exist—an East India Company—a bank—a railway company—a club—a body of stage-coach proprietors. The want of religion may not be felt, because the centre which holds them together is not, as in political society, a moral being, a paramount universal law, but some personal partial interest of the several individual members. But they who think that political societies may be held together in the same manner, forget that human selfishness is one thing in an association, checked and controlled by a supreme government; and another, when loosed from all its bonds by being made the ruling principle of the supreme government itself. All that Mr. Gladstone requires, to enable him to retain his principle in full, is to show the difference between real societies bound together by a social principle, and concretions of individuals acting together only by the accident of accordance in selfishness; and then to point out that the State, unlike minor incorporations

incorporations for trade, cannot be reduced to this form without at once dissolving, because in it selfishness will immediately recur without a check to physical force, and physical force will triumph, whether in the masses or the despot.

Still it must be confessed that this general view of the duty of a Christian legislator is scarcely adequate for the difficulties of the present moment; and it may even prove dangerous to enthusiastic minds, unless they see clearly the real amount of the power for which they are responsible, and the right mode as well as the duty of supporting the Church. There is no fear that Mr. Gladstone will overlook the fact, though less sober minds may, that the power of the government in this country, not merely by the Reform Bill, but by the very character of the nation, is materially circumscribed by public opinion. Nominally it may be supreme. In reality it is not so. And whatever be the theory of the constitution, no government can impose upon a people a religion to which they are hostile. Unhappily a considerable body in the nation are opposed to the Church; and any measures therefore, which should overlook the real weakness of the government in this matter, must be rash and mischievous. Men are not to forget their duty in expediency; but neither are they to forget prudence in their duty.

For this reason the only mode by which the State can be preserved in its membership with the Church must be by bringing back to it the great body of the nation. With dissension in the people there cannot be unity in the government; and difficult as the task may seem, it must be undertaken, and it is by no means desperate. In such a cause we can despair of nothing. But the work must be accomplished by the Church itself. The State is not the direct instrument for conversion. It must not meddle with the operation, farther than to assist the Church as a subsidiary well-wisher. It must not impose articles of faith, or interfere with the machinery of the Church, even with the hope of increasing its efficacy. Still less must it use violence; for this simple reason, that the Church itself prohibits all such acts, and if the civil ruler serves it rightly, he must serve it in obedience to itself. This alone is sufficient to settle the question of persecution. What popery or individual churchmen may have done is one thing. What the Catholic Church prescribes is another. And though she does recommend temporal self-chastisement to her own penitent children—though she does permit the civil power to deal with those who are severed from her communion, as with men in whom it cannot confide so much as in herself—to punish civil crimes perpetrated under colour of religion, as any other offences; even perhaps to warn the thoughtless against leaving her

her by imposing trifling penalties on disobedience;—though she sanctions the use of legitimate influence, which may be called compulsion, over those who are dependent on our will, as when infants are brought to the font, attendance of children enforced at Church, whole households of slaves baptized by order of their master, in such cases, which are not to be forgotten when compulsion in religion discussed, there is nothing to favour persecution. Her prohibition is express.* And the reason is clear; she cannot persecute in order to convert men, for a will actively hostile such punishment only exasperates; nor in order to retain men by fear within her own communion, for she cannot bless or teach where there is no bond of union but dread; nor with a view to deter others, for the suffering of martyrs excites sympathy for the offender, and imitation of the offence; nor as a mere retribution on crime, for the power of measuring crime has not been given to man; and last of all, her punishments, whatever their object, are purely spiritual; and their severity too great to require any addition. And thus far we do not think that the most violent enemy of a Church, or Church establishment, can find cause to complain.

For the next step also we shall have their concurrence. If the Church is to win back Dissenters into its communion, it must be invested with as much moral and spiritual influence as possible. It must be freed therefore from restraint upon the extension of its system; from all interference on the part of the State, which degrades its character, cripples its movements, and hides or de-faces its true aspect; from anything, in short, which makes it appear to the people, not Apostolical, but Act of Parliament Christianity. Enable the Church to multiply her bishops, both for Home and the Colonies—consult her in the appointment of them—allow her to appear before the country, as other spiritual bodies appear, in the light of an organized society with a legislative head—abstain from interfering with her internal discipline, except where she requires it herself—suspend, at any rate for a time, the annual meddling with her discipline and arrangements, which more than anything proclaims her present degradation and destroys her influence—let her act as an independent body, in matters where God himself has made her independent—and be satisfied with retaining her connexion with the State by sanctioning and supporting her acts.

And there is another reason for abstaining from, and prohibiting all interference with the Church at present, even with the best intention; that we are evidently working in the dark, very little alive to the real nature of its constitution, and doing mischief

* See Taylor's *Liberty of Prophecy* for the opinions of the primitive Church, sect. 14; Bede, *Hist. Angl.* cap. vi.

by all our attempts at external reform. To increase its stability, we cut off its bishops; to make it more popular, we destroy the funds from which its chief charities were dispensed; to strengthen the College of bishops, a Commission is framed which *pro tanto* supersedes them; to improve its discipline we propose another invasion of its episcopacy;* to augment its powers for diffusing truth,

* It is announced that the Church Discipline Bill (so called), which, we are sorry to say, was supported in the last Session of Parliament by many of the prelates, and which was prevented from passing into a law by the unwearied zeal, accurate learning, keen logic, and fervent eloquence of the Bishop of Exeter—is again to be brought forward—or something very like it—as soon as the Houses reassemble. But we believe that if such an attempt be made, several of the bishops will be found to have reconsidered the matter very seriously, and with a result extremely embarrassing to the authors of the scheme. We must in the mean time urge on the clergy, and the Christian public in general, the duty of giving full attention to the Bishop of Exeter's unanswered arguments on the whole subject—and we now subjoin for their immediate benefit—we are sorry we have not room for more—the following brief passages from one of the Appendixes to his Lordship's late invaluable CHARGE:—

‘The *external co-active* power of Ecclesiastical Courts is wholly derived from the State. The power of inflicting any punishment, immediately affecting the temporal possessions of any members of the Church—and, therefore, of those with whose case we are now concerned, ministers of the Church—we freely, dutifully, and gratefully acknowledge to hold from Her Most Gracious Majesty. The higher power of these Courts—that which reaches to the *internal* status of those whose causes are decided in them—we derive from a higher source, from “Him by whom kings reign.”

And here, while we thus dutifully and gratefully acknowledge the powers given to us by the State, I must not be afraid of saying, that the State would desert its duty, if it did not give such powers in aid of the due exercise of our Episcopal, and, therein, of our judicial functions, as, on full consideration, it shall deem necessary for that purpose. This follows, as of course, from the State's acknowledging the Church to be a branch of the Holy Apostolic Church. The government by Bishops, and the judicial power of Bishops, as necessary to the high purposes of their institution, are included in that acknowledgment. If, therefore, the present powers of Bishops, and the present constitution of the Bishops' Courts, be inadequate to the due exercise of spiritual discipline, especially in the correction of criminal Clerks, the legislature has not only the right, but the duty, of reforming those Courts. But it has not the duty, nor the right, nor, with all reverence be it spoken, the power, to transfer the inherent authority of Bishops to other persons, even though this be attempted for the laudable and pious purpose announced in the title of this Bill, viz., “for the more effectually enforcing Church discipline.”

The 26th Article says, that “it appertaineth to the Discipline of the Church, that inquiry be made of evil ministers, and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences, and finally, being found guilty, by just judgment be deposed.” By whom is this “just judgment of deposition from the Ministry” to be pronounced? Can it be by any one who is not authorised by the Church, to whose “Discipline it appertaineth?”

Again, the 33rd Article says, “the person, which, by just judgment of the Church, is rightly cut off from the unity of the Church, and excommunicated, ought to be taken by the whole multitude of the faithful as an heathen and publican, until he be openly reconciled by penance, and received into the Church by a Judge that hath authority thereunto.”

How can a Layman, receiving his authority merely from the State, be esteemed “the Church?” How can he deliver any “just judgment,” being without jurisdiction delegated to him by the Church? How can he “cut off from the unity of the Church?”

truth, we mutilate the Institutions by which the truth is preserved. Men who have studied Church History are perfectly dismayed at the mode with which our Ecclesiastical Legislation is, and will be, conducted, unless we can rouse ourselves to a sense of our ignorance, and be content to sit still for a time, till our eyes are a little more opened.

There will follow after this the duty of preserving to her all the rights, immunities, and property, which she possesses at present, preserving them on the same principle on which private rights are guarded—prescription and possession. Defend them as private property, and deal with them as other private property is dealt with, and you avoid collision with conscientious scruples, whether real or affected. You secure the support of all those who are interested in the security of their own possessions. You postpone the attack till the hour when the whole framework of society will be attacked likewise. You have a clear intelligible ground to fight on, and nothing but open profligacy to contend with. And no one, not even the wildest theorist, can charge you with departing from the legitimate functions of government. All this has been forgotten in the recent legislation on church revenues. The spiritual character of the Church has been taken as the basis of the proceeding, and its enemies have thus been permitted to take a share in their management; with about as much propriety as her Bishops might regulate the finances of Homerton or Hoxton.

And now will come the question of the pecuniary aid which must be given to assist her in her great undertaking of reclaiming

Church?" How can he thus bind? or, again, how can he "receive into the Church?" What "authority thereunto hath" he? How can he thus loose?

'That the person, to whom it is proposed to transfer this authority, is one who already holds a certain spiritual jurisdiction by commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, makes no difference whatever in the question. It would make no difference, even if the jurisdiction, which the Bill professes to confer on the Judge of the Court of Arches, were similar to that which the Archbishop's Commission has given to him. But the jurisdiction contemplated in the Bill is totally different from that which is delegated by the Archbishop—it is a jurisdiction which the Archbishop could not give—for he has it not himself—he having no original jurisdiction out of his own diocese. More than this: if given, as the Bill affects to give, it would not merge within it the jurisdiction which he already holds by delegation from the Archbishop—viz., jurisdiction in causes of appeal; but it would destroy it, for no causes of appeal to the Archbishop would remain—the Archbishop's own jurisdiction, both appellate and original, would be extinguished, and the subject delegated to his official would of course altogether vanish. In short, the Judge of the Court of Arches would be no longer an official of the Archbishop, though he might be appointed by him. His power and jurisdiction would be derived solely from Parliament, and might be transferred at pleasure by Parliament. If it be given this year to the Judge of the Court of Arches, it may be given next year to the Judge of the Court of Bankrupts, or to Her Majesty's Justices in Quarter Sessions. What is Erastianism, if this is not?"—*Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, 1839*, p. 102-104.

the

the nation to her bosom. That this aid, in order to supply even the most pressing and immediate wants of the Church, to give single pastors and single churches even to a population of a thousand, must be vast, no one seems disposed to deny. But the whole statistics of the spiritual destitution of this country, coupled with a view of what a Church establishment should be to fulfil its appointed work in such a nation as this, would present a view of its wants so enormous as almost to produce despair. The first thought of relief turns naturally to the State. It alone can command funds adequate to the emergency of the moment: and funds which can never be employed so well as in serving God, promoting piety, restoring peace and unanimity to a distracted people, teaching them obedience to man by obedience to God, and placing over their crimes and passions the best of all controls, the control of religion. But we would implore the friends of the Church to make their petition, not for a voluntary gift, but for restitution of plunder, the plunder of the Reformation; and, whatever be the form of the grant, to receive and apply it as an instalment on that enormous debt, which, if this country is ever to stand before God clear from the guilt of sacrilege, the State is bound to cancel. Although the larger part of what was seized rashly, and most wantonly misbestowed, has been dissipated and cannot be recovered—impropriations, at least, may still be redeemed. We know that it may be called mere madness to broach such a measure at present; but we hope, nevertheless, that we may yet live to see a minister of the Crown capable of taking his ground upon a proposition so clearly just.

When tithes were enforced by the State, it was as a payment already due to God from individuals, just as another debt, not as a tax. The State never possessed them, and therefore never could give them. They belonged to God.* And Ethelwolf's grant, though using the language of a gift,† was evidently founded on ecclesiastical principles, which, as Tillesley has proved by seventy-two authorities from Fathers and Councils, between the second and thirteenth century, formally asserted that tithes were of divine right. But, says Mr. Gladstone (p. 104), 'If we admit that the tithe was given by legislative enactment, still the tithe did not constitute the bulk of the wealth of the English Church; its aggrandisement was by *gifts of lands* which were notoriously and indisputably voluntary.' Subsequently to the general establishment of the tithe system the endowments for

* Tillesley's *Animadv. on Selden*, pp. 3-31; *Montague, Diatrib.*, pp. 77-79; *Collier, Eccl. Hist.* part ii., b. viii., p. 712.

† *Monast. Ang.*, vol. i. p. 100.

igion took the form of religious houses of various kinds. The only possible pretence for claiming any of these as gifts from the State is the fact of a royal foundation. But even these are proved by the terms of the charter* to have been personal acts of the king, 'pro salute animæ suæ.' They proceeded from private funds, for the king held no public purse. Some of them were only nominally founded by the sovereign; and most of these were endowed by transfer of property from other suppressed establishments, as in the case of the Templars, and alien priories and mantries, in the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Henry V., Henry VIII., and Edward VI. Yet even these are as nothing compared with acts of private devotion.

There were at the Conquest nearly 100 well-endowed abbeys,† none of which emanated from a public purse; and the following table, collected from Tanner's Preface to his *Notitia*, may give some idea of the proportion in the following reigns:—

	By Private Individuals.	By the King.
William I.	39	7
William II.	29	3
Henry I.	143	13
Stephen	138	6
Henry II.	165	8
Richard I.	52	0
John	71	4
Henry III.	211	5
Edward I.	106	1
Edward II.	44	3
Edward III.	74	3
Richard II.	22	0
Henry IV.	6	1
Henry V.	2	2
Henry VI.	31	2
Edward IV.	15	0
Henry VII.	6	4
Henry VIII. previous to the plunder	8	0

And then followed that kind of interference with the property of the Church, which is far more congenial to a Parliament than any augmentation of its funds. In 1533, 380 religious houses were seized and made over to the Crown. In 1539 the great abbeys were compelled to surrender. In 1540 the property of the Knights of St. John, to the amount of 100,000 a-year, was added to the plunder. In 1545, 90 colleges, 110 hospitals, and 2374 mantries and free chapels, were robbed and suppressed, without

* See the Charters Collected, by Prynne.

† *Monast. Angl.* vol. i. p. 9.
mentioning

mentioning the plunder of the bishoprics by Elizabeth,* the resumption of first fruits and tenths, the exchange of impropriations, and all the other acts of pillage which have settled on the church 'a perpetuity of poverty.' In short, with very few exceptions, whenever the State has made its appearance in the matter of ecclesiastical revenues, it has been as a robber. It was so in the reign of Henry IV.,† under Henry V.,‡ under Henry VIII. and the other Tudor princes, with the exception of Mary. Archbishop Bancroft's plan for providing a maintenance for the clergy, notwithstanding the exigencies of the case, they rejected with scorn.§ And wherever exceptions exist to the general inclination for pillage, they are found in the person of the monarch. It was the monarch that supported Arundel and Chichele against the House of Commons; the monarch who saved the few colleges that at the Reformation escaped the general wreck; James I., who proposed to found Chelsea College for the especial maintenance of the English Church,|| and Queen Anne, to whom we owe the only provision for the improvement of small livings.

And there are principles, on which our ancestors acted, when as individuals they devoted their wealth to God, which we may well adopt. Instead of vague schemes of benevolence evaporating in guinea subscriptions to some fashionable society, they seem to have concentrated their donations to some one spot, generally to their own homes; or to some grand institution, which by its magnitude was enabled to propagate and rear up others. They knew, as we do, that petty sums separately can effect nothing, but when collected can do much. But the corporations in whose hands they invested their donations, notwithstanding occasional abuses, were far more capable of employing them in grand schemes for the benefit of the Church, than the transient unlocalized societies of this day, with their annual committees and itinerant secretaries, and the meretricious oratory of the platform and ball-room. If small sums are to be appropriated to Church purposes without any peculiar claim on them, the bishop and chapter of the diocese are the fit body to receive and apply them. But there can rarely be cases where a man's own home, or parish, or district, is not labouring under some spiritual want; and if one thing is more striking than another in the munificence of past times in the Church, it is the grandeur of the plan on which they proceeded to supply even these with small means at their disposal. They seem to have thought it better to perfect the Church system thoroughly in one

* Collier, p. 2. b. vii. p. 669. Whitgift's Speech in Wallon's Life of Hooker.

† Walsing, Hist. Angl. p. 371.

‡ Burnet, Reform, vol. i. p. 11.

§ Collier, p. 2, b. viii. p. 697.

|| Stat. at Large, 7 James I. c. 9.

place, though many others were left wholly destitute, than to do a little everywhere and nothing fully. One strong man in perfect health is worth twenty without hands and feet; and they were undoubtedly right. They worked also in faith—that is, in confidence that means would, through some channel or another, be supplied for a good work, if the work were boldly commenced. They laid the foundations of cathedrals which it took generations to finish; they planned vast societies of which they could do little more than sow the seed. And there was no pettiness in their views. When men want trust in others, they can neither plan nor execute any great thing. Littleness and meanness are the appointed curse for this blasphemy against our nature; and littleness and meanness are stamped on nearly all acts of the present day. We think it grandeur to conceive a scheme for raising a body of clergy to a bare decency of subsistence—boldness, to preserve the ruins of things, which popular clamour would obliterate even to their very memory—absolute rashness and folly, to state the wants of the church boldly, and demand from the crown and legislature what a Christian legislature could not dare to refuse. Even a pittance, which can scarcely do more than give a morsel of bread a-piece to the parties between whom it is to be shared, is thought a prize so vast, as to justify, and even to require, spoliation, destruction, violation of oaths, annihilation of the principle of inheritance, the sacrifice of the title-deeds of church property, and all the other preludes to a vast and final revolution. In all this there is nothing great, nothing manly; and the liberality of men will never follow when greatness and manliness do not lead the way.

Unhappily, indeed, the late interference of the State with the property of the Church, and the principles on which it has been defended, have done much to dry up the spring from which its resources ought to flow; and individuals will have little encouragement to provide for the wants of their own neighbourhood, when the funds may immediately be seized by a third party for general purposes, or to lay any grand plan of their own, when the next moment it may be reduced to the same low level with everything around it—their personal benefactions and intentions be obliterated—and their gifts, instead of remaining as a grand reservoir of future benevolence, be wasted and filtered away through the sieve of a Commission.

In spite of all such discouragements, however, the duty of the churchman remains clear. Nothing that has been done can at all absolve him from his obligation. And if individual members of the Church, who are seriously bent on serving her, would let their pecuniary support take the good old form, and ap-

portion it out for its several purposes according to primitive practice; and if they would make their offerings at the altar, at that place and time where the Church contemplates receiving them—although there were very few at first to commence the work, a great step would be gained. The example would soon spread, and far more widely than we are inclined to imagine. Something would be done to atone for the profusion of wealth which is now wasted in this country on folly and vice, or almost worshipped as a God. A few, at least, would understand the right tenure of property, and their obligations to Him from whom they hold it. And a true Christian charity, quiet, unassuming, regular, and self-denying, would gradually supersede all the parade and misdirected unsuccessful bustle of modern benevolence—tavern dinners, fancy fairs, theatrical sermons, platform oratory, cathedral operas for the widows of the clergy, and balls for the education of the poor on the principles of the Established Church, and all the other schemes by which human vanity and luxuriousness are to be cheated unconsciously of their alms.

Looking to the improvement both in knowledge and feeling, which is now visible within the Church itself, no one need despair of obtaining ultimately a supply for its home wants, however large. It is one great part of the spirit of the day to distrust everything;—we want confidence—confidence in ourselves—confidence in the omnipotence of truth—confidence in the arm of Providence—and, not least, we want confidence in each other. Men speak and act for the nation as if the virtues of the nation were extinct—as if the paroxysm from which it is recovering has calcined all its old remembrances, and paralysed its noblest affections. But the British people are not yet lost; there are movements making which seem to presage a return to life; and its leaders may still appeal not only to its religion—its loyalty—its veneration for law—its indignation at wrong—its sober judgment upon men, and on their acts—but on its reviving profuseness of benevolence; and by appealing to they will cherish and extend them. Even the colonies, which present the most difficult case, might be provided for without any infringement of principle, if tithes were established and enforced as a fundamental condition on grants of land, and were secured to the clergy of the church, on principles which could not properly shock the conscience of any payer, because the charge would be laid on the estate, not on himself personally. Something of this kind was indeed attempted, by setting apart the clergy reserves. But the same neglect of divine institutions, which has led to the commutation of tithes in this country, preferred in the colonies to support the clergy by land, instead of a tenth portion of the annual pro-
duce.

duce. And it has now been found that such a system is impracticable—that it does not develop itself with the religious wants of the population—that it is precariously dependent on qualities of worldly wisdom in the clergy, which they are not likely to possess—that it opposes a bar to the free progress of improvement, excites avarice, and is easily plundered—and thus we have learned that He who formed his Church, knew better than man how to provide for its subsistence.

But the whole question of our colonial policy in matters of religion is full of anxious and melancholy reflections; and Mr. Gladstone's information is not calculated to place their prospects or our own responsibilities in a more favourable light. We have emptied the sewers of our population on two vast continents. Two gigantic empires—the Frankensteins of our own creation, which will soon turn upon the author of their being—are shooting up under our eyes, and developing, even in their infancy, a maturity of crime, and a calculating selfishness, which makes even crime more formidable. They have wealth, commerce, arts, intellect, everything which can enable them to cast their shadows on the old empires of Europe, and even to turn the balance of the world. But we have given them no religion. All sects have been fused together in their formation. The government, to meet the popular will, has abdicated its own religious functions. And we may see in them, as in a glass, the reflection of our own coming fate; with these differences, indeed, that we have thrown away, while they never possessed a Church; and that when the storm falls upon us, it must fall with tenfold fury, and find us without any shelter.

There are, indeed, many difficulties arising from our present position, which render very accurate and discriminating views necessary to trace clearly the line of duty. But still it may be traced.

For instance, while all the people were united in the body of the Church, the State assumed for granted their communion with her. It took advantage of the acts of the Church to answer purposes of its own, as in the registering births, marriages, and deaths. To prevent the clergy from abusing their spiritual power, it gave the laity a right to demand their church privileges, except where there were legally proved exceptions, as in the administration of the Communion. And it even enforced upon its subjects some acts, which as churchmen they were bound to perform, such as attendance on divine worship. We are not discussing the propriety of these measures, but they were founded on a fact which has now dwindled into a fiction. The circle of the State no longer coincides with that of the Church; and to continue to act

as if it did can only involve insult to the Church, and pain to conscientious dissenters, while it exposes the most sacred offices of religion to the charge of hypocrisy and falsehood. Great delicacy is necessary in conforming our old laws to our altered position; and one great mistake has been committed, as in the New Marriage Act—that of endeavouring to retain religion while the Church is abandoned. If marriage is not to be necessarily consecrated by the ministers appointed by God, a churchman can only regard it in the light of a civil contract. Others may invent ceremonies and ministers of their own; but not being authorised by God they cannot be pleasing to him; and we have God's own word declaring against them. But religion without a church is the maxim of the day. To-morrow, on the same principles, it will be religion without Christianity; and the next day it will come to its close, of religion without a God. If this falsehood is strenuously excluded—if the conscience of the Church, as well as that of dissenters, is relieved by no longer insisting on her treating those who are without her pale as if they were within it—and the dissenter is allowed to follow his own will without the State either approving or obstructing it, except by the silent admonition and protest of its own open adherence to the Church—no one can complain. And however melancholy the thought that the estrangement in religion exists, it will be possible to live through it, without a daily collision, and without any compromise of church principles on the part of the legislature. For the Church-membership of the State does not consist in all the people being churchmen, any more than the holiness and truth of the Church consists in all her members being perfect. If the governor governs as a member of the Church, it is enough. The whole body, by the acknowledged system of God's dealings, are included in the head, and the nation is yet safe.

Upon the same principle, there is no intrinsic violation of right principles in employing men of erroneous religious opinions even in the highest offices of the State, *provided* a majority of churchmen is secured, and no danger exists to the cause of truth. The measure of this danger, not any abstract principle—still less the notion of punishment which dissenters are so fond of assuming, that they may rail against persecution—is the rule of exclusion. And so it has practically been. Theodosius, who excluded heretics from high state offices, compelled them to serve in the army.* Arcadius excluded them from the household;† but this was only done when recent plots had been discovered.

* Codex, Theod., xli.; Tit. v. xliii.

† Socrates, lib. i. c. 7; see also Codex, Theod., xvi.; Tit. vi. 42. Bingham, *Ecl. Antiq.*, b. xvi. c. ii. § 5.

So Elizabeth composed her first council both of Protestants and Papists; but selected her cabinet-council from Protestants only.* Thus Roman Catholic peers sat originally in the English parliament after the Reformation, until the 30th of Charles II.; and the successive bills of exclusion from office, from coming near the court, or even near the metropolis, were introduced, not as carrying out a principle, but as necessary precautions against popery and foreign influence. Danger, indeed, must always exist in admitting to power persons of erroneous religious principles. And this is to be well weighed. But this, and not an abstract duty, like that which would prevent our associating with an excommunicated person, is the measure of exclusion. It may, therefore, be balanced by other dangers, and fairly become a question of expediency, without compromising the conscience of the legislator. And much the same may be said of the establishment of different religions within the same realm. There is no violation of the national conscience in finding a sect in possession of property and privileges, and not uselessly endeavouring to disturb it by external force.

We have now touched on the principal questions connected with the relations of the Church and the State; and if the view thrown out is true, the conclusion will at least be satisfactory to conscientious legislators, who are embarrassed by their attachment to the Church and the pressure of Dissent. It is, that the State can do, and ought to do, but little, except in repairing injuries which it has itself inflicted; that the Church must help herself. Without her own efforts, not all the powers of despotism could preserve her as an establishment. With them, and with a blessing upon them, she may still win back the people, and restore herself to her rightful influence. Her laity must supply funds; her bishops a right scheme of distribution; her clergy, severally and personally, make her presence and value felt throughout every parish in the country. Those who have fallen from her communion by an ill-regulated piety must be recalled by greater earnestness, by more frequent devotion, and the restoration of primitive zeal and elevation in her offices. Those who have erred in ignorance of her claims must be taught them without any longer suppressing them from false delicacy; and these claims must be especially enforced on the attention of the clergy themselves. For others, who have become dissenters from the want of church accommodation, new churches are rising daily; and every year we hope they will improve, both in number and in the character of their architecture, and exhibit fewer symptoms of our parsimony in religion, while we are extravagant in our per-

* Camden's Elizabeth, p. 18; Collier's Eccles. Parl. ii, b, vi.

sonal luxury. The edifice of the Church is to the popular eye the best representative of the society itself; and too much pain can scarcely be taken to give it a solemn and worthy character.

For increasing the efficacy of our parochial system, and particularly for multiplying our clergy, several valuable hints have been recently given in an essay by Mr. Wilberforce. And a reference to those early times when the Church, as at present, was struggling for existence in the midst of an estranged population will supply many more. Her struggle was then successful; and at any rate, by following her principles, we shall escape the risk of substituting fancies of our own for the guide which God has given us.

In restoring also the polity of the Church to efficacy, little is required from the State. Instead of reviving the convocation, which is rather a political than ecclesiastical body, and the history of which is full of warnings against a restoration of its functions, the bishops form already the natural council of the Church, and they have the assistance of their chapters. The clergy can gather round them without any external assistance. And they can also do voluntarily—what will contribute more than anything to bring out the true character of the Church before the nation—they can of themselves transfer to the Church the funds and energies now misdirected to the support of voluntary societies. Voluntary societies are the chief obstruction to a right view of the Church. We want no new combination of Christians for propagating the Gospel, or diffusing Christian knowledge, or converting the Jews, or building schools; no Bible societies or Temperance societies, or anti-cruelty to animals' societies, or peace and war societies. We have already a society formed for these very purposes by God himself. The Church comprehends them all; and the system of the Church, its Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with officers appointed by the Church, are a far better machinery to accomplish its ends than all the committees and secretaries that ever met on the platform of Exeter-Hall. Efforts have been recently made to remodel some of these societies, so as to reconcile them with the institutions of the Church, and we trust they will be continued and succeed.

Still the Church has a great work to do. She has to animate her own members with a right spirit of attachment and obedience to herself. She has to restore many valuable portions of her ecclesiastical system, which were too rudely swept away at the Reformation. She has to make good her own claims to be a true branch of the Catholic Church, the one appointed minister of God in this country, and to recover her title-deeds to these privileges by resting her claims no longer on what is called 'rational evidences'—that is, on the opinion of the individual whom she addresses—

but

but on external historical testimony. She has to stimulate the indifferencism of the day with a grander development of all her civil and spiritual functions ; to crush its Utilitarianism with a nobler system of ethics ; to face the high intellectual Pantheism of Germany with a profounder and more elevated philosophy ; to compete with its sceptical criticism and learning ; to expose the shallowness of the literature under which the present generation has been raised, and to provide for it a new literature—new history, new poetry, new tales of fiction, new philosophy—which may be content to hold its proper position of subordination to the teaching of the Church, and yet may answer all the demands of reason, imagination, and affections in civilised man. She has to bring under her own eye the education of the middle as well as of the lower classes, and to frame for them a system of instruction at once sound in principle and commensurate with the wants of the times. She has, moreover, to temper and regulate the enthusiasm of her own younger adherents ; to prevent them from hoping or attempting too much ; and to keep them humble and patient, without any diminution of zeal. The very extent of conversion which she is bound to contemplate is scarcely less than that which lay before the view of the early Church.

Already churches in other countries are looking to *ours* as a centre and head ; and great minds, such as before this have been raised up in the Church, will not shrink from the post. And when they see in her the strongest and most perfect existing representative of the Catholic Christianity of old ; when they consider her national resources ; the means still left her of communication ; the Providence which watched over her preservation amidst the convulsions of the Reformation ; the unlooked-for energy which is now developing itself within her bosom ; her position in the centre of the world, and the safe shelter which she offers from both the vices of the day—from both the slavery and the licentiousness of religion—they will think nothing beyond her grasp. The work may seem impossible—neither history nor prophecy may encourage any hope of success—but she is bound, humbly, patiently, and prudently, to contemplate the whole range of her duties ; and those duties admit nothing short of the promulgation of truth over all the world, the reunion and hearty co-operation of every branch of the Catholic Church, and the reduction of every profession of Christianity into the bosom of one communion. And the first step in such a work is not the least difficult. It is to imbue our own minds with the true principles and spirit of conversion, to look on our own errors and perfect our own system first ; then to take up our position as a part of the Catholic Church, and fortify ourselves with all its resources, instead of trusting

trusting to our own strength; then to fix on the good and not on the evil of opponents; to shake off resolutely all vulgar prejudice and abuse, and see in dissent of all kinds, in popery as well as ultra-Protestantism, not merely error and fanaticism, or self-will, but also great truths misunderstood, high feelings wrongly directed, right principles misapplied to facts, and energies which, properly trained, will lead by their own impulse to a Catholic faith. The social ecclesiastical spirit of Romanism is a part of true Christianity—the personal spiritual piety of Dissent is another. Let each be retained, each encouraged, and made, as far as may be, the bond of union with ourselves. Show the Romanist that social religion must be lost without personal piety, and the Dissenter that personal piety implies attachment to a church, and some progress has been made to reconcile them without compromise. Do not insist on identity of those forms and opinions, which are in truth only forms and opinions; but raise up the ancient Church as a standard of reference to both—obligatory in matters of faith, authoritative in all things. And Popery may then be cleared of the corruptions of a spiritual despotism, and Protestantism recalled from its abuse of individual speculation to the acknowledgment of an external law.

And there is one more thing to be remembered, which must check all harshness, rash interference, impatience, want of charity. The dissenters with whom we have to deal are few, very few of them, guilty of that crime most obnoxious to the mind of a churchman—heresy. They may be in error—they may have lost sight of the Church—they may be following their own fancies instead of the positive truths of God—but they are professing an hereditary religion, and even their self-dependence has been received as a maxim from their parents. There can be no true Christianity in which this principle of an hereditary faith is not respected—no sound conversion which would set it at nought. Children are not to be raised up against their parents; nor parents against their spiritual teachers. But the teachers are first to be won over, and then the whole communion will follow, without dislocating any ties of nature, or setting an example of rebellion which will soon produce its fruit, rebellion against the hand which instigated it.

But we must not enter farther into a subject so wide and requiring such accurate discussion, as the right principles of toleration. Let men look to the colonies, and they may there learn the toleration which is now practised under a Sovereign sworn to maintain and defend the one true faith and the one true church. But assuredly we do require that some searching trial be made of principles which, commencing with the abandonment of persecution, have ended in the indiscriminate propagation of acknowledged

ledged falsehoods. Somewhere or another we must have passed the line which separates right from wrong, and to establish it again distinctly may not be easy. Contingencies may be imagined, when even in the support of truth a government may be bound to do that which will seem to support error—as a man bound not to encourage vice is yet bound to save a vicious man from starvation, or as the payment of a debt may be obligatory on us, though we know the creditor will misapply his money when he gets it. But between this and the spontaneous declaration that all sects and opinions in religion stand on the same footing and deserve equal encouragement, there is a great gulf; and if anything were wanted to show the haze and mist which hangs over truth and reason in our days, it would be that we have passed it imperceptibly. No warning voice has been raised; and the government is now openly engaged in committing the first and greatest of human crimes—first and greatest we know, because the first denounced in the decalogue—the open propagation of errors—errors in religion—errors in respect to the nature and attributes and will of God—the propagation of it wilfully and deliberately, and accompanied with the profession of a true faith—in the hope of promoting peace and conciliating loyalty—with Maynooth, and Irish tranquillity before their eyes—as if Canada was not revolting—or the Chartist rebellion was not planned in Socialist chapels licensed by a British sovereign for a worship of atheism.

ART. VI.—*Ernest, or Political Regeneration.* (No date or Publisher's name.)

THIS book—if indeed it has ever been *published*, according to the strict meaning of the term—has been withdrawn from circulation. We know not whether the author has been actuated by prudence, by apprehension of legal consequences, or, as we would willingly hope, by some natural misgivings as to the soundness, the wisdom, and, above all, the real Christianity of views, which—with the profoundest veneration, as asserted, for the gospel of Christ—must lead to that which is most abhorrent to the spirit of Christ—to anarchy, plunder, massacre—to the total extinction of mutual love between the separate orders of the community—to universal penury, universal misery, strife without limit, and, finally, to the worst and blindest tyranny, that of brute force, or the deepest subtlety. The book is printed in the cheapest form, in a small size, and on wretched paper, whether from the poverty of those who alone could be induced to venture on its publication,

or

or with the original design of dissemination at a low price: it is executed with the utmost inaccuracy, so as, in truth, to do little justice to the talents of the author. The printer seems to have been ever and anon seized with trepidation at the startling doctrines which he was employed to set up, and sometimes to have let the types fall at random from his trembling hand.

'ERNEST' is the Chartist epic poem. It represents the growth, the heroic struggles, the triumph of Chartism. The 'Political Regeneration,' of which the author would be the prophetic seer, is the seizure and re-distribution of all landed property—the pensioning off the present landed proprietors on a pittance which may just secure them, but no more, against starvation;—the abolition of the Church, and the institution of a new voluntary system, which, however, obliges every one to pay to some form of worship;—universal suffrage,—and the direct administration of the government, it does not quite clearly appear in what manner, by the sovereign people. How the new Agrarian law is to be carried into execution seems likewise, though some provisions are made to that effect, in no slight degree obscure: whether there is to be a general scramble,—whether the cultivators of each farm are to share it among them—in which case we may anticipate (notwithstanding the elders appointed to decide all controversies) some little jealousy, and possibly some hard words and hard blows, as to the richer fields and the homestead—or whether the whole is to be divided by some general commission, which, we think, may, in the same manner, be somewhat perplexed by conflicting claims, and, as its sub-divisions must be rather minute, with all its republican equality, will not be very likely to satisfy the demands upon it. Indeed, it seems doubtful how upon these poetical principles there is to be any property in land. It is distinctly declared that the produce *only* can belong, and must belong of right, to him who tills the soil. The right of property is nevertheless asserted, not merely in the produce of artisan and manufacturing labour, but in all which is necessary to make *such* labour productive. We hear nothing, at present, of the partition of cotton-mills, or magazines of manufactured goods, or workshops. About funded property there is the same wary, or perhaps, significant silence. Whether to avoid these questions, or from other prudential motives, the scene of this glorious regeneration of mankind is laid in Germany, and the heroes have their euphonous names borrowed from German romance or history. But that all has a latent and but dimly concealed allusion to our own country is beyond a doubt. The grievances are such as have arisen, or have been supposed to arise, out of English institutions. It is the existing form of English society

society which constitutes the whole framework of the action. It is the English magistrate, the English constable, and, by a very bold stretch of poetic imagination, the English soldier, who is discomfited in the insurrection: the dissenting teacher, the prodigal young nobleman who becomes a patriot, the organised band of religious enthusiasts, the smugglers, and even the mad fanatics, who are the Achilles, the pious Æneas, and the Tancred of the revolutionary epic, are, in all their acts, thoughts, and words,—in everything excepting, we will aver, in their principles—genuine English.

But why do we notice a poem thus, by our own statement, so extravagant in its political views, and so abhorrent from that attachment to public order, to gradual improvement, to Christian peace, and Christian virtue and piety, which we profess, and profess, we trust, with conscientious sincerity? Why do we give enlarged currency to opinions which we honestly believe to be dangerous and even fatal to society? What right have we to drag before the tribunal of public opinion—the public opinion of those who coincide with ourselves, but indeed of all the leading parties in the country, Whig, and probably almost every Radical of any note, as well as Conservative—an author who, either from caution, better sense, or better feeling, has retreated into his sanctuary of silence and privacy? We will not condescend to the paltry plea, that large passages of his poem have already been quoted and commented on in a periodical work;* nor hint any suspicion (for which we have, we acknowledge, not the slightest grounds) that the poem *may* still be rapidly and extensively, though cautiously and secretly, disseminated in the lower strata of society, or among the initiates. Our justification to the public is the fearful importance of the present crisis—to the author, our unfeigned admiration of his genius. If there be danger even in the narrow circulation of such works—if the composition of such a poem be a menacing and awful sign of the times, let us know the full extent of our danger. Let there be no timid suppression; let the friends of the constitution, of order, of religion, even more of property and the security of life, know who are for and who are against them. It is the object which is dimly seen, not that which stands in the full light of day, which is more terrible: if there be no great danger, disperse the clouds which have magnified it to the view; if there be, follow the same course, and so only will you be prepared manfully to confront it. These are the very principles which have but now suddenly burst upon us in frightful action, and produced streams

* See *The Monthly Magazine*, edited by Mr. J. A. Heraud, No. CLXIII., for July, 1839.

of blood in the streets of one of our peaceful towns, by which some infatuated men have been led to sacrifice their lives in a wild insurrection, and more may have to answer to the violated laws of their country on the scaffold. Let us know, then, how far these lawless notions prevail; by what manner of men they are held; by what powers of intellect they are vindicated; by what charm of eloquence or imagination they are commended to the popular ear. Let the people of England, the real people, know the choice which is set before them,—the social state of England as it is, or as it may become by the gradual improvement of its existing institutions—or a fierce and sanguinary convulsion, which will level to the earth every bulwark of property or life, and substitute—all-seeing Providence can alone foretell, should such desolation take place, what length of anarchy, or what final restitution of order.

We have said that our high admiration of his genius is our justification to the author for thus arresting him in his retreat, and summoning him to appear, after he has withdrawn his own plea, at the bar of public judgment. We repeat these strong expressions, which—however as to the present work we may hereafter modify them by pointing out its great faults as a poem, as well as a social theory—on the general estimate of his powers, and his promise of better things, we are not in the least disposed to retract. He will not misunderstand our praise, as either a timid deprecation of his hostility to our opinions, or an attempt to bring him over to our side by the bland adulation of literary compliment. However flattering it may be to an author to have his claims to imagination, power, and poetic talent recognised in the quarter where he would expect every ear to be deaf to the sweet sound of his enchantments; however seductive it may be to find the way smoothed for his acceptance among a higher class of admirers than he can have ventured to anticipate—he is not, we conceive, of the stuff to be won over by such smooth overtures for pacification. If he himself, on mature deliberation, does not see the tendency of his own opinions—if he does not calmly, conscientiously repudiate what we do not doubt that he has conscientiously espoused, we neither expect, nor indeed do we wish, to receive a renegade, so cheaply bought, or so easily won. Our hopes of his future poetic eminence would be as entirely blasted, as our respect for his character would be lowered, by such a mean apostasy. In our recognition, our free, our cheerful recognition of his claims as a poet, he has but his right:—and if a friendly feeling, a sentiment of heartfelt interest in his fame and in his happiness cannot but blend with our admiration of the many noble sentiments, the gleams of kindlier and gentler affections,

affections, the touches of tenderness, the glimpses of vigorous good sense, the earnest, though, we think, most erring faith; aye, if we cannot but feel a profound sympathy with the very principle of all his illusions, his imaginative vision of some glorious era of human freedom and happiness; if we cannot but yearn to him as to a man of great and noble gifts, of generous desires, of lofty intentions—we will not debase him by persuading to any sacrifice inconsistent with the dignity and independence of his character.

This only will we urge, with a deep and solemn earnestness, that, before he sets his popularity and his fame, his happiness and his peace of mind, even his life itself, upon this hazard—(for he cannot refuse to maintain in action what he enforces with such daring energy in words; the trumpeter who sounds to battle must share in the perils of the fray; he cannot be so dastardly as to push others on to beard the lion in his den, while he remains in his safe and quiet retirement without)—before he incurs the awful responsibility at a still higher and more inevitable tribunal, of having assisted to plunge his country in havoc and bloodshed, of having been the cause of cutting off thousands of innocent lives—of degrading the noblest people upon earth to a race of lawless savages, driven by ruin and universal penury to prey upon each other—we would but implore him to weigh once more, calmly and dispassionately, the justice, the wisdom, the Christianity of his present views. Let him, as a reasoning and honest man, represent to himself both sides of the question: the reality and extent of the evils which he would remedy—the probability that these evils would be entirely removed by his bold specific, and not succeeded by still worse. Let him question himself whether he does not allow his ardent spirit to be imposed upon by words of glorious sound indeed, but of which the sense is not quite the same with the sound: if his hatred, his holy hatred, as he conceives, of certain evils of our existing society, is not, in fact, a blinder, more unreasoning, more un-Christian passion—whether his love for man's social and eternal welfare is not altogether visionary—whether, in fact, his splendid dream of the improvement of mankind, if it be ever realized, is so likely to burst out in full glory from the bosom of a black and desolating thunder-cloud, as from the gradual and more equable dissemination of light. Let him send out his imagination, which he has followed with such fearful acquiescence in the reality of its reports concerning the present and the future, upon a second mission. Let it by its kindling illuminations bring out the bright as well as the dark places of our present social system. Let it not overleap, or linger but for an instant in, the perilous gulf through which we must pass to arrive at his Utopia.

Let

Let it dwell a while on the long and horrible conflicts which must take place, the years of civil war, before the *avatar* of political regeneration, to which he looks forward, can take place. A revolution, not in the right of suffrage, but in the whole property of a country like England, is not to be effected by the repulse of a county magistrate and a few constables—of an ill-disciplined yeomanry—no, nor even, if we could have the slightest fears of such an event, by the defeat or treachery of a few soldiers. Above all, let him survey, again and again, the pillars of his new polity. The author has the good sense to see that such a circumstance could not take place without the assistance of vast numbers of loose, lawless, unprincipled men, of smugglers, of poachers, of desperate fanatics. It is certainly a splendid conception to suppose all these worthies bowing at once to the commanding voice of the general will; submitting themselves to the self-denying ordinances of justice, humanity, and peace; not demanding any undue share of the common plunder; overawed by the solemn equity which prevails in the new councils; and putting off at once their rabid desires for pillage, bloodshed, and revenge, which have, up to the moment of triumph, been held such genuine patriotism. Having been taught and led to practice such noble lessons of respect for property and life; having been instructed to seize the land of the proprietor, they are to respect the corn of the husbandman, or the flock of the shepherd; having pillaged the landlord, to spare the manufacturer. Behold them, with some simultaneous impulse, subsiding into a quiet contented life, on the very scanty produce of their own industry, and becoming at once orderly, unambitious, well-regulated citizens. Let the poet follow out a little, and embody in shape and form some of the invariable proceedings of anarchy—a spirit easily raised by the potent conjuration of man, but which requires a higher power—a power for whose protection there must be a better guarantee than the faith of a fierce fanaticism—to awe into peace.

The composition of 'Ernest' is in some degree in harmony with its wild political theory. Its style is as lawless as its object. Blank verse is dropped occasionally for wild lyrical measures; but on this it is not worth while to dwell. In the main narrative, to passages of clear passionate eloquence, sweet and true description, occasionally of tender feeling, succeed turbid and obscure pages, where rude and incongruous metaphors are gathered in loud and disorderly strife, and images crowd upon each other in such strange tumult, that we long, if we thought that we should be heard, to read the Riot-act of sober criticism. Throughout the perusal there is a constant feeling of misapplied force, and misgoverned and misdirected energy. The author is ever and anon working
himself

himself up to causeless passion; and that passion either cannot find words, or breaks out into a kind of stormy riot, of which we cannot trace the meaning. The blank verse, which sometimes flows on with a rich and varied cadence, seems suddenly to become impatient of control, not merely of the more arbitrary regulations of metre, but of those eternal laws of harmony which are the inborn and indispensable music of poetry. Lines of harsh, abrupt, and rugged structure constantly arrest us, and jar upon our ear; though, in justice, we must repeat that the printer seems to have as little notion of subordination as the writer. But it is in the conduct of the story, and in the characters, that the strength and the extravagance of the author are most strikingly manifest. It is as extraordinary that a poem of such length, with so little action, with so few incidents to animate so vast a mass of harangue, and observation, and description, should maintain anything like interest, as that such appalling sentiments and opinions should permit us to sink into placid insensibility, from the proximity to which they are drawn out. A man must be an ardent admirer of poetry or of Chartistism to pursue his unflagging course through the twelve books of 'Ernest.' Its dangerousness is combated by its immense bulk: if it were reduced by one-half, it would be much finer, and much more mischievous. But it is the great proof of the extraordinary powers of the poet that he has been able to throw a grandeur and beauty over the heroes of his tale. Reduced to their unpoetic and unimaginative description, they are a young self-educated dissenting teacher of a few humble and ignorant peasants; a ruined farmer, who has lost his property in a tithe-suit with a tyrannical rector; a spendthrift nobleman, who, having run through his patrimonial wealth, retires to a cottage, and vindicates his right of poaching on his neighbours' estates. These, with Lucy, the daughter of the farmer—for whose affections there is a rivalry between the preacher and the Count—a shepherd, a harper, and a few more subordinate characters, form the heroes of the Chartist epic. We object not, of course, to the station of these personages. The poet has a right to create his own aristocracy. We require not either our narrative poetry or our stage to confine itself to kings and nobles. It is a proof that the poet possesses the real magic of his art, that he can array in mental grandeur, or awaken impressive interest in favour of those, who, by their position and station, cannot command it. We protest, with most republican earnestness, against the oligarchical principle, that what is lowly must be vulgar. Vulgarity is of all ranks and orders; and if it offends in a poem, it is the vulgarity of the poet's mind, not that of his subject; even as it is his true nobility and delicacy of sentiment

timent and feeling which may make a gentleman or a patrician of the most humbly born or the poorest of mankind. But our great objection to these characters—and if we were chartist readers we should feel the objection more strongly—is, that not one of the poet's heroes is enlisted in his cause by free, spontaneous, or unselfish motives. Personal grievances, and grievances which, after all, do not necessarily arise out of the social system against which they rebel, are the first actuating principles of their patriotism. They are all soured by petty evils into apostles of freedom: they do not receive that inspiration from deep and intent meditation, or from an enforced and deliberate conviction of the rectitude of their intentions, but from personal disappointments and resentment against individuals.

‘The world is not their friend, nor the world's law:’

therefore they will convulse the world, and abrogate the law, or make a new code, which, while it shall be their own very good friend, may turn its hostile aspect on those whom law now protects and favours.

It may be said that all characters, even the noblest, receive their bias from the small, and sometimes almost imperceptible, incidents of their lives. We are the slaves of circumstances; and though the soul, like the flint, may be instinct with the brightest fire, it is not till it is struck by some rude collision that it bursts out in its glow and splendour. The poet, therefore, has sacrificed effect to truth; and his object may have been to show that the slightest acts of oppression or injustice may awaken antagonists, who, but for that apparently trivial act, would have slumbered on in undangerous inactivity or careless apathy.

‘*Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*’

The compassion even of true patriotism for the injuries of our fellow-creatures may be first awakened, or at least strengthened, by the sense of our own. It is the actual experience of individual suffering which in general goads to insurrection: a man learns, by tasting it himself, how bitter is the cup of slavery to his neighbours. There is, no doubt, much in this: but when such long and cherished resentments are assigned to remote causes; when the whole character receives its colouring from incidents of unmerited suffering, and all this is brought to bear on the greatest political questions, there should be some ultimate connexion—some kind of proportion to the important events to which they lead. The crime which is to be so severely visited on an aristocracy ought to be a real crime, directly arising out of their political position, not a mere anomalous and accidental cause of offence, which might happen in any order or class of any society.

Arthur

Arthur Hermann (the preacher) is certainly the noblest, and, on the whole, the most disinterested of these heroes; but his aversion to the inequality of ranks arises out of his being received as companion to some youths of wealth and rank, with whom he quarrels, as the best-conditioned youths may, and beats the young squire to a mummy. The parents are very wroth at this, order the boy a severe flogging, and turn him out of doors. Now this, no doubt—as they do not seem to inquire into the right or the wrong in the original quarrel—was very cruel and unjust; and since young squires, and even young noblemen, as the annals of our public schools will testify, are often much benefited by a good thrashing from a humbler but more spirited boy, the parent squire would have been, perhaps, wiser if he had settled the matter more amicably. Still foolish parents, in all ranks, will be angry when they see their children maltreated; and the boy who, in the lowest village school, should happen to leave very severe marks of punishment on his school-fellow, though in a fair stand-up fight, had better keep out of the way of the tigress mother or the savage father, or he may bitterly rue his own prowess. This, however, though it does not much justify his subsequent patriotic measures, was not perhaps unlikely to produce the effect assigned to it on a youth of Hermann's peculiar temperament and situation. But there is something more unsatisfactory in his conduct in joining the conspirators: he demurs at first, and by that loses his hopes of farmer Hess's daughter, and only appears to join them in a fit of indignation, because his own father, thinking himself ill-used by old Hess, in not allowing him a sufficiently prominent part in the affair, determines to betray them. He then, apparently without any fresh reasons for his conviction, plunges headlong into the midst of the plot. Now, this may be very generous, as concerns his endangered friends, but not quite so as regards the unhappy landholders, whom, from this time, he thinks himself justified in devoting to massacre. It is true that the magistrates are represented as the aggressors: that is, they attempt to disperse an illegal meeting by a few constables; but they do so because rebellion is manifest, is avowed. Hermann, however, as far as appears, on this petty provocation, on this accidental turn of affairs, becomes profoundly convinced of the justice of his cause: the Preacher, according to the poet's language, 'of faith, the gospel, and love,' becomes the head of a body of blood-thirsty insurgents, stifles all remorse, enlists the worst ruffians in his cause, and actually persuades himself that all the while he 'is doing God service'—God, the Father of *Him*, who, when he was oppressed and afflicted, opened not his mouth; who was welcomed on earth by angels, as the Prince of Peace. And all this justified

by a wild misapplication of the prophetic text, which showed that Christianity, on its first promulgation, was likely to be a cause of discord: 'I am not come to send peace upon earth, but a sword.'

In fact, in the Chartist Poem, as in every Chartist insurrection, there is no case made out which can enlist the sympathies of any generous or wise lover of freedom. There is no real evidence of any grievance which really or necessarily arises out of the social institutions. God knows that much evil, much tyranny, much individual suffering must exist under our present political arrangements, as in what state of human society will there not be? We know who has said that 'offences will come:'—but every incident which works up these men to their deeds of blood is the act of some individual who might fairly be rejected by his class or order as their representative: the social arrangement gives him indeed, or seems to give, the power of indulging his proud and unjust and inhuman disposition; but, until pride and injustice and inhumanity are extinguished in the human heart, (and when will that be?) is there any conceivable social system where they will never find occasion for their outbreak, where they will be so entirely suppressed by the vigilance of law, or the authority of opinion, as to be in no instance injurious to individual welfare or to individual feeling? We deny not that some political institutions foster these vices more than others, but before they are assumed as their natural fruits, they must be shown to be their necessary, or at least general and ordinary results. But in fact, the author of '*Ernest*,' though he represents these secret motives as operating on the development of his character, when he comes to the full and explicit assertion of his principles, avows them in the plainest, the most naked, most abstract truth. It is a calm and deliberate declaration of war against property; an assertion that the earth and the fullness thereof belongs to *the people*; that the French Revolution committed its fatal error in not seizing and confiscating at once all landed property. It is one axiom of the new political scheme, that property in land (of course tithe is an impious as well as an unjust and inhuman demand) is an usurpation upon the common rights of the inhabitants of any country. No matter how the land has been obtained, by what title it is held;—whether it has been originally brought into cultivation and productiveness by the dexterity or the skill of his owner or his ancestors; whether it is held by purchase; whether it belongs to some Arkwright or some Watt, who has increased the national wealth by countless millions—who by his skill and wonderful invention has brought comfort and comparative luxury into the reach of myriads:—if *he* has vested some part of his hard-earned, though splendid profits, in land,
he

he shares the common spoliation. Possession is the crime which warrants confiscation; it is an unjust, and unjustifiable—yes—even a punishable and wicked invasion of the rights of man. For monstrous as all this may seem, we are not arrived at the worst; the whole sentiment of the poem enforces a rancorous hatred and implacable feeling of revenge against these usurpers of the public property. The ban is upon them as a class and an order; if they are not permitted to starve, this is considered as treating them with an excess of generous humanity, and a bounty which they had no right to expect. They may have been the best of men, but they are landed proprietors or tithe-holding parsons; away with them, why cumber they the ground? They may be descended from the most popular families, and be the lineal representatives of the boldest and most consistent asserters of popular rights; they may have all the blood of the Russells and Sidneys in their veins; they may have shown in themselves the best patent of nobility, purity of character, the most self-devoted philanthropy, the most lavish beneficence; yet they presume to hold their paternal acres by a parchment title; they actually live on the ungodly profit called rent—the remorseless proscription levels all. He that cultivates the soil alone has a right to the soil; (what is to be done if another wishes to cultivate it, and therefore claims an equal right, does not appear to have been a contingency contemplated under the new system);—to the fire with all title-deeds. Jack Cade's orders to pull down the Courts of Law are unnecessary; they must fall of themselves—there is but one tenure, that of having driven the plough through the field—but if two men happen to drive their plough through the same field, what then?

We are far from asserting that it has ever entered into the Author's imagination that a clergyman of the Church of England, corrupted as he is to his heart's core by the vitiating habit of receiving tithes, can be otherwise than an object of just and unmitigated abhorrence;—that there are men, hundreds of men, gentlemen by birth, scholars by education, meek, holy, self-denying men, who are devoting their whole lives to the moral and religious improvement of their flocks; who are of very various shades of character, and, on some points, of doctrine, so that some at least must approximate to the truth; who in fact spend twice as much of their own upon the objects of their calling, upon charity, education of the poor, and other sacred objects, as the ill-gotten and extorted income which they obtain from their parish. But can virtue, can holiness, can real Christian zeal and love exist in a man who has his mark upon a sheaf which he has not sowed, or a hay-cock which he has not mown? In sad and awful

truth, the whole political theory is simply—you have, and we want to have! we are (at least so we suppose) the strongest, because we are the most numerous—you have had your turn, now is ours—and till this is done, till the sovereign people is installed in its rights, plunder is law—revenge is virtue—insurrection, patriotism—massacre, Christianity.

We must take refuge from the appalling thoughts which its whole theory suggests in some of the gentler and more pleasing passages of the poem itself.

It commences with the description of a wild and tempestuous night, by which Frederick Hess is overtaken on his return to his peaceful home and the bosom of his family: he arrives and is welcomed by his wife.

‘But who shall lay such load upon his wit
To paint their meeting? Happy they who feel,
And all as irksome he who would fain tell.
And they are breathing warm, soul into soul,
Confused in spiritual joy; locked in embrace
As though they held their world of happiness
By that dear clasp. Where is it fled, the woe,
That late o’erwhelmed them? Nay, what heightens bliss
Call it not woe; for our ills do but wait
Upon our blessings, as the Ethiop,
Swart eunuch, on the sultan’s sunless fair,
Making grace goodlier.’—pp. 10, 11.

She insists on his changing his clothes, and all this homely domestic scene is drawn with so much truth and simplicity (though here and there perhaps with an expression rather too strong to be in keeping) as to remind us of that tone of common-life reality which Goethe has so well thrown into his Herman and Dorothea.

‘Then wanted not
Embraces mutual, joy in disarray,
Conflict tumultuous: long ’twas ere he freed
His wife from the soft bond of his embrace
And turned away, there to distribute his love
Where ’twas next due: redoubling kiss on kiss
’Mong prattling lips: asking and answering
All in one breath. But she, the wife, meantime,
As is her sex, more lively changeable,
O’erpowered by the warm gush of her own heart,
Sank on her chair in silent pensiveness
Of prayer; then her soul, deep from within,
Breathed itself forth pure as from angel lips;
And her thanksgiving doubled to her heart
The blessing that it owed. Duty well done
Is joy well earned; and a glad wife was she,

When,

When, her devotion o'er, she rose again,
To do whate'er her husband's hungry need
Demanded done.'—p. 12.

The following is a successful imitation, as it seems to us, of
viper:—

'Anon the kettle breathed
Its invitation to familiar rites;
First gently murmuring with rise and fall
And stop, as who preludes before he plays;
Then blowing a more moody and deeper blast,
As summoning its strength, 'till at the last,
Brooking no more delay, it boils amain
Impatient, as the enthusiast Pythoness,
Of his hot fumes. The housewife heard well pleased
That challenge.'—p. 13.

'Then a short pause
By talk made shorter ere she 'gan dispense
Her gracious drink; that gracious drink transfused
Into its cognate cups of far Cathay,
And blended there with cream, soft temperature,
Its virgin harshness changed to a gentler kind,
Inviting taste—nor needed urgency
To strain the invitation; as when erst
Mad revelry, with stress that more beseems
The hangman's office and the poisoned cup,
Would force its swilling potion down the throat
Of the abject drunkard. Hail, thou blessed plant;
Sacred to comfort and complacency,
Gentle refreshment! sure some providence,
Wiser than Pallas and more loving far,
Created thee to countervail the curse
Of that luxurious vine, whose first effect
(Type of its proofs in all futurity)
Redounded to its Patriarch Author's shame,
Perverting reverence and pious dues
To ribald leer and rank obscenity,
Clean against nature. Then must grace go out
When riot rules: but thou dost still repress
Each passion in its dark cell of the brain,
There to lie still; whispering in the ear
Of mad distemperature a voice of calm,
Rebuking all misrule. Sure it was thou,
Though strangely named, didst once reform the crew
Of old Ulysses to humanity
From bestial lewdness, so reclaiming back
By thy mild potency those haggard souls;
And rendering them to their reason again,
Forgotten and foregone. Then was joy rife,

'Neath

'Neath that poor thatch—the minutes winged their way
 Like a glad dream—sportive as fairy sprites
 Dancing at eve with feet that but provoke
 The springy grass to rise against their tread,
 Leaving no trace. Their joy blazed as a star,
 Needing nought else to feed it—from each brow
 To each reflected, glancing eye from eye,
 Well had it lusted every nook of the room,
 Though light beside were none. Howled the fierce storm,
 Shaking the stanchions, beating 'gainst the door,
 Like to a maniac; aye howl away
 In frustrate fury, for that din the more
 Endears our warm security within;
 To think what we might be, doubles the bliss
 Of what we are.'—pp. 14, 15.

We must observe, however, that this innocent teetotalism is not the universal habit of these new patriots: there are occasions when the assurance that it has not paid excise recommends the mountain-dew to their lips; and on these occasions their valour is heightened by a more generous inspiration.

The joy of the meeting is enhanced by the expected appearance of Arthur Hermann, whose coming is announced by the pretty and graceful confusion of the daughter, Lucy, of course the object of his affections, and the cause of his visit. As Hermann is to play a distinguished part in the poem, we must insert the description of his personal appearance and character.

'There he stood,
 Wearing no natural stamp of sovereignty,
 Nor mark of greatness on the outward man;
 No radiance of beauty to light up
 Love's torch with secret-darting sympathy;
 Stately nor strong, but rather feeble of frame,
 Feebler than were the fellows of his youth;
 And stooping in such wise as his own weight
 Overwhelmed the spirit within him. At each fair
 And festival where thronging manhood meets,
 'Mong thousands you might see him, and each one
 For feat of strength and rustic exercise
 Likelier than he. Who had looked hastily
 Had so esteemed him—but the sager eye
 Saw that within him which shone clearer forth
 And nobler, like the worth of a native gem,
 From closer view—a vase most delicate
 And pure—and its lamp flamed so lustroously
 As threw all o'er it a yet paler show
 To seem more virginlike and frail than it was.
 And yet it was a burning, blazing lamp,
 Though pure and heavenly, yet very intense,

Like

Like lightning, where it blazes, there it blasts :
Take heed of it—oh 'tis a perilous thing
When the proud soul rebels 'gainst the poor bounds
That would confine it—and, for it disdains
To be barred by them, rather dares all risk
To be 'whelmed under them.'—p. 20.

bur Hermann is the son of an old peasant, who has turned
y schoolmaster, a 'maggot-headed man,' unworthy of such

The youth had been taken into the squire's dull family, taken, by emulation, the sons of its 'base lord,' that

their dull vaporous spirit,
 Kindled by him, touched by his quickening light,
 Might burst into a blaze. So their fond sire
 Had framed his hope, and orderly success
 Gave substance to the shape : their darkness oped
 Its slumberous dullard eyes, and became dawn,
 Presaging day. Meantime that boy, well pleased,
 Wore the rich habit of his daily life,
 And in its various brightness pranked himself,
 As 'twere his proper native quality,
 No less than to the leopard its gay skin,
 So born and so to die : alas for him
 And his fond dream ! for trust, since Paradise,
 Was never wisdom. On a time it chanced,
 As the stream is swiftest and most foaming rash
 At the fountain head ; and so in boyish blood
 E'en as the humour stirs doth the tongue speak,
 And the hand strike : a fit of moodiness,
 'Twixt him and one or other of his mates,
 Blew their old friendship up—to it they went
 Pell mell, as was the instinct of their rage,
 Confounding all the fair and loving past
 With momentary passion. That old boast
 Of blood, is but opinion's idle brag,
 And nature knows no scutcheons—in this truth
 Was the arrogant young squire batter'd and bruised
 To a raw monster, that his mother met,
 And meeting, knew him not in that foul face.
 Such was their boyish broil,—but the sire's wrath
 Upon his son's so pitiful disgrace,
 Rose to a boiling pitch. Base dunghill cur,
 And starveling beggar's brat—this, and yet more,
 The din of oaths and lash of vengeful whips,
 Such was the gratulation and triumph loud
 That hailed the victor home. Against that storm
 He stood like a dull tortoise in its shell,
 Biding all proof of it ; with passiveness
 Defying wrath to the worst—for his heart drew

All

All feeling to itself, full to o'erflow
 With rush of its proud blood. But the brunt o'er,
 When that his patience had fulfilled its task,
 His rage took turn; shaking his frame all through,
 Body and soul; and then he hied him forth
 Like a wild beast broken from out its cage;
 Not knowing where—no forethought and no sense,
 Save only of its keeper's hateful rod
 And threatening voice: purposed to feed hell flames
 Rather than turn again: thus conscience-cursed
 He wandered, branded worse than was Cain's brow,
 A deep heart-brand; out facing the rude storm,
 Daring the desperation of the blast
 To sweep him clear away. Oh, how he longed
 To change his manhood with the rover hawk.
 Wheeling above his head—owning no Lord,
 Knowing no fellowship; calling none friend,
 But waging war with all.'—pp. 22-24.

He is softened: we presume that our author would have us suppose by study, and intercourse with nature; he becomes a preacher.

'He lit his torch from heaven, and with that torch
 Kindled all hearts—the poor look gladly on high,
 Having no comfort here. . . .
 Faith, the gospel, and love;
 These three he preached, leaving the mysteries
 Devised by man, for God's simplicity,
 And viewing in the earth one commonwealth
 Level as is the ocean—so his word
 Waxed and took wings and flew forth wondrously,
 An angel of good tidings; and he hoped
 To win all hearts with peace and gentleness.'—pp. 27, 28.

We quote the opening of the second book with unreserved praise—we could, perhaps, wish here and there a word altered; but in interest and in execution we cannot but consider the passage of great beauty.

'There is a loveliness in the young day
 Surpassing sense: bright in its purity
 As is an infant angel, yet deep-souled:
 As nature from her rest had risen up
 In the refreshment of some heavenly dream
 'That she had dreamt, and waking streams from her eyes
 O'er earth and air that dreamy radiance.
 And can there be of all mankind one man
 Would doze the prime of his young life away—
 Never to be a youth?—the freshening stir
 Of the early stream knowing, nor feeling not;

But

But when its course is wearied, its full flow
Settled to the stagnation of a pool,
Then to be flung in it, and struggle his way
Through the dull scum of life?—None would do this.
But whoso flings away his morning pearl
Doth all as strange a thing, making a blotch
Of that most beauteous gentle radiance
With self-engendered darkness: lagging out
The freshness and the newborn fragrancv,
The silvery light and glistening dewiness,
The contemplative calm of the young dawn,
Till its pure life be tainted a death taint
In dust, and heat, and din of the noon day,
When man is rife, and Nature all fordone,
Blent with his troublous being, seems almost
To lose her own. But thou, be not so foul,
But spring up gladly, and look forth and breathe,
And walk abroad in peaceful blessedness—
Oh, 'tis most sad such bliss as all might have
The many know not. What? think ye to see
Visions of green fields, waters and deep woods
In the charnel-house, when death shall fling ye there
For a nuisance, as ye are, out of the way,
To lie and rot? No; but your time is short,
And only provident use can lengthen it.
Oh then fling wide the portals of your sight;
But first, open your souls and learn to love.
'Tis the best learning: for the love you pay
To nature, she requites a thousand fold
With joy and blessedness: look to her then,
And do her suit as a subject, dutiful,
With early duty: awake, arise: nor sell
The privilege, and first-born hope of the day,
For a foul mess of dreams—up and away
To the heavenly inspiration of fresh air,
So shall ye rise in nature's purity,
'Bove the weak taint of man; e'en as they did,
Hermann and Hess, forth issuing that day
From their hot beds into the natural air,
The garden's lively cool luxuriance,
There to drink in the morn; and in the light
And gentle countenance of the eastern sun
To pace their pleasant path: communing things
That startled e'en the ear of privacy,
They were so fearful.'—pp. 30, 31.

id fearful indeed they are to every intelligent ear! Hess relates his own history—that he cultivated his own patri-
al farm in a rich and very beautiful country; and was the
iest of men till the rector of the parish bethought him of
turning

turning a path to his own convenience. He breaks down the gate which the rector (we hear nothing of consent of magistrates) had set up across the path. The clergyman claims tithe of the farm, which by old usage had been exempt from it, and Hess is ruined by the lawsuit. From that time he vows eternal, unmitigable hatred to the church.

‘ Oh yes, good church !
I’ll give thee all thy due ; if I withhold
One curse of those I owe thee, may hell pains
Embrace me, body and soul.’

And so he goes on ranting and raving, and gradually unfolds his plans for the regeneration of mankind, and intimates the existence of widely ramified and secret plots for insurrection against the law and the government. These are among their generous and noble objects :—

‘ Be it proclaimed, that whoso heretofore
Laboured the land but for a lord’s behoof
Shall eat what he hath earned : cramming the soil
Down the disnatured and most greedy throat
Of whosoe’er dares to claim it for his own,
’Gainst the Creator’s law ; starving him so
With the glut of his own will ; and this achieved,
Then shall the giant Aristocracy,
Dissevered from the earth which bred him first,
And feeds him to this hour, whereon indeed
Is his dependence and his very life,—
Shall die perforce, clutched in the people’s claws,
Cursing his soul away.’—pp. 54, 55.

‘ Then shall this land,
Discumbered of the parson and the squire,
A kind of men kin to the cankerworm,
Tramp down the accurst corn-law that bids the poor
Starve mid the plenty piled by their own hands
To a full heap
. and then for the end of all
And glorious consummation, this our Church,
The monument of Christianity,
That stands but to commemorate the death
Of the thing whose name it bears, and the spirit gone,
Shall be again a temple of the Lord,
Re-edified in simple lowliness,
Abated from its height, but all the more
Extended in its width and larger scope,
Lovingly to embrace all Christian souls
That call upon the Lord.’—pp. 56, 57.

Upon his espousing these principles to their utmost latitude,
and

joining the desperate league, depends the consent of old
s to Arthur's marriage with his daughter.
he young preacher hesitates both as to the wisdom and the
ce of this unexpected proposition: he is as yet too clear-
ed not to discern the criminality of these measures; he can
all them by their plain names:—

‘I thought to win by righteousness,
And Christian love, and faith, and purity;
And if these serve not, how should robbery
Fulfil their service? robbery and rank
Rebellion?’—p. 63.

So did that youth choose duty before love!” Arthur has now
ig interview with his own father, who it appears has likewise
i tampered with by Hess, and whose vanity has been tempted
the offer of heading the glorious enterprise. Partly from
busy at finding others placed over his head; partly from a
of shrewdness, which cannot but discern the selfish and
onal motives which are so imperfectly concealed by the show
patriotism; partly perhaps from some spice of cowardice
h he dignifies by the name of prudence, the old man has
rmined not merely to drop the perilous connexion, but to
nge himself by turning informer. He hints, not without
e grounds, that Hess is using his daughter's beauty as a
y to swell the patriotic ranks; and is actually, while thus
avouring to work on Arthur, playing the same game with a
in Count Linsingen.

ucy's mother (for feminine weaknesses will intrude into the
ly of the loftiest patriot) is dazzled by the high name and
unt bearing of the Count. Under her auspices Linsingen
ears at the cottage of Hess to press his suit. But who was
Count Linsingen?—how comes he, in the camp of the
ny to title, privilege, and property?

‘Truly he was a man
Of high nobility, and yet withal,
Simple as is the simplest shepherd's boy,
And careless of himself, weening no more
Of his proud ancestors than they of him
While mouldering in their tombs, giving much grace
To his high house, but taking none therefrom,
As being arrayed in that pure lustre of light,
That puts the false to shame. And so he stood,
Scorning the farfetched memory of names,
And usurpation of another's praise,
A simple man, great in simplicity.
Prouder without his plume; true he had felt
Erewhile the gripe of penury, and they

Whose

Whose duty then was friendliness of aid,
Left him to fight against her iron claws
With his bare hand, as though their common blood
Were but the water of the common pool,
And kindred but a name for their cold breath
To blow away and care no more of it.
So they were nought to him, nor he to them;
And in his bitterness oft his heart yearned
To make nobility through all the world
The blank it bore in his eyes; but hate and scorn,
Though well they nurse themselves in the inmost heart,
Keep not the body warm; nor drive the wolf
From the door—nay, rather sharpen his keen fangs
And whet his rage. So having spent his all,
Save one poor plank whereon to 'scape the wreck,
To that same plank he did commit himself,
To sink or swim: leaving behind him nought
Save emptiness for who came after him,
And curses for his kin—so did he part;
Wishing nought more 'twixt him and those he left,
Save a far space. And on a little farm,
That in its littleness had been o'erlooked
When ruin struck the rest, he made his home:
Reckless, as any banished thief, of the world
He left behind.—Then he flung clean away
The memory of what so late he had been,
As one just waked from a dream of nobleness,
And brought his spirit to keep even wing
With the level of his place; and having thrown
His vain imaginations off from him,
'Stead of the puffed and feathery thing he was,
Stood armed in manhood: till being unthralled
From the base beggary of idleness,
And poor dependence on another's hands,
For uses that his own might well have wrought,
He found his loss the greatest gain of all,
Richer than his old wealth; nor lacked he aught,
Whether of field, orchard, or garden growth,
Only what now he had he enjoyed the more,
As earned by his strong toil; nor yet his sports
Did he not urge, and pastimes of old wont;
Changed but in this, that the same active means
Which erst he used to cut off his slow hours,
Stragglers and lagsters from Time's tedious march,
Wasting the old enemy to minishment;
He did employ those selfsame weapons now,
Not to consume but fructify his life,
With fruits whence it might live; so marrying sport
To toil, and raising up a goodly growth

Of plenty, health, contentment, and what else
Springs of that parentage.'—pp. 97, 98.

He takes to shooting on some wild hills: the manor is one day
ruined by a troublesome person who calls himself its owner
ingen is prosecuted for poaching, and becomes at once a
ruined captain of smugglers and, of course, a patriot.
A sort of pic-nic party is proposed in a beautiful spot, by a
ruined fountain, at some distance. The poet takes the opportu-
nity of interspersing some very pleasing descriptions of rural
scenery; very soft, rich, and English in its character:—

'Then all trooped on,
The young o'erbrimming with their natural glee,
The old rejoicing in their children's joy,
Since their own source was spent; sweet was the scene
As they passed onward o'er the russet hills,
Those hills that smiled in sunshine a warm smile
To welcome them. All looked and all were pleased;
Some that they felt sorrow more soothingly,
And other some, pleasure more pleasingly,
For Nature, like a holy mother, looks
Upon her children with a tempering look,
Calming all passion; and whate'er they feel,
Subduing it to take a gentler tone,
Whether of joy or grief: still doth she wear
Some touch of sadness in her sweetest smile;
As knowing all must fade, how bright soe'er,
That she brings forth to life; and what she knows
Others do feel, who feel her influence,
And so partake her mood.'—p. 108.

They are joined by an old harper, and many others deeply im-
bued with the new opinions, and while the less initiate are mer-
cifully and innocently amusing themselves by a dance on the green,
the conspirators withdraw to discuss their grievances, their hopes,
their plans of insurrection and revenge. They are interrupted
by an old shepherd with the intelligence that they are denounced
by the magistracy by the father of Hermann. At this the youth
is suddenly convinced of the full justice of their cause, plunges
straight into the very depths of the plot, and becomes, in fact,
the leader of the enterprise:—

'But Hermann there,
Struck with the palsy of his wonderment,
Stood fixed to the spot—passion oft speeds the soul
To energy of act by its swift stream;
But there it came in such a rushing flood
As quite o'erwhelmed the wheels it should drive on,
Clashing them each 'gainst each. Long time he stood
Like to a lion bayed by many hounds,

Doubtful

Doubtful which first ; then did his vehemence,
 Frantic awhile, collect itself in strength,
 To be hurled at once, forcefully, all in all
 Upon his destined point : so grew his thoughts
 To issue, and flashed forth in fiery words.
 " Yes, 'tis e'en so—
 The deed is done, and stricken is the blow ;
 Come then, I know thee well, thou fatal hour—
 Come to thine own ;
 E'en as a reed before thy stormy power
 I bow me down ;
 'Tis thy stern shadow that I see,
 It deepens still ; all hail to thee !
 Hark ! I hear thy rushing pinion ;
 I bend me to thy dark dominion :
 Come, and sweep me hence away,
 In thy full, resistless sway.
 I am thine, both sense and soul,
 Take thy slave to thy control.
 Once I strove, but strive no longer,
 For I am weak, and thou confess'd the stronger.
 But tell me, wherefore art thou so
 Tricked in Hope's delusive show ?
 Ah no ! I see thee, truly, what thou art !
 And lo ! my breast I bare ;
 And we are met, and never shall we part—
 I and despair.
 And thou hast done all this, my sire, e'en thou !
 Oh how could thou fall off, oh tell me how ?
 Was it in the battle fray,
 Was it in the face of day,
 Was it in the front of men ?
 Alas, I could have borne it then.
 There is a majesty and might
 In the high-swaying vengeful sword ;
 But poisoned shaft, and traitorous sleight,
 E'en by the tempter is abhorr'd.
 The rebel may be bold and true,
 And he may bear a glorious name :
 But such as thou ! what doom's thy due ?
 'Tis shameful death, and deathless shame.
 Oh 'tis indeed a fortune most forlorn,
 Where fain we would love well,
 To feel our love disnatured into scorn,
 Our heart, our home, turned to a very hell.
 But no ! thou art my father still,
 And I must love thee 'gainst my will—
 Till the severance of our tie :
 Then thou art free, and so am I.

Aye, be it so ; and so be each as free
As is the branch I tear from this lone tree :
Tear it off, and fling it far,
To lie wide sever'd, as we are :
See, it is done !—
Alas ! vain fool, thou'rt still thy father's son —
Oh ! who will be my friend,
E'en to the utmost end ?
See here I bare mine arm ; come, bare thy knife
And coldly drain
Each shrinking vein
Of its rich flood of crimson life,
That my sire's blood may pour its hideous blot
There on that heather, and I own it not.
.....Curse on ye all, ye dreams of idleness,
I know ye not,—back to your nothingness.
No ; I will redeem the shame
Of our vile, dishonoured name :
Now that name throughout the land
Is character'd in felon brand ;
Soon it shall be pure and bright,
Written in a sunbeam's light,
Uttered in the thunder's voice—
Hear it and quake, my foes, and ye, my friends, rejoice ;
For there shall live a spirit in that name,
Who breathes it forth shall breathe a fiery flame :
Evermore proclaim'd aloud
In the council and the crowd :
Strong to comfort and to save,
To cheer the faint, to steel the brave :
Soul of the battle shout,
Rallying here and scattering there in rout.
—But what strange cloud o'erhung my brow,
That I was blind till even now ?
I saw it not, yet was it there,
That precious truth so heavenly fair.
All in vain did Love and Hope
Point me to this glorious scope,
Till another counsel came,
Muttered in my ear by shame.
Yes, Honour, unto thee
I bow my knee,
To redeem the foul disgrace
Lowering o'er my name and race :
Thy bidding have I done,
So be the Sire forgotten in the Son !
—Oh ! yes, a thousand thanks, my sire, to thee,
'Tis all thy gift the glory that I see ;

Not

Not now a vision, but a truth indeed,
 For fate's own hand hath written what I read.
 I see it all, I see the opening sky :—
 Oh ! yet a moment, ere the scene pass by—
 All is one blazing truth before my eyes,
 Cleansed from old custom, purg'd of priestly lies ;
 The giant people, the all-sovereign sun
 Waked up in glory, his glad course to run ;
 Quenching the chilly lustre of each star
 That ruled the sky while yet he was afar ;
 Claiming our homage, though they shine but so
 Their own vain glory 'mid the night to show,
 Their glory and the general gloom of man ;
 But who shall chase that gloom ?—they neither care nor can :
 Nor light nor warmth is theirs, and earth and sky
 Must bide in darkness while they sit on high—
 Bide darkling still that they may shine more bright ;
 Then come, thou Sovereign Sun, and re-assert thy right,
 Give the warm grace those lordly things deny,
 And bid them fade before thy fiery eye—
 Fade in avoidance like a fummy dream :
 They know thy power, they tremble as they gleam :
 See, darkness faints in day—the pitchy night
 Bursts into brilliance at one touch of light :
 And mid that light doth Truth ascend her throne,
 And points to man, and man asserts his own.
 Wondering to see where erst he was so blind,
 A clayey mass enlightened to a mind.
 And what he wills, that will is now the Lord,
 And what he says, the act obeys the word ;
 Kings tremble and crouch down, for he hath drawn his sword. }
 Then doth resistance vainly faint away,
 E'en as those darksome clouds dissolv'd in day ;
 Threatening the eye, and thundering on the ear,
 But to the touch a foolish empty fear—
 So right is 'stablished, and old wrongs redrest,
 The few abated, and the many blest.
 But oh ! the joy, the tumult, the surprise,
 One voice, one will, one world in ecstacies,
 Oh swell not so my heart ; oh veil ye my fond eyes.
 Yes, 'tis decreed—

I've seen the sight, and now to do the deed !"—pp. 126-130.

Hermann is not merely to be the leader but the lawgiver of the new social institution ; he expounds at length the views of these political regenerators. Let us hear the principles of the new philosophical and religious republic :—

'Tis just and fitting that the commonalty,
 In virtue of its sovereign majesty,

Seeing

Seeing it hath intrusted its estate
To certain men who have abused that trust—
Should exercise itself the care of its own,
And order all things for its interest,
By its proper voice, and will immediate :
And be it resolved, all laws should be for use
Of the main, and not for 'vantage of some few ;
'Therefore for furtherance of such main good
The rule of property should be redrest
From its wrong bias unto its right scope,
Which was indeed to comfort industry ;
As sure it doth where reason limits it ;
Though oft of late, selfishness most perverse
Hath wrested it to ends of idleness.
Then be it resolved, only the labourer,
Or they who do provide labour its means,
Have right and title to the land's increase.
Hence that the farmer's stock upon each farm
Be rated ; and a yearly usury
Be paid him on that rate, from the land's growth ;
And for his management and master-skill,
A further portion of the yearly increase :
Then for the surplus of such payment made,
They who have toiled the ground, 'tis theirs of right
To share it, and enjoy it, and thank God ;
Sharing by rule of elders, duly ordained
To make apportionment of labourers,
And judge all controversies in each farm.
But for the landlord—'tis an impious name,
By man usurped from God—so be it resolved,
To make no further mention of that name ;
But let the state take their dominion,
Paying them compensation lest they starve ;
So much the less as they have taxed the more
Our bread, long time, and now must quit the account.
But that which each man's skill hath made for him,
Procured, or earned, as money, and house, and goods,
And what he hath by gift of the like kind,
Be it all his own to hold and to enjoy.
And be it resolved, that labour respiteless
Befits not man, being brute drudgery ;
Changing to beastliness his nature, born
A little lower than the angels are :
And in this rule the labourer hath right
Of leisure and appliance to enjoy
His life, nor only toil for means to live,—
As was his old compulsion, and is now :
Barring all spiritual exercise,
Stunting all holy growth, and robbing so

His soul of its immortal privilege,
 Its means of grace, and faculty for heaven.
 Then to forfend that evil, and gain this good,
 Be there provided recreative means,
 Both for refreshment of man's weekly toil,
 And holy comfort after worldliness.
 But since vice ever grows from vacancy,
 Therefore, 'tis need all aids be ministered,
 To further blameless action to its end,
 And occupy in sport or seriousness
 The space that else the evil one would fill.
 And be those aids varied for various needs—
 Gardens and spacious shades, where the weary sense
 In their cool freedom may refresh itself;
 And contemplative leisure study God
 By Nature's help—his best interpreter:
 Besides, what ground for pastime may seem fit,
 In frequency of popular resort,
 For lusty games, and proof of manliness.
 Next, since man sins only in ignorance,
 And as he learns, e'en so he practises,
 Practising only what he first hath learnt;
 Therefore it is the common good of all,
 And common right, that each man be taught well,
 Lest evil discipline lead to ill deeds:
 And then the law rising up wrathfully—
 Albeit itself worthier far of blame
 In its default, than was the man in his act—
 Do bloody vengeance on the deed foredone;
 Making much evil in its slothfulness,
 And mending it with more in its hastiness:
 To punish eager, as careless to prevent;
 A hangman's office—'stead of the kind grace
 Of a loving teacher and good governor—
 Rule most irregular and mischievous.
 Therefore be there provided public schools,
 Industrial, labour and art with letters joined,
 Where each shall send his own, save on proof made
 Of homely discipline as sure and good—
 From tender infancy even to youth.
 And next, when liberty in riper years
 Shall grow beyond constraint; then let free-will
 Be kindly aided to take up the aim,
 By discipline foregone at her due time.
 And to that end be furnished treasures
 Of various knowledge, books and liberal arts,
 Lectures mechanic, concerts musical,
 And whate'er else quickens humanity—
 That finer sentiment so to the soul
 Attempered, may prevail o'er brutishness;

Subdii

Subduing passion by its gentler sway.
And be it resolved again—the Church is naught ;
A thing corrupt,—essence and ordinance :
No church indeed, but a foul den of thieves
And money changers, trafficking men's souls
With hire and sale, 'stead of salvation ;
Being one half of them to their own flocks,
Foreigners, knowing nor regarding them—
Though feeding on their flesh—clothed with their fleece ;
Truly, a sin to draw damnation down,
Not only on them, but us who suffer them ;
As God will sure require it at our hands.
Therefore, that this huge scandal be pulled down,
And then reframed in frame Apostolic :
So shall each congregation rule itself,
Without all bias of authority
For things of faith, save of the bible alone ;
Choosing its elders as it judgeth best ;
And they upon that choice, choosing again
The deacons and the preachers of the word ;
Each of these last holding authority
To interpret Scripture by his conscience,
So he profess Christ's word for his rule of faith.
And that tithes cease ; and each church bear its charge ;
They who own none being taxed for aid of all.
And be it resolved,—soldiership shall be called
No longer ; but all men enured in arms,
Not to be helpless for defensive need.
And be it resolved,—'tis an unholy thing
To make a general dearth for gain of few ;
Therefore be this land free what other lands
Can give without all hindrance to receive,
Saving the dues imposed to serve state needs.
And be it resolved—the law is much in fault ;
Therefore behoves the counsel of men skilled
To settle a sure rule of right and wrong,
Bringing back error to simplicity.
Further, 'tis good the general voice should be
Arbitress of the general estate,
Since discipline hath given intelligence
Abroad, and with that gift the right of its use.
So be it resolved,—'twere fit that every man
(Saving the felon and taker of public alms)
Should give his suffrage for the choice of those
Proposed for rulers of the commonweal.
And that such suffrage be in secret-wise ;
And that such chosen rulers rule alone,
Forbye all claim of birth and privilege.
Last, since these things—being our righteous due—

Are, by our rulers, yet denied to us,
 With whom nor right, nor reason, availeth aught;
 And patience of their heavy oppression
 Doth but provoke them to heap wrong on wrong,
 As this poor land hath proved under their power
 Groaning and travailing in pain till now :—
 Therefore, be it resolved—there is strong need
 That we rise up from our long passiveness
 In arms, and so redress ourselves to right,
 Manfully, as behoves good and true men.’—pp. 145-150.

In all this wild confusion of the lofty and the puerile, the generous and the ferocious, the black misrepresentation of the past and present, and the vague, though brilliant, unreality of the future—that which might be attainable under a wise, strong, and paternal legislature, and that which is utterly crude and baseless—there is much which the sober statesman may consider worthy of serious consideration; much which may occupy the grave reflection of one whose deep and conscientious study is to make the people happy and virtuous; and, as far as is consistent with the well being of society, and the fundamental principles of right, happy in their own way, and virtuous through the means which are accordant with their own desires. No one will doubt that there is much in our present social state to awaken the apprehension, the anxiety, the sorrow of all true lovers of their country. Our unexampled prosperity threatens us with a fearful reaction; a heavy payment appears likely to be exacted from us for our enormous wealth, for the unprecedented comfort, we will not say luxury, which is diffused through all the upper and middling classes of society. Our productive energies have created and concentrated enormous masses of population, unsoftened by any of those feelings of kindness and charity which bind together, in some degree, the rich and poor in most of our rural districts.—(Among many even of these, it is true, the administration of the old poor-laws made much havoc—we are not at present to meddle again with the controversy as to the effects of the new—but *here* is not the dangerous part of our system—in this respect the author of *Ernest* has chosen the wrong ground; not, indeed, for his poetry, but for his political principles).—It is the dense masses of our manufacturing population, who have no intercourse with any of the higher orders but their employers; with the most miserable want of salutary control, with habits of improvidence, fostered by occasional periods of great gain, succeeded by times of indolence and total want of employment, uneducated, without churches, without schools—here is the part of our social state, to the improvement of which all our energies of wise philanthropy should

be

be directed. Before this appalling scene political faction ought to be silent: here, the voice of the people declaring its own wants, should receive a patient hearing and dispassionate investigation; and no narrow jealousy should be allowed to stand in the way of any practicable amelioration.

But, when the writer of 'Ernest' proceeds to mingle up, not with these visions of social perfectibility alone, but with the bloody, brutal and atrocious scenes which, by his own showing, must prepare the way for this political millennium, the religion of the Gospel—when we find that awful and adorable name, which is never pronounced by the true followers of Jesus without reverence and love, coupled with such phrases as—

'Saviour alike, and leveller of man,
Divine reformer, arch republican—'

we find it difficult to proceed with that calmness of expostulation which we have enforced upon ourselves as a severe duty. We have seen a similar phrase quoted from a well-known German writer—we conceive in total ignorance of his meaning. The vulgar sense to which it has been perverted is totally alien, we will assert, to the character and tone of mind of the fantastic perhaps, but amiable, reverential, and religious Novalis. With him it was a blameless metaphor, a vivid image, expressive of that primary principle of the Gospel, that it was 'preached to the poor.' The Author of the Gospel was a leveller indeed, but of all mankind, before the throne of their Maker; his republic, or rather, his kingdom, knew no distinction of persons. While all the ancient religions made the divine favour a matter of privilege and prerogative, of caste or sacred order, or chosen nation, Jesus threw wide the gates of immortality to all mankind. And how did his gospel strike on the quivering chords of the human heart among those lower orders whom he loved to address? Did he awaken fierce impatience of their social state, hatred of their superiors, envy of the possessions of the rich, rebellion against the iron tyranny under which they groaned? Did his apostles, when they addressed even the miserable slave, who held his all at the beck of a barbarous master, who might, with impunity, crush his life out with his contemptuous feet—did he embitter the lot of the bondman by infusing resentment and discontent into his heart? Patience, humility, subordination, were placed in the first rank of Christian virtues—patience without debasement, humility without meanness, subordination without servility. The Gospel opened, indeed, a prospect of life where all distinctions should be done away; where all inequalities should be levelled; where the will of the united people should be one undisturbed harmony; where happiness should result in some degree from the profound feeling

of universal brotherhood—but that prospect expanded far beyond this brief and clouded world ; it was in the presence of Him who was to be its Divine Author : it was to be not, as now, dimly seen, even by the keenest eye of faith, through the mist of passion, and violence, and mutual jealousy—but in those regions of peace which pass the understanding of man.

Let us not be misunderstood for an instant as secluding Christianity from its angelic office of advancing human happiness on earth. The Gospel dissuades not, it urges with its most affectionate vehemence, it commands with all its authority, the co-operation of all its followers in the perfection of the social relations of man. It abhors tyranny—it is the noblest ally of freedom—it is the great civilizer of man. But that to which it looks forward with the kindling eagerness of prophetic hope as a great Christian end, it will only accomplish by Christian means. It repudiates all violence, all earthly passions, all jealousy of the different orders, all mutual hatred. It will have no fellowship with crime, with oppression by the many (which it detests as cordially as that of the few), with spoliation, with massacre. By whatever sophistry the professed teacher of the Gospel, like Hermann in this poem, tries to reconcile the old axiom, let us sin that grace may abound ; let us plunder, that property may be more equally divided ; let us massacre, that better men may rule ; let us destroy with blind fury, that we may build a fairer edifice ; let us trample under foot every principle of established right, every compunctious feeling of humanity, in order to establish law and humanize mankind ; let us throw all the existing happiness around us into the boiling cauldron of democracy, in order that society may renew its youth—all this the religion of Christianity throws aside with abhorrence and indignation ; and even her inexhaustible compassion can scarcely palliate or soften away such doctrines, in whatever form they may appear.

But we are anxious to relieve the severity of our discussion by some of those gleams of poetic interest which induce us to linger, not without pleasure, over this strange and lawless performance. We transcribe a scene on which Hermann dwells on his way to the house of Hess.

‘ And now from her long sleep,
A living fairy spirit of fresh green,
Daughter of the giant storm, breathing like balm,
Jewelled with sun-drops, looked forth lovingly,
Pleased of her new life. Hermann round admired,
And thanked his Maker for the sight he saw ;
And sudden, the bright beauty of that scene

Lit up with lustre his sad countenance,
Unto complacency. 'Tis a blest turn
To turn from moody and turmoiling man,
And from our selfish task-mistress the world,
To our mother and nurse ; to thee, Nature, for thou
Art both those tendernesses in one word.
He who hath aught of feeling must feel this ;
And he who feels it not, when he is dead
Will be as noble a thing as while he lived.
No more of him—for such a man lives not—
Having no soul—what he is, still let him be,
A blank—Ah, no !—for a blank is innocence—
And holy characters may there be writ,
But he is a dark void. A page cross-scrawled,
'Till all its whiteness is one scrawl of black—
His perverse life. In his heart's joyousness
Hermann passed on, making a treasury
Of his eye, there to receive the golden gifts
Nature poured in, staying anon to look ;
Glad stay, as all his life were in his looks,
Else worthless.'—p. 167.

The hand of Lucy, his beloved, has been promised, during his brief interval of hesitation, to Linsingen ; the maiden herself, having heard that Hermann was a traitor to her father's cause, has given her reluctant consent.

'A quick light step : and then a gentle hand
Upon the door, and gliding through the room
A youthful presence of pale loveliness,
Lovely though pale, she moved as in a dream,
Noiseless and vague and all unconsciously,
For her deep passion had enveloped her
As with a cloud : she stood, and had sunk there
Ere she could speak ; but Hermann hastily
Rose, and encountered her and took her hand,
And seated her in drooping passiveness
That so she might collect her spirit again
And be herself. Sadly he gazed on her,
Then broke the sad pause, " Lucy, look on me,
And speak me a word—surely we may be friends,
Such severance as ours it breeds not hate
But pity—speak to me, and let me hear,
That this same gulf but parts us being friends,
No hostile distance—nay, but weep not so,
Thy grief is my worst pain. Oh answer me
Only a word." " Oh yes, I'll answer thee ;
But what to say ? forgive me, that is all.
Forgive me now as thou didst love me once,
Wholly—so shall my pain haply be less :
But no—that I deserve not—nor dare hope—

Only

Only forgive me." "Lucy, 'tis too much :
 Wherefore forgive? What thou hast done from my heart
 I do commend it for a noble deed :
 But if thou lovest more the other word,
 Then do I tell thee I forgive it all,
 As free as we forgive our dearest friends
 For seeking our best good : nay, mark me this—
 Had I such cause and motive for the act,
 I'd done no less myself—I loved thee much—
 Thou know'st it : and I felt and ever shall.
 Yet in the heat and fragrance of my zeal
 I had spent a hundred thousand loves like thine
 To gain but one such man as thou hast gained
 On our behalf in noble Linsingen :
 So prithee be content." "Nay what thou say'st,"
 The maiden answered him with streaming tears,
 "It shows thy spirit's greatness greater yet,
 And all my baseness baser than before.
 Oh ! hadst thou been my brother—how blest then
 Thy sister."—"Lucy, deem it even so :
 I am thy brother, we're twinborn in soul :
 What would we more? Only be thou indeed
 My own true sister in this enterprise,
 So shalt thou have not only a husband's love,
 Which was the richest hope I offered thee,
 But a brother's also on the top of that,
 Crowning the measure : yes, by my faith I think
 A sister's name is of the sweeter sound ;
 Purer and chaster ; less of earth in it,
 And more of Heaven. Lucy, 'tis God's grace ;
 And, for I deem it so, thy forehead I kiss
 For a most holy and baptismal sign,
 That thou art sistered to me. This is good,
 Never was I a brother yet before,
 And now I feel the spirit in my heart
 As a new-born angel."—pp. 218-220.

But we must revert to the pure and magnanimous spirits who unite in this lofty enterprise, men of such enlarged understandings, such disinterested and unselfish motives, and altogether so wonderfully qualified by their profound meditative wisdom, by their settled, industrious, and honest habits of life, for accelerating the æra of freedom, virtue, religion. The first reads as if he were painted to the life ;—he is a furious cobbler who ascribes all that goes wrong to the recent tolerance of *Papists* ;—we recommend him, as a specimen of enlightened Chartist patriotism, to the special notice of Mr. O'Connell. The next is a worthy who has a quarrel with his neighbour about a cow, which he hopes

gain possession of in this holy revolution. The third the poet
st describe.

‘ Up sprang another speaker—up he sprang,
A man broad and highboned, and big of limb—
A mass of mighty members, incompact,
Of most rude juncture : in his sprawling gait
Belying the strong promise of his frame ;
And for his face, ’twas full, but very pale,
As the life-blood did never visit it—
Clay featured of the potter—a damp mask
Without a soul—spiritless, there he sate
Like to a man opprest with his own weight,
Too much for him to raise—sunk in his flesh,
Stifled and buried there ; for the light and life
Within him, ’twas all center’d in one point,
Firing his eye. And sure that eye did show
Most like a lamp, blazing through a dull fog,
Wondrously bright. His coat hung on his back
As loose, as on its mother a gipsy brat,
In a strange heap—uncouth habiliments,
And bushy hair, all tangled and all wild,
As a thicket in a waste. Such was the man
Christopher Ernst—erewhile solicitous
Of a preacher’s office in the ministry ;
And for his gifts, they fell no tittle short
Of the height that he aspired : and many there
Did deem his fervent speech inspired of God.
But, for he looked but to his own impulse,
Nor made his reason of the vulgar rule,
Therefore, the more denied him what he asked,
Counting him mad. Madness, thou art a name
They best deserve who take so crooked a stick
As is man’s custom for their canon of right,
And judge all things thereby ; but who is wise
And with deep wisdom, he will show it most
Hiding it deep away.’—p. 197.

The speech of Christopher Ernst is one of ferocious bigotry :
is the Mucklewrath of the conspiracy, who has his special
omission in a vision from heaven, which inspires him with these
ignant and Christian sentiments.

‘ Therefore I call on ye,
Go force those villains to gorge up our spoil,
Though it come with their hearts’ blood : then slaughter them,
Them, and their sons, on heap—and of their bones
Rear up a pile high as the pyramids
For a sign and wonder—thus I counsel ye
For the Lord’s sake, and for yourselves yet more,

That

That ye fulfil his words, spare not to slay,
 But slay and spare not—and oh, bitterly
 Be he cursed that comes not to the aid of the Lord
 Against the mighty.'—pp. 200, 201.

We subjoin to this, from another part of the poem, the description of a more dangerous part of the confederacy. Hermann ranges the whole country to enlist all who are predisposed to the cause. Among others—

‘ A strong brotherhood,
 (So was their union called, and so they were,)
 Where every man was zealous, not alone
 With his single zeal, but with the fervency
 Of the whole host. They had been banded long—
 But so, as by the rulers of the land
 They were deemed only what they seemed to be,
 Preachers austere and devout listeners,
 Aiming at Heaven ; and for this earth's estate,
 How it were ruled, little regarding it,
 Nor caring to disturb. Thus as they grew,
 Others confided—truly, Confidence,
 Thou'rt a good swordsman, but yet all unfit
 To hold the shield. And so this people waxed
 Daily and hourly, trunk and branches too,
 Spreading o'er all the region round about,
 Like a fresh fame ; that who of the poor sort
 Belonged not to them, lived as one plague-sick,
 So shunned and pointed at. They'd a good cause,
 And more than that, they had a method too,
 Bettering that goodness. He is but a fool
 Who would cry down a state with other cry
 Than of religion : treason's a hot taste,
 And needs hot appetite to swallow it ;—
 A hot enthusiastic appetite :
 And this enthusiasm is a fire
 That feeds on its own smoke—easy kept up,
 If we but starve it of all solid food,
 And diet it with vapours. Who sees clear,
 He is no zealot : truth doth purge for him
 Those visionary fumes :—but where none knows,
 And each man may believe whate'er he list,
 There is the enthusiast a king indeed,
 And of wide royalty : then hail to thee,
 Religion, nursing mother of that fire,
 Predestined to consume the bonds of man,
 Easy as wither'd tow. They in this frame,
 E'en as the ancient saints in Israel,
 Had ever in their mouth the praise of God,
 And in their sinewy hands a two-edged sword

To execute sharp vengeance, to smite kings
To the ground, and smitten so, bind them in chains ;
Them and their nobles too !"—pp. 224, 225.

Besides these, there is a whole sea-shore of smugglers : in short, that is savage, lawless, unprincipled ; men enured to crime, to robbery, to rapine. Is it baser dishonesty to lure such persons to rebellion with the hope of glutting their appetites for plunder and blood, if they are not to be allowed their full swing ?—or wilder madness to suppose that such allies will be content with a brief and temporary indulgence of their glutted passions, and can be subdued to order and peace, by those who have stimulated and driven them to their excesses ?—or more atrocious wickedness to sow the fire of civil strife, reckless how fiercely or how long it may burn, with a confessed and conscious inability to extinguish flames ?

But, in fact, the poet himself seems to get intoxicated, as it were, with ferocity, and *literally* to thirst for blood. He seems to revel in carnage, and to dash on with joyous and happy energy through ruin and desolation. We follow him not to the successful sacking of Markstein fair, the storming of Count Stolberg's castle, the final conflict with the soldiery ; but, though we make our hearts shudder, we must justify the grave charge against the horror of ' Ernest,' a charge which we make with much reluctance, with an awful conviction of its truth. We select these lines from the second of the above-mentioned scenes :—

 ' Entrance is clear ;
Victory won. Oh, where is mercy now ?
Alas ! what should she here, or how prevail
O'er the fell spirit of the conqueror,
When e'en the vanquished call not on her name,
But die despairingly ? So ever on
Slaughter hunted her game from room to room,
From stair to stair : before her, shrieks and groans ;
Behind her, a blood-track. Ever she smote,
And smiting never slack'd while any stood
To front her sword : then on the last man's groan,
Vomited forth in blood, came a still pause ;
A silence all the deeper and deadlier
For the wild uproar that fore-clamoured it :
Then many went about, muttering low,
With teeth hard set, and swords strainingly clenched,
Seeking whom next to slay ; and finding none,
Must hack the dead, savage and butcherly,
For lack of other vengeance ; for blood-thirst
Is so assuaged by lavish draughts of it,
As fire with profuse oil. Well was it then
Women and children were all fled that hold,

None

None left but men of arms ; for cruelty
 Incensed is natured so fiercer to blaze
 The more 'tis fed, 'scaping the thoughts of the past
 By raging on—knowing nor practising
 No readier means to efface a few blood drops,
 But to ensanguine all,—bathing its hand
 In the full torrent of its cut-throat acts,
 Lest white and red should know distinction
 For one to accuse the other. Cruelty,
 Thou'rt ever bitter, but then bitterest
 When thou'rt called Conscience. In that house Death swayed
 And Silence followed him, his trainbearer,
 Soon to be jostled away ; for energy
 Breathes only in the stirring atmosphere
 Where it was born ; and recklessness loves not
 That its fierce trouble should subside in calm,
 Lest so its conscience should be made clear, its drift
 From turbulent declared transpicuous,
 With guilt at bottom ; therefore those fierce men,
 Their bloody excitement o'er, some other needs
 To drive them on. That other was at hand ;
 For in that hall, sulphurous and carcase-strown,
 A feast was spread ; viands in plenteous store ;
 Wine, and what else is of more potency
 To fire the blood—strong comfort of faint hearts—
 Frenzy for fear!"—pp. 240, 241.

And the leader and president of this hellish symposium is the *gallant*—the *noble* Linsingen !

So completely, indeed, is the heart of the poet hardened, his moral feeling vitiated, that he actually cannot refrain from defiling the hands of the gentle Lucy with blood. Linsingen is seized by the enemy, and cast into prison ; Lucy finds her way to his dungeon, to rescue him from death ; and we are somewhat alarmed lest we should have a repetition of the old story of the Countess of Castile, Lady Nithsdale, and Madame Lavallette. But our poet is too much flushed with slaughter to condescend to such stale or tame artifice : he actually makes the tender girl—for a man whom she does not love, but who has deceived her into the rejection of her beloved Hermann—a being, as she is described, of the most exquisitely feminine sweetness—*murder the turnkey with her own hands*, and strip him of some of his clothes ! Linsingen after this is shot, and Lucy dies mad.

The close of the whole is a bloody battle, in which, of course, Chartism triumphs :—

' So fled those soldiers : and their conquerors—
 Ask not if they pursued ; if bayonets

Wantoned

Wantoned in blood ; if savageness for all
Answer to supplication cut its throat
In the act of prayer ? Rather ask Cruelty
What she e'er did of fiercest memory,
And then be sure a thousand deeds as fierce
Dyed that red field : slowly the sun sank down,
And murking red as with rank vapour of blood ;
And well doth he remember yet that day,
For never did he see the like of it,
Nor ever will. Then Vengeance wiped its sword,
Smiling a grim smile at the bloody sight,
Cursing the shade that hindered it to slay,
While yet were men for slaughter.'—p. 296.

Great God ! and this is a writer who desecrates the religion of Jesus Christ, by assuming its name as the watchword of this diabolic bloodthirstiness.

The tragic termination of the poem is not very hopeful to the leaders in the enterprise. Linsingen, we see, is ingloriously slain, and Hermann, after the victory, is sought in vain. The triumphant republicans seek for him who is to be their king ! he is nowhere to be found—like Fiesco, in the real history, he is found drowned in a neighbouring stream ;—whether, like William's Fiesco, he is thrown in by some sturdier patriot, some one to-like Verrina of the new republic, who will not endure the name of king—this we are not informed. But as they cannot find Hermann, the triumphant patriots, for this reason alone, see that they will do without the kingly office.

Many grave reflections force themselves upon us, when we look back upon our extracts from this wildly inconsistent work. We see so much of the beneficial influence of education, and, heaven forbid that we should utter one word in disparagement of this great, this necessary corrective of our social evils, this single alternative of our social dangers—a sound, rational, comprehensive, and religious plan of instruction for the people of England. But what education do all ? We have heard much taunting and sarcastic observation, not unmingled with bitter reflection on the ignorance of the Church in that district, as to the miserable ignorance of those poor fanatical Kentish peasants, who believed a madman to be the Messiah. We will not ask where Irvingism, a system scarcely less presumptuous and insane, has found its adherents—whether in the lowest or most uneducated classes of society. But here we have before us a man of very high intellectual attainments—a man of much, however perverted, thought, much observation, much knowledge of mankind, and, to judge from his command of imagery and illustration, by no means unread books—and yet deliberately promulgating theories which would be

be spurned by the severest and most republican political economist, as crude and idle puerilities, not less at war with the true principles of his science, than with the established order of society—inculcating views of Christianity which unite the narrowest bigotry and the fiercest intolerance—the most insolent uncharitableness with the most vague and undefinable tenets. We would, indeed, willingly bind down our author, however severe and distasteful to a poet such discipline might be, to a long and patient study of the works of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and Senior (writers certainly fettered by no antiquated prejudices in favour of the existing order of things); while we would exhort him more and more humbly and patiently to study that Book for which he professes so much deference, but of the true spirit of which he is as ignorant as the yet unenlightened disciples who would bring down fire from heaven on those whom they esteemed the unpardonable enemies of the Saviour.

We cannot part—with our *unknown* author we will not say, for we do not live so remote from literary rumour as not to be able, if we were willing, to designate him by name (yet his secret, as far as it is a secret, is as sacred with us as with the dearest of his friends, or the most deeply sworn, if he has such, of his confederates)—we cannot close our observations without reverting to our tone of solemn, serious, if he will permit us, even affectionate remonstrance. The poem is dedicated to the memory of Milton—‘*To the memory of Milton, the poet, the divine, and the republican, this work, written in the light of his glorious countenance, is dedicated.*’ We must protest against this desecration of the name of Milton by connecting it with a wild scheme, like this, of spoliation and murder. We think it was the late Mr. Coleridge who contrasted the revolution of which Milton was the admirer and the defender with that of France—with *that* which our author does not hesitate to condemn on account of one cardinal error—namely, the neglect at once to seize and redistribute the whole soil of the land which it convulsed. Coleridge defined the revolutions of Cromwell and of Robespierre, as the one a collision of principles, the other a conflict of passions. But surely to a calm and reasoning man, the total failure of Milton’s republican visions—the necessity for the iron rule of Cromwell to restore order—a rule of which the land became so impatient, as to rush back immediately after his death into the arms of the discarded sovereign—these solemn truths, graven on the page of history for our warning, are neither the first nor the last examples of popular insurrection leading directly, we may almost write inevitably, to military despotism. And who, in whatever tone of mind he may read English history, will degrade
that

that part of the people which espoused the parliamentary cause into any similitude with the marauders and ruffians whom the author of 'Ernest,' by his own statement, would let loose upon society? Yet, throwing all this aside, let us ask under what character does Milton live in the love and admiration of mankind? Who reads, or who on its first recent publication did read, his divinity, interesting as it was, because it was the poet Milton's, and reflected light on his character? Who but reviewers toiled through the 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine?' Who studies the 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,' or, splendid as they are in passages, his prose works? It is where he has either not defiled himself, or purified himself from the mire and noise of contemporary politics—as the author of those exquisite juvenile poems, and of the 'Comus,' of which almost every thought is beauty, and every line music—it is as the retired and solemn bard of the 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Samson Agonistes,' that the memory of Milton is garnered up in the heart of his country—that his name is treasured in our profound and almost venerating love. The poet cannot, perhaps, live entirely aloof from his age; he has neither inclination nor the right to abandon that high Christian duty which is inseparably connected with his precious talent—the gift of working with commanding power and influence on the mind of man, the solemn obligation of advancing the improvement, the amelioration of his fellow-men. But if he mingles himself in the actual strife—if he changes the lofty station of the poet for that of the turbulent demagogue, it will be only by the genius of a Milton, employed as *his* was before he plunged into the wild turmoil, or after he had found a peaceful retirement from such scenes, that he (in spite, as it were, of himself) will obtain the poet's immortality. By his fruits he will be known: if he has merely thrown the bitter apples of discord, fair to the sight but ashes to the taste, among the different ranks of society, he will perish for ever, or leave but a name, remembered with shame and sorrow by those who trace out the half-forgotten remains of his genius. But if, from the Hesperian gardens of true poesy, he has brought some of its golden treasures, unsoiled by the withering airs of the world, it is then that he is welcomed back from his bold and perilous voyage by the acclamations of mankind,—

'And in our wonder and astonishment
He builds himself a livelong monument.'

The author of Ernest is very far from a Milton; as yet, though he has shown great capacity for poetry, he has certainly, even in a literary point of view, not produced a fine poem; but among our younger aspirants we know none of whom we would prophesy nobler

nobler things, if, instead of being the slave of a faction—for such he is, notwithstanding his lofty pretensions to a more comprehensive humanity, to higher wisdom and purer religion than his fellow-men—he would devote himself to his high, his sacred calling, with a calm sense of its real dignity, and its serene superiority to all the temporary feuds, passions, and bitternesses of the day.

We exhort him, we entreat him, we implore him to consult his fame, his happiness, his life, his eternal interests. He has his choice whether he will go down to posterity as one who has enriched his country's treasures of noble thoughts, pure feelings, imperishable verse; or one who, with all his might, has cried havoc, and let loose the dogs of war, the dogs of civil war, the wildest and most furious race that prey on the happiness of man. Let him deeply reflect whether on his death-bed he will have his conscience loaded with the blood of thousands, the guilt of those whom he has goaded to rebellion: the misery of those hosts of blameless beings whom that rebellion has plunged in unutterable misery—whether he will encounter the self-reproach of having contributed, even in the least degree, to a revolution, which, if successful, would blast the richest and most flourishing country to a wilderness; which would tear from the roots all the institutions of England—a land in which more rational liberty exists than has ever before blessed mankind—and where, however crossed and disturbed by political faction and jealousy, there is a more earnest and general desire of improving the condition of all orders than has ever been diffused even through a Christian community; and subject this land to the iron despotism, nominally of the many, but in reality of the most ignorant, unprincipled, intriguing, and turbulent few. If this should be the case, should (heaven avert the omen!) one part of his daring vision be accomplished, the convulsion, the strife, the desolation take place, and those consequences ensue, which all experience, which all the collected wisdom of ages shows to be irresistible; what then would be the remorse of a man whose heart is not absolutely seared by the miseries which he shall have witnessed, in which he shall have been, if not an active, an influential accomplice? Let his own vivid imagination represent the self-reproach, the shame, the agony.

For ourselves—we have uttered our warning in the calm and earnest tone of those who have studied, we trust dispassionately, the manner in which wild opinions are sometimes formed in their youth by men of the noblest aspirations, and of the most generous nature; men whose imaginative cast of mind enables and induces them to people futurity with unsubstantial dreams of human liberty,

liberty, happiness, and peace; and, in attempting to attach these motives to an existing state of society, overlook or cast into the shade the amount of misery which must be passed through to realize, even if that were possible, these poetic creations.

We know how many glorious and powerful minds in all ages have yielded themselves up to such delusions (and who that has not great hopes will ever dare or accomplish great things?)—but we know also how many have bitterly lamented the dissolution, the reversal, the total blasting of their hopes, their change from the Eden of liberty, peace, and content, to the desolate wilderness of anarchy, confusion, and a more grinding despotism. Men in the mean time of infinitely less power, of far less ardent aspirations, by resolutely treading the more beaten path of substantial, quiet, peaceful, and Christian usefulness, have enshrined themselves in the hearts of men as their best benefactors, and have looked back with the approving answer of their conscience on a less dazzling, perhaps, but uniformly brightening and fertilizing career. Their light has shone before men, but it has not glared in their eyes, nor flamed with destructive violence. Let this young author, above all things, search his own heart, whether the inspiration of its magnificent dreams be the pure, disinterested love of all mankind, or a narrow jealousy and hatred of one class or order; let him not mistake an uneasy and morbid dissatisfaction at some particular arrangements of our own actual system of polity for a lofty desire to elevate and improve our race—revenge for fancied wrongs either towards himself or others, for genuine patriotism—a blind and passionate hostility to the Church, for true Christianity. Patriotism, philanthropy, Christianity, alike reject these sordid incentives; they will have no fellowship with men actuated by such motives; they have no tolerance for crime, for cruelty, for baseness, for a sanguinary spirit of vengeance, or a narrow bigotry, even though they may seem to promote their own ends. Nor is the genuine poet's inspiration less fastidious; the love, the pure, unmingled love of nature, of humanity, of God, must be the exalting but uninebriating draught from which it draws its vital energy. The poet who substitutes the wild intoxication of popular faction, of mad excitement, and insurgent fury, may possibly secure for himself some temporary influence, some admiration, some fame; but will cast away that permanent, that undying renown, which is only awarded by the inextinguishable sympathies of the better part of human nature.

ART. VII.—1. *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle between the Years 1826 and 1836, describing their Examination of the Southern Shores of South America, and the Beagle's Circumnavigation of the Globe.* By Captain Philip Parker King, R.N., F.R.S., and Captain Robert Fitz-Roy, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. With a separate Appendix. London. 1839.

2. *Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by H.M.S. Beagle, under the command of Captain Fitz-Roy, R.N., from 1832 to 1836.* By Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Secretary to the Geological Society. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1839.

SELF-IMMOLATION is a term which we have more than once heard applied to the course pursued by those officers of the British navy who have given themselves up to nautical surveying and discovery. If it is meant to convey the idea that they thereby take a line which, under existing circumstances, leads them from the more substantial rewards of their noble profession, there is far too much of truth in the expression; but if it be intended as an insinuation that such men are not employing themselves in the very best course of even mere professional training, we strenuously deny its applicability. If the perfect discipline and health of the crews, and their entire reliance on him who commands them;—if the constant habit of manœuvring the ship in all weathers and in all situations;—if a watchful preparation against surprise, whether from the elements or the wild races of men to whose shores she comes like some being of another world;—if a steadiness of purpose and unconquerable spirit under circumstances however adverse;—if these be principles and qualities to ensure victory in war, we know not where the country can look for them with more certainty than among this devoted class of seamen. Of the vast, the immeasurable value of the services which able officers thus employed are in the mean time rendering to science, to commerce, to their country, and to the whole civilised world, we need say nothing—nothing we could say would be too much.

In 1825 the Lords of the Admiralty directed two ships to be prepared for a survey of the southern coasts of South America, and early in 1826 they were ready to carry the orders of the Board into execution. Captain King, the senior officer (already highly distinguished for his Australian survey*), was on board the *Adventure*, a roomy ship of 330 tons. She was without

* See his interesting 'Narrative,' 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1827.

guns, excepting one for signals—was lightly, though strongly rigged, and very substantially built. Captain Pringle Stokes commanded the *Beagle*, a tight little vessel of 235 tons, carrying six guns. The expedition sailed from Plymouth on the 22nd of May, and after calling at Madeira, Teneriffe, St. Jago, and Rio de Janeiro, the ships dropped their anchors in Maldonado, on the north side of the river Plata, on the 13th of October. Each vessel was employed on that side between Cape St. Mary and Monte Video till the 12th of November, and on the 19th they quitted the river Plata. According to Captain King's instructions, *the survey* was to commence at Cape San Antonio, the southern limit of the entrance of the Plata, but he decided upon beginning with the southern coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, including the straits of Magalhaens, or Magellan, as it is popularly written and called.

‘ In the first place, they presented a field of great interest and novelty ; and secondly, the climate of the higher southern latitudes being so severe and tempestuous, it appeared important to encounter its rigours while the ships were in good condition—while the crews were healthy—and while the charms of a new and difficult enterprise had full force.’—*King*, vol. i. p. 1.

Accordingly, on the 28th the ships anchored at Port Santa Elena, and Captains King and Stokes, having landed to select a place for their observations, found the spot which the Spanish astronomers of Malaspina's voyage in 1798 had used for their observatory the most convenient for their purpose.

But before going into the general results, we find it necessary to state some of the changes which occurred among the officers under Captain King's command. In September, 1826, Lieutenant Hawes of the *Beagle* was invalided, and succeeded by Lieutenant Sholl, who died in 1828, and in February, 1827, Mr. Ainsworth was unfortunately drowned. He had crossed the strait with the gig and cutter to survey Port Antonio, and Captain King says,—

‘ In the evening the cutter returned ; but, alas ! with the melancholy information of the loss of Mr. Ainsworth and two seamen, drowned by the upsetting of the gig. One of the latter was my excellent coxswain, John Corkhill. The remainder of the gig's crew were only rescued from drowning by the strenuous exertions of those in the cutter.

‘ This disaster was much felt by every one. Ainsworth was a deserving officer, and highly esteemed. Corkhill was captain of the fore-castle, and had served in the polar voyages under Sir Edward Parry. On the Sunday following, the colours were hoisted half-mast high, and the funeral service was read after morning prayers ; for although to recover the bodies was impossible, their watery grave was before our eyes, and the performance of this last sad duty was a melancholy satisfaction.

“ Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.”—vol. i. p. 63.

In June, 1827, Lieutenant Cooke of the *Adventure* invalided, and was succeeded by Mr. Wickham; in the same month, Mr. Graves, now the commander of the *Beacon* surveying-vessel in the Mediterranean, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, a rank which, we regret to write, that officer, whose life has been one series of active service, still holds. In 1828, the distressing death of Captain Stokes occurred, and the *Beagle* was temporarily commanded by Lieut. Skyring. In December of that year, the commander-in-chief of the station, Sir Robert Otway, superseded the arrangements of Captain King, and appointed a commander, lieutenant, master, and surgeon to the *Beagle*. Captain King still retained his rank as senior officer, and had Mr. Graves for his lieutenant and assistant-surveyor. Captain Fitz-Roy took the command of the *Beagle*, with Skyring as his assistant-surveyor.

After four years of unremitting labour and hardship, the *Adventure* and *Beagle* sailed together from Rio de Janeiro on the 6th of August, 1830, and anchored in Plymouth Sound on the 14th of October. Both vessels were soon afterwards paid off.

The second expedition, under the command of Captain Fitz-Roy, during which the *Beagle* circumnavigated the globe, commenced in 1831; and the following incidents appear to have been intimately connected with its origin and plan. In February, 1830, the *Beagle* being then moored in Townshend harbour, on the south-west coast of Tierra del Fuego, a whale-boat belonging to the ship was stolen during a dark night, from a cove near Cape Desolation. Mr. Murray, the master, and his party, consisting of six men, being thus deprived of the means of returning to the *Beagle*, formed a canoe, or rather basket—for it was no better—with the branches of trees, and part of their coarsest tent. In this frail bark, favoured by the only fine day that had occurred for three weeks, three men, by his direction, made their way back to the *Beagle*, the *basket* having been twenty-four hours on its voyage. Assistance was immediately given to the master and the other men; but a search for the boat proved unsuccessful, although much of the *gear* was found; and the women and children of the Fuegian families, from whom it was recovered, were detained as hostages: the men, excepting one, escaped, or were absent, probably in the missing boat. At the end of February, the *Beagle* anchored in Christmas Sound; but, before this, all the prisoners had escaped, except three little girls, two of whom were restored to their own tribe, near Whale-boat Sound; the other remained on board, by the style and title of Miss Fuegia *Basket*. From the first canoe seen in Christmas Sound one man

was

was taken as a hostage for the recovery of *the boat*, and as an interpreter and guide. 'He came to us,' says Captain Fitz-Roy, 'with little reluctance, and appeared unconcerned:' they called him Boat Memory. A few days afterwards, traces of the boat were found at some wigwams on an island in Christmas Sound, and from the families inhabiting those wigwams the Captain took another young man. No useful information, however, respecting the lost boat was gained from them, and the *Beagle* was obliged to leave that coast without recovering it. Afterwards, when in Nassau Bay, Fitz-Roy's captives stated that the natives of that part of the coast were their enemies, and that they spoke a different language. This intelligence made him anxious to persuade one of this eastern tribe to come on board, and stay in his ship; but he had then no hopes of doing so, and gave up the idea. Some time afterwards, however, when away in his boat exploring the *Beagle Channel*, he accidentally met three canoes, and prevailed on their occupants to put one of the party, a stout boy, into his boat, and in return he gave them beads, buttons, and other trifles. Fitz-Roy states that he does not know whether they intended that the boy should remain with his party permanently; but they seemed contented with their singular bargain, and paddled back towards the cove.

When Captain Fitz-Roy was about to depart from the Fuegian coast, he decided upon keeping these four natives on board, as they appeared quite cheerful and contented: he thought, too, that many good effects might be the consequence of their living a short time in England. They enjoyed excellent health; understood why they were taken; and looked forward with pleasure to seeing our country, and returning again to their own. We find these people on board the *Beagle*, at sea, on the 12th September, 1830, rejoicing in the following romantic nomenclature:—York Minster (so called from a cliffy promontory), whose years were estimated at twenty-six; Boat Memory, twenty; Jemmy—we beg his pardon—*James Button*, fourteen; and Miss Basket, nine years old.

Captain Fitz-Roy, in a letter to Captain King, dated as above, states the facts of which we have here given a summary; observes that he had maintained the Fuegians entirely at his own expense; that he held himself responsible for their comfort whilst away from their own country, and for their safe return; and requests that King, as the senior officer of the expedition, would consider of the possibility of some public advantage being derived from this circumstance, and of the propriety of offering them, with that view, to his Majesty's government. The letter concludes thus:—

'Should

‘Should not his Majesty’s government direct otherwise, I shall procure for these people a suitable education, and, after two or three years, shall send or take them back to their country, with as large a stock as I can collect of those articles most useful to them, and most likely to improve the condition of their countrymen, who are now scarcely superior to the brute creation.’—vol. ii. p. 6.

This letter Captain King forwarded to the Admiralty as soon as he arrived in England, and the answer stated that the Lords Commissioners would not interfere with Captain Fitz-Roy’s personal superintendence of his four Fuegians, but would afford him any facilities for maintaining them while here, and would give them a passage home again. Anxious to protect the poor Indians from those diseases which have so often proved fatal to the aborigines of distant lands when brought to Europe, Captain Fitz-Roy obtained an order for their admission into the Naval Hospital at Plymouth; and there the good-hearted captain left them, with a diminished anxiety, in order to attend to his duties connected with the survey: but he had hardly reached London when the information came that poor Boat Memory had fallen a sacrifice to the dreadful disease that hurried the amiable Lee Boo to an untimely grave—a disease which, though in a great measure deprived of its terrors by Jenner, is far from being entirely disarmed. Boat Memory had been vaccinated four different times; but the three first operations had failed, and the last had just taken effect, when the fatal small-pox showed itself.

‘This poor fellow,’ says Captain Fitz-Roy, ‘was a very great favourite with all who knew him, as well as with myself. He had a good disposition, very good abilities, and, though born a savage, had a pleasing, intelligent appearance. He was quite an exception to the general character of the Fuegians, having good features and a well-proportioned frame. It may readily be supposed that this was a severe blow to me, for I was deeply sensible of the responsibility which had been incurred; and, however unintentionally, could not but feel how much I was implicated in shortening his existence. Neither of the others were attacked, the last vaccination having taken full effect; but they were allowed to remain in the hospital for some time longer, until I could make satisfactory arrangements for them. While they were under Dr. Dickson’s care, in the hospital, his own children had the measles; and thinking that it would be a good opportunity to carry the little Fuegian girl through that illness, he prepared her for it, and then took her into his house, among his own children, where she had a very favourable attack, and recovered thoroughly.’—vol. ii. p. 10.

Their education and maintenance were the next cares, and they were brought in a stage-coach to London, with none of the lions of which did they appear to be more struck than with that upon Thumberland House, which one of the party ‘certainly thought

thought alive and walking there.' Captain Fitz-Roy took them to Walthamstow, where, through the kind intervention of the Rev. W. Wilson, they were received as inmates in the house of the master of the Infant School: there they remained till October, 1831; and they appear to have met with every kindness from that clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Wigram, and many others in the neighbourhood.

'The attention of their instructor was directed to teaching them English, and the plainer truths of Christianity, as the first object; and the use of common tools, a slight acquaintance with husbandry, gardening, and mechanism, as the second. Considerable progress was made by the boy and girl; but the man was hard to teach, except mechanically. He took interest in smith's or carpenter's work, and paid attention to what he saw and heard about animals; but he reluctantly assisted in garden work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees, a good many words of their own languages were collected (the boy's differed from that of the man and the girl), and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble; were very healthy; and the two younger ones became great favourites wherever they were known. Sometimes I took them with me to see a friend or relation of my own, who was anxious to question them, and contribute something to the increasing stock of serviceable articles which I was collecting for their use, when they should return to *Tierra del Fuego*. My sister was a frequent benefactress; and they often talked, both then and afterwards, of going to see "Cappen Sisser."—vol. ii. p. 12.

In the summer of 1831 King William expressed a wish to see them, and they were taken to St. James's, where his majesty asked many sensible and pertinent questions respecting them, their country, and the survey. Queen Adelaide, who was present, with the kindness that marks her character, left the room in which they were for a minute, and returned with one of her own bonnets, which she placed upon Miss Basket's head, at the same time putting one of her rings on the wild girl's finger—not forgetting to furnish her with a sum of money for an outfit of clothes when she should leave England.

Captain Fitz-Roy, who had reason to expect that the survey would be continued, was greatly disappointed at finding that there was no such intention; but he did not lose sight of his Fuegians, and, with the honourable spirit of an English gentleman, made an agreement with the owner of a small vessel, the *John* of London, to carry himself and four other persons to such places in South America as he wished to visit, and eventually to land him at Valparaiso. His arrangements were all made, and James Bennett, who had all along attended on the Fuegians, and was to accompany him, had already purchased a number of goats, with

with which the Captain intended to stock the islands of Tierra del Fuego—when ‘a kind uncle,’ to whom he had mentioned his plan, went to the Admiralty.

We are very glad that this same kind uncle *did* go to the Admiralty; for the result was a continuance of the survey, the appointment of Captain Fitz-Roy to the well-tried little Beagle, and an expedition which has made large additions to our scientific knowledge.

Besides the completion of the surveys, for the continuation of which Captain Beaufort, who so ably fills the office of Hydrographer, expressed his anxiety, there were other objects to be followed out. A considerable difference still existed between the longitude of Rio de Janeiro, as determined by Captains King, Beechey, and Foster, on the one hand, and Captain W. F. Owen, Baron Roussin, and the Portuguese astronomers on the other. As all our meridian distances in South America are measured from thence, it became of importance to decide between those authorities, or, at least, to reduce the difference within very narrow limits. Captain Beaufort’s excellent ‘Memorandum’ enters at large upon the best method of coming to that decision, recommending in particular that the Beagle’s voyage should be made in short stages, in order to detect the changes which take place in all chronometers during a continuous increase of temperature. Captain Fitz-Roy was naturally desirous of adding as much as possible to the completion of the survey, and embarked with a set of the best chronometers, both public and private, resolving to spare no expense, and entertaining the hope that a chain of meridian distances might be carried round the world, if the return to England were made across the Pacific and by the Cape of Good Hope.

‘Anxious,’ says Captain Fitz-Roy, ‘that no opportunity of collecting useful information during the voyage should be lost, I proposed to the hydrographer that some well-educated and scientific person should be sought for who would willingly share such accommodations as I had to offer, in order to profit by the opportunity of visiting distant countries yet little known. Captain Beaufort approved of the suggestion, and wrote to Professor Peacock, of Cambridge, who consulted with a friend, Professor Henslow, and he named Mr. Charles Darwin, grandson of the poet, as a young man of promising ability, extremely fond of geology, and indeed all branches of natural history. In consequence an offer was made to Mr. Darwin to be my guest on board, which he accepted conditionally; permission was obtained for his embarkation, and an order given by the Admiralty that he should be borne on the ship’s books for provisions. The conditions asked by Mr. Darwin were, that he should be at liberty to leave the Beagle and retire from the expedition when he thought proper, and that he should pay a fair share of the expenses of my table.’—vol. ii. pp. 18, 19.

Mr.

Mr. Darwin availed himself of this permission, and he speaks in the most grateful terms of the treatment which he received throughout from Captain Fitz-Roy, who may well be satisfied with the results of his praiseworthy suggestion.

On the 27th of November, 1831, the well-manned, well-appointed, and well-provided *Beagle* sailed from Barn Pool, and having circumnavigated the globe and accomplished all the objects which the expedition had in view, as far as was practicable, she anchored at Falmouth on the 2nd of October, 1836, after an absence of four years and nine months. In this long voyage there was no fatal disease, with the exception of the case of the purser, who died of an internal complaint having no relation whatever to the service in which he had been employed, nor was there any serious illness.

‘This freedom from illness,’ observes Captain Fitz-Roy, ‘must be attributed, under Providence, to active employment, good clothing, and wholesome food, in healthy, though sometimes disagreeable climates; and our immunity from accident during exposure to a variety of risks, especially in boats, I attribute, referring to visible causes, to the care, attention, and vigilance of the excellent officers, whose able assistance was not valued by me more than their sincere friendship.’—vol. ii. p. 639.

It is impossible not to notice the modesty with which this fine officer passes his own devoted care and watchfulness. He has spent *nine* of the best years of his life in this survey—but in every respect they seem indeed to have been most nobly spent.

None of the longitudes given in Captain Fitz-Roy’s tables depend upon absolute or independent astronomical observations; and the principal results of the *Beagle*’s chronometrical measurements between 1831 and 1836 form a connected chain of meridian distances round the globe—‘the first,’ says Captain Fitz-Roy, ‘that has ever been completed or even attempted by chronometers alone.’ The sum, however, of all the parts which form the chain amounts, he tells us, to more than twenty-four hours, the whole exceeding that time by about thirty-three seconds of time; and, therefore, as he remarks, error must exist somewhere. The cause of that error, or where it may exist, he is unable to determine; but he says,—

‘The only idea I can dwell on, with respect to the cause of this error of thirty-three seconds, is, that chronometers may be affected by magnetic action in consequence of a ship’s head being for a considerable time towards the east or west: yet this is but a conjecture. In the measures between Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, and in those between Rio de Janeiro and Cape Horn, there is no evidence of any permanent cause of error; but the greater part of those measurements were made with the ship’s head usually near the meridian.

‘Were

‘ Were I to select three measurements which I thought less trustworthy than others, I should decide on that from the Galapagos to Otaheite, from Otaheite to New Zealand, and from Hobart Town to King George Sound ; but I do not think that either one of these can be five seconds of time in error, according to regular computation, without supposing some unknown cause of error to exist. If each of the three were five seconds wrong, and each error lay in the same direction, still there would only be fifteen seconds out of thirty-two accounted for. Such a supposition as this, however, that each of these three measurements is five seconds, or thereabouts, in error (referring only to error caused by known means) appears to be extremely improbable, I would almost say impossible.

‘ It will naturally occur to the reader, that as error, undetected as to locality, exists, arbitrary correction must be made in order to reduce 24h. 0m. 33s. to 24h.’—*Appendix*, pp. 345, 346.

Otaheite having been selected as a point at which such a correction might be made with the least degree of inconvenience, to that place the longitudes in the Beagle’s tables are given as measured westward by Cape Horn, and eastward from Greenwich by the Cape of Good Hope ; and there, as the two portions of the chain overlap, a mean has been taken between the resulting longitudes. Though this error is to be lamented, it cannot be a very serious one ; and a perusal of the principal measurements, collated with other determinations, will show that much weight is to be attached to the greatest part of the results obtained by the officers of the Beagle.

We must now, however, turn back to Captain King’s voyage, which abounds with interesting information in every branch of natural history. The publication of this part of the work was intrusted to Captain Fitz-Roy ; and though he says that, being hurried and unwell, he could not do it justice, we think he has fulfilled the trust reposed in him in a most admirable manner. We know how he devoted himself to *this* portion of the publication, at the expense of no small delay in the appearance of his own. We know, too, how liberally he has furnished everything that he thought would add to the value of *this* volume, particularly in the way of illustration.

The Patagonians stand out as the principal objects in any narrative of a voyage to the Straits of Magellan, and few things are more striking than the discrepancy between the accounts of former voyagers and those of later periods. According to Captain King, of fifty Patagonian men, not one of whom looked more than fifty-five years of age, one man only exceeded six feet, while the generality were between five feet ten and six feet in height. Now the account given of those seen by Magalhaens and his people at Port San Julian is very circumstantial, and the general height

is stated at about seven feet (French): but one was 'so tall,' says the narrative, 'that our heads scarcely came up to his waist, and his voice was like that of a bull!' This giant had approached them singing with a depth of intonation that would have done honour to Polypheme himself, and only to be imagined by those who have heard Lablache throw out the full volume of his *organ*. They had with them beasts of burthen on which they placed their wives—guanacoës, probably, from the description. Herrera notices the least of the Patagonians as being larger and taller than the stoutest man of Castile; and Transylvanus gives their height as being ten palms or spans—about seven feet six inches. Loyasa, in 1525, speaks only generally, as having seen savages of great stature in the Straits; but it is probable that these were the smaller race of Fuegians, and this seems to have been the case when the same Straits were passed in 1535 by Alcazova, and attempted in 1540 by Alphonso de Camargo, neither of whom appears to have been visited by Patagonians. It is not clear that Drake saw any of these last very closely, though his fleet put into Port San Julian, where they found natives of large stature. The author of 'The World Encompassed,' in which work Drake's voyage is detailed, speaking of the size and height of these people, supposes the name given to them to have been *Pentagones*, to denote a stature of five cubits, or seven feet and a half.* The Indians whom Drake met within the strait are spoken of as small in stature: these seem to have been Fuegians. Sarmiento, who had an encounter with them, in which he and others were wounded, calls them 'Gente grande,' and 'Los Gigantes;' and he describes the proportions of one whom he made prisoner by the words 'Es crecido de miembros.' He formed an establishment named 'Jesus,' in the spot where giants had been seen; but in the account of that colony no mention is made of people of large stature, though Tomé Hernandez states that the Indians of the plains, who are giants, communicate with the Indians of Tierra del Fuego, who are like them. In Sir Thomas Cavendish's first voyage (1586) it is stated that one of the Patagonian footsteps was measured, and gave a length of eighteen inches. Knyvet, in his account of Sir Thomas's second voyage (1591), describes the Patagonians as fifteen or sixteen spans in height! and adds that, of those 'cannibals,' above a thousand came to them at one time. In 1599, Sebald de Veert states that he was attacked in the strait by savages of reddish colour, and with long hair, whom he thought to be ten or eleven

* This name of Patagons appears to have been first given to the race by Magalhaens, because they wore a sort of slipper or boot made of the skins of animals.

feet high. The wretched natives murdered by the Dutch Admiral, Oliver van Noort, on the island of Santa Marta, near Elizabeth Island—for though Pennant calls it a *rencontre*, a most inhuman murder it was—are described as being of nearly the same stature as the common people in Holland, but broad and high-chested. Among some captives taken on board, however, was a boy, and he informed the crew that there was a tribe living farther inland, whose names were *Tiremenen*, and their territory *Coin*; that they were 'great people like giants, being from ten to twelve feet high, and that they came to make war against the other tribes, whom they reproached for being eaters of ostriches!' Spilbergen, another Dutchman, saw, in his passage through the strait, a man of gigantic stature on the hills, as if for the purpose of observing the ships; and on an island near the entrance of the Strait were found the dead bodies of two natives, wrapped in penguin-skins and lightly covered with earth—one being of the usual stature, but the other two feet and a half longer. The accounts given by Le Maire and Schouten of the graves of the Patagonians agree precisely with what Captain King noticed at Sea-Bear bay, the body, in both cases, being laid on the ground and covered with a heap of stones; but Le Maire and Schouten describe the skeletons as measuring ten or eleven feet in length, 'the skulls of which,' it is added, 'we could put on our heads in the manner of helmets.' The Nodales do not appear to have met any natives on the northern side of the strait; and they pass over those with whom they did communicate (Fuegians), without particular notice as to their stature. The Dutch Admiral, Henry Brewer, observed human footsteps which measured eighteen inches, in the strait Le Maire. Sir John Narborough (1670) did not, apparently, fall in with any of the true Patagonian race: he saw well-shaped, athletic Indians at Port San Julian, but he says that a Mr. Wood was taller than any of them. The nineteen natives that Sir John saw on Elizabeth Island must have been Fuegians. Neither Bartholomew Sharp (1680), De Gennes (1696), nor Beauchesne Gouin (1699), appear to have seen any of the tall race; but Bulkley and his companions saw them in 1741, mounted on horses or mules, and this seems to be the first notice of their possession of these animals. In 1766, Duclos de Guyot had an interview with seven Patagonians, mounted on horses with saddles, bridles, and stirrups. The shortest of the men measured five feet eleven inches and a quarter (English); the others were considerably taller: they called their chief, or leader, 'Capitan.' We now come to the evidence of Byron:—

'One of them,' says the Commodore, 'who afterwards appeared to be
chief,

chief, came towards me; he was of gigantic stature, and seemed to realize the tales of monsters in a human shape: he had the skin of some wild beast thrown over his shoulders, as a Scotch Highlander wears his plaid, and was painted so as to make the most hideous appearance I ever beheld: round one eye was a large circle of white, a circle of black surrounded the other, and the rest of his body was streaked with paint of different colours. *I did not measure him*, but if I may judge of his height by the proportion of his stature to my own, it could not be less than seven feet. When this frightful Colossus came up, we muttered somewhat to each other as a salutation.'

The Commodore also notices one of the women as being of most enormous size, and graphically describes the effect produced by this company of giants on his Lieutenant, who arrived during the performance of a song:—

'Mr. Cumming came up with the tobacco, and I could not but smile at the astonishment which I saw expressed in his countenance upon perceiving himself, though six feet two inches high, become at once a pigmy among giants, for these people may, indeed, more properly be called giants than tall men: of the few among us who are full six feet high, scarcely any are broad and muscular in proportion to their stature, but look rather like men of the common bulk grown up accidentally to an unusual height; and a man who should measure only six feet two inches, and equally exceed a stout well-set man of the common stature in breadth and muscle, would strike us rather as being of a gigantic race, than as an individual accidentally anomalous: our sensations, therefore, upon seeing five hundred people, the shortest of whom were at least four inches taller, and bulky in proportion, may be imagined.'

Now this account was published only seven years after the voyage; and the exaggeration, if any existed, might, as Captain King admits, have been exposed by many. 'There can be no doubt,' adds the Captain, 'that, among five hundred persons, several were of a large size; but that all of them were four inches taller than six feet must have been a mistake. The Commodore says that he caused them all to be seated, and in that position, from the length of their bodies, they would certainly appear to be of very large stature.'

But, to corroborate the evidence of the Commodore, we have that of Captain Charles Clerke, who was a midshipman in the 'Dolphin,' Byron's ship, and afterwards commanded the 'Discovery,' in Captain Cook's last voyage, on board of which last vessel he died, much respected, in August, 1779. His account, dated November, 1766, was read before the Royal Society, in April, 1767, immediately after Byron's return, and whilst the facts were fresh in the memories of all. These are his words:—

; 'We were with them near two hours, at noon-day, within a very few yards,

yards, though none had the honour of shaking hands but Mr. Bynne and Mr. Cumming: however, we were near enough and long enough with them, to convince our senses so far as not to be cavilled out of the very existence of those senses at that time, which some of our countrymen and friends would absolutely attempt to do. They are of a copper colour, with long black hair, and some of them are certainly nine feet, if they do not exceed it. The Commodore, who is very near six foot, could but just reach the top of one of their heads, which he attempted on tip-toes; and there were several taller than him on whom the experiment was tried. They were prodigious stout, and as well and proportionally made as ever I saw people in my life. The women, I think, bear much the same proportion to the men as our Europeans do: there was hardly a man there less than eight feet, most of them considerably more; the women, I believe, run from seven and a half to eight feet. Their horses were stout and bony, but not remarkably tall: they are, in my opinion, from fifteen to fifteen and a half hands. They had a great number of dogs, about the size of a middling pointer, with a fox nose. They continued upon the beach till we got under way, which was two hours after we got on board.'—*Phil. Trans.* vol. 57.

This is very circumstantial; but Bougainville, who landed among them about the same period, speaks very differently. 'They have,' says he, 'a fine shape: among those whom we saw, not one was below five feet ten inches and a quarter (English), nor above six feet two inches and a half in height. Their gigantic appearance arises from their prodigiously broad shoulders, the size of their heads, and the thickness of all their limbs. They are robust and well fed: their nerves are braced, and their muscles strong, and sufficiently hard.'

Captain King continues the chain of evidence from Byron, and thus comments on it:—

'Shortly afterwards, Wallis, in the neighbourhood of Cape Virgins, communicated with the same people, and as the story of the Patagonian giants had been spread abroad, and was very much discredited, he carried two measuring rods with him; and says in his narrative, "We went round and measured those that appeared to be the tallest. One was six feet seven inches high, several more were six feet five, and six feet six inches; but the stature of the greatest part of them was from five feet ten to six feet."

'In the voyage of the Santa Maria de la Cabeza, 1786, it is related that the height of one or two Patagonians, with whom the officers had an interview, was six feet eleven inches and a half (of Burgos), which is equal to six feet four inches and a half English. This man wore a sword, on which was engraved "Por el Rey Carlos III.," and spoke a few words in Spanish, proofs of his having had communication with some of the Spanish settlements. It does not, however, appear from the account that there were many others, if any, of that height.

'Of all the above accounts, I think those by Bougainville and Wallis
the

accurate. It is true that, of the number we saw, none measured more than six feet two inches; but it is possible that the preceding generation may have been a larger race of people, for none that we had have been alive at the time of Wallis's or Byron's voyage. They were certainly not the tallest; but, without discrediting the accounts of Byron, or any other of the modern voyagers, I think it probable, by a different mode of life, or a mixture by marriage with the European or Fuegian tribes, which we know has taken place, they have degenerated into a smaller race, and have lost all right to the title of giants; yet their bulky, muscular forms, and length of body, in some respects bear out the above accounts; for had the present generation been of the same size, they might, without any exaggeration, justify the accounts of Commodore Byron. The Jesuit missionary, Falkner, who, after intercourse of forty years with the Indians of South America, is considered as one of the best authorities, says, speaking of an Indian named Cangapol, "This chief, who was called by the Spaniards Cacique Bravo, was tall and well proportioned: he must have been seven feet and some inches in height, because on tiptoe I could reach the top of his head: I was very well acquainted with him, and went some journeys in his company: I do not recollect ever to have seen an Indian that was above an inch or two taller than he." His brother Sausimian was but about six feet high. The Tehuelches or Puelches are a large-bodied people; but I never heard of any gigantic race which others have mentioned, though I have seen many of all the different tribes of the Southern Indians."

This is an account in 1746, only twenty years before that of Bou-

Taking all the evidence together, it may be considered that the average height of the males of these southern tribes is about five feet six inches. The women are not so tall, but are in proportion and stouter: they are generally plain-featured. The head is round, and flat, and the forehead low, with the hair growing thickly over the eyebrows, which are bare. The eyes are often deep-set, and have but little expression; the nose is generally straight, and turned up; but we noticed several with that feature which is sometimes aquiline: the mouth is wide, with prominent lips; the chin is rather large; the jaws are broad, and give the face a square appearance; the neck is short and thick; the shoulders are broad, and the chest is broad and very full; but the arm, particularly the forearm, is small, as are also the foot and leg; the body long, large, but not corpulent. Such was the appearance of those who were first seen by my observation.—vol. i. pp. 101—103.

Some of the earlier accounts may have been heightened by optical delusion arising from the sight of some of these Indians on a high ground, and in relief against the sky, and others by a natural tendency to the marvellous, is very probable:

It is difficult to repudiate the strong general evidence of the great height and bulk of these Indians in former years; whilst it is all incompatible with general experience that the present generation may

may be a diminished race. Many causes may have operated to produce this degeneracy. That the like may happen even in civilized countries we have the following proof:—It is shown in that valuable miscellany, 'The United Service Journal,' for September last, that a decrease of stature has become quite manifest in France—as compared with the state of things before the revolutionary miseries began. The investigations of M. Villermé prove that the stature of the conscripts has been sensibly diminishing during the last forty years. Before the revolution, the *minimum* height for admission as a grenadier was 5 feet 5 inches French, or 5 feet 10½ inches English. During the republic it was reduced to 5 feet 9½ inches; in the Imperial armies it was further diminished to 5 feet 8½ inches; and during the Restoration it sank to 5 feet 7¼ inches. At the present day, every well-conducted man, whatever may be his height, is qualified for admission into the picked companies. Besides the direct effects of battles and the guillotine, various other causes, such as the exemption from service accorded to married men under certain circumstances, are supposed to have assisted in this diminution, the men marrying, at an early period of life, women in precarious health, or of advanced years, to escape the conscription, and thus producing a less robust race. M. Villermé relates, that a portion of our army being quartered in France in 1815, a contract was entered into with French manufacturers to supply them with caps, which were made in exact conformity with the instructions of the French war-department. When the caps were delivered, it was found that two-thirds were useless; and that the largest fitted none but the smallest English heads.

Here is a specimen of Captain King's amusing account of the appearance, habits, and manners of his still burly friends:—

'On a hill near us we observed three or four Patagonian Indians standing together, and their horses feeding close to them. A fire was soon kindled, to attract our notice, to which signal we replied by showing our colours; and had we not already communicated with these people, we should certainly have thought them giants, for they "loomed very large" as they stood on the summit of the hill. This optical deception must doubtless have been caused by mirage: the haze has always been observed to be very great during fine weather and a hot day, arising from rapid evaporation of the moisture so abundantly deposited on the surface of the ground in all parts of the Strait.

'As soon as the Patagonians found they were noticed, they mounted and rode along the shore abreast of us, being joined by other parties, until the whole number could not have been less than forty. Several foals and dogs were with them. Having anchored in Gregory Bay, where I intended remaining for two days to communicate with them, I

sent

sent up a rocket, burnt a blue-light, and despatched Lieutenant Coöke on shore to ask for a large supply of guanaco meat, for which we would pay in knives and beads. The boat returned on board immediately, bringing off four natives, three men and "Maria." This rather remarkable woman must have been, judging by her appearance, about forty years old: she is said to have been born at Assuncion, in Paraguay, but I think the place of her birth was nearer Buenos Ayres. She spoke broken but intelligible Spanish, and stated herself to be sister of Bysante, the cacique of a tribe near the Santa Cruz River, who is an important personage, on account of his size (which Maria described to be immense) and his riches. In speaking of him, she said he was *very* rich; he had many mantles, and also many hides ("muy rico, tiene muchas mantas y tambien muchos cueros"). One of Maria's companions, a brother of Bysante, was the tallest and largest man of this tribe; and though he only measured six feet in height, his body was large enough for a much taller man. He was in great affliction: his daughter had died only two days before our arrival; but, notwithstanding his sad story, which soon found him friends, it was not long before he became quite intoxicated, and began to sing and roar on the subject of his misfortunes, with a sound more like the bellowing of a bull than the voice of a human being. Upon applying to Maria, who was not quite so tipsy as her brother, to prevent him from making such hideous noises, she laughed and said, "Oh, never mind, he's drunk; poor fellow, his daughter is dead" (Es boracho, povrecito, murió su hija); and then, assuming a serious tone, she looked towards the sky, and muttered in her own language a sort of prayer or invocation to their chief demon, or ruling spirit, whom Pigafetta, the companion and historian of Magalhaens, called *Setebos*, which Admiral Burney supposes to have been the original of one of Shakspeare's names in *The Tempest*—

' ————— his art is of such power,
He would control my dam's god Setebos.'

' Maria's dress was similar to that of other females of the tribe; but she wore ear-rings, made of medals stamped with a figure of the Virgin Mary, which, with the brass pin that secured her mantle across her breast, were given to her by one Lewis, who had passed by in an American sealing-vessel, and who, we understood from her, had made them *Christians*.?—*King*, p. 88.

To what their *Christianity* amounts we may gather from one of the next pages.

' At Maria's return, her husband told her that I had been very inquisitive about a red baize bundle, which he told me contained "*Cristo*," upon which she said to me "*Quiere mirar mi Cristo?*" (do you wish to see my Christ?), and then, upon my nodding assent, called around her a number of the tribe, who obeyed her summons. A ceremony then took place. Maria, who, by the lead she took in the proceedings, appeared

to be high priestess as well as cacique, began by pulverising some whitish earth in the hollow of her hand, and then taking a mouthful of water, spat from time to time upon it, until she had formed a sort of pigment, which she distributed to the rest, reserving only sufficient to mark her face, eyelids, arms, and hair with the figure of the cross. Maria then took from the folds of the sacred wrapper an awl, and with it pierced either the arms or ears of all the party; each of whom presented in turn, pinched up between the finger and thumb, that portion of flesh which was to be perforated. The object evidently was to lose blood, and those from whom the blood flowed freely showed marks of satisfaction, while some whose wounds bled but little underwent the operation a second time.

‘ Maria then, with great solemnity and care, muttering to herself in Spanish (not two words of which could I catch, although I knelt down close to her), removed two or three wrappers, and exposed to our view a small figure, carved in wood, representing a dead person, stretched out. After exposing the image, to which all paid the greatest attention, and contemplating it for some moments in silence, Maria began to descant upon the virtues of her Christ, telling us it had a good heart (“buen corazon”), and that it was very fond of tobacco. “Mucho quiere mi Cristo tabaco, da me mas.” (My Christ loves tobacco very much, give me some more.) Such an appeal, on such an occasion, I could not refuse; and after agreeing with her in praise of the figure, I said I would send on board for some.’—*King*, p. 92.

The Captain soon visited Maria’s residence in the interior :—

‘ We found eight or ten huts arranged in a row; the sides and backs were covered with skins, but the fronts, which faced the east, were open; even these, however, were very much screened from wind by the ridge of hills eastward of the plain. Near them the ground was rather bare, but a little farther back there was a luxuriant growth of grass, affording rich and plentiful pasture for the horses, among which we observed several mares in foal, and colts feeding and frisking by the side of their dams: the scene was lively and pleasing, and, for the moment, reminded me of distant climes, and days gone by.

‘ The dwellings are all alike. In form they are rectangular, about ten or twelve feet long, ten deep, seven feet high in front, and six feet in the rear. The frame of the building is formed by poles stuck in the ground, having forked tops to hold cross pieces, on which are laid poles for rafters, to support the covering, which is made of skins of animals sewn together so as to be almost impervious to rain or wind. The posts and rafters, which are not easily procured, are carried from place to place in all their travelling excursions. Having reached their bivouac, and marked out a place with due regard to shelter from the wind, they dig holes with an iron bar or piece of pointed hard wood, to receive the posts; and all the frame and cover being ready, it takes but a short time to erect a dwelling. Their goods and furniture are placed on horseback under the charge of the females, who are mounted aloft upon them.

them. The men carry nothing but the lasso and bolas, to be ready for the capture of animals, or for defence.'—*Ibid.* p. 96.

Interesting as this volume is, we are unable to afford room for any more extracts; nor will the reader have cause to complain of this, for the scenes will rise before him with far greater force in the book itself. He will find traces of former voyages ingeniously brought to light, and even some remains—such, at least, they may fairly be concluded to be—of the hapless 'Wager,' together with masterly descriptions of the countries and the people visited, both savage and civilized; among which the chapter on the province and islands of Chiloe deserves particular notice. He will read of the natural productions, interwoven in the narrative in a pleasing and popular style, and more scientifically detailed in the Appendix—now following the Captain as he watches the frail humming-bird stoutly facing a snow-storm—or the rapid progression of the steamer-ducks, or race-horses, as Cook called them (*Micropteri brachypterus* and *Patachonicus*), as they rapidly propel themselves along rather than through the water with their small wings and their strong broad-webbed feet; and anon going along with him as he collects and describes his testaceous treasures, not forgetting the high relish of the excellent stew that the large mussels of those high latitudes make. Whilst upon culinary subjects, we would also call attention to the Beagle's game-book, containing a register of those animals which were used for the table—among the rest shags, as well as hawks and owls. We once heard a celebrated zoologist, who spent some time in the vast forests of South America, declare that 'everything except owl was eatable; hawk, to be sure, was not good, but owl was intolerable.' Even the bird of Minerva seems, however, to have passed muster with our gallant voyagers: 'young seal and young penguins were liked;' indeed old seals, otters, and foxes seem alone, or almost alone, to have found no favour. In common fairness, the name of the cook of the Beagle should have been blazoned—he must have been born with the genius of a *cordón bleu*.

The journal of Captain Stokes, whose tragical death in the very prime of his days is attributable to the anxiety arising from the severe hardship of the cruise, the dreadful weather he experienced, and the dangerous situations to which the party were so constantly exposed, operating upon an excitable mind, will be read with painful interest. It abounds with useful and curious information—as do those of Lieutenants Skyring and Graves, written while they were employed, in the Adelaide schooner, exploring and surveying the Magdalen and Barbara channels. The journals of Captain Fitz-Roy occupy, and most deservedly, a considerable portion of this volume; of which we must now

reluctantly take leave, with the observation that the Appendix, containing the tables of latitude and longitude, variation of the compass, tide, height of the mountains and land—the magnetic observations, discussed by Major Sabine with his wonted acuteness and accuracy—the zoology,* &c.—exhibits good work well digested. A comparison of the charts with those of Sir John Narborough and Cordova, which were perhaps the most correct plans of the Strait formerly extant, and with the additions made by Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Bougainville, Cook, and Weddell, will show the high value of this first expedition, as viewed with reference to the survey.

We now turn to Captain Fitz-Roy's own volume, which we have found even more entertaining and interesting than that which we have just laid down. Taken altogether, it leaves a most favourable impression of the writer's intellectual endowments, as well as of his moral qualities; nor can we, in fact, find anything that we are called upon to condemn, excepting certain '*Remarks on the Deluge*.' On this subject the gallant Captain has got quite beyond his depth—but we content ourselves with this protest, and a strong advice to read Sir John Herschel's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, before he ventures again in the same direction.

On the 15th of December, 1832, they first saw the land off Tierra del Fuego, near Cape San Sebastian, and next day closed the shore about Cape Sunday, ran along it past Cape Peñas, and anchored off Santa Inez. Their motions were attentively watched by a group of Indians off Cape Peñas, who were too far off for our voyagers to make out more than that they were very tall men, on foot, nearly naked, and accompanied by several large dogs.

'To those,' says Captain Fitz-Roy, 'who had never seen man in his savage state—one of the most painfully-interesting sights to his civilized brother—even this distant glimpse of the aborigines was deeply engaging; but York Minster and Jemmy Button asked me to fire at them, saying that they were "Oens-men—very bad men."—vol. ii., p. 119.

Notwithstanding this sanguinary petition of the more accomplished Fuegians, they seemed to be much elated at the certainty of being so near their own wild home. The all-absorbing passion, which makes even the savage who has tasted of the luxuries of civilization look with longing to the land of his sires, however rugged—shone forth; and the boy was never weary of telling how excellent his was—how glad his friends would be to see him—and

* The zoological papers had been previously laid before the public in the *Zoological Journal* and in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society* of London. The excellent *Sailing Directions* were published in 1832.

how well they would treat the Captain and his people for their kindness to him. An interview with some of the natives was now at hand.

‘ 18th. Mr. Darwin, Mr. Hamond, and others, went with me ; and deeply indeed was I interested by witnessing the effect caused in their minds by this first meeting with man in such a totally savage state. —I can never forget Mr. Hamond’s earnest expression, “What a pity such fine fellows should be left in such a barbarous state!” It told me that a desire to benefit these ignorant, though by no means contemptible, human beings was a natural emotion, and not the effect of individual caprice or erroneous enthusiasm ; and that his feelings were exactly in unison with those I had experienced on former occasions, which had led to my undertaking the heavy charge of those Fuegians whom I brought to England. Disagreeable, indeed painful, as is even the mental contemplation of a savage, and unwilling as we may be to consider ourselves even remotely descended from human beings in such a state, the reflection that Cæsar found the Britons painted and clothed in skins, like these Fuegians, cannot fail to augment an interest excited by their childish ignorance of matters familiar to civilized man, and by their healthy, independent state of existence.’—*Fitz-Roy*, vol. ii. p. 120.

It is but fair, however, to let Mr. Darwin describe the feelings whose effect so much interested his generous Captain :—

‘ In the afternoon we anchored in the bay of Good Success. While entering, we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea ; and as we passed by, they sprang up, and waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbour consists of a fine piece of water, half surrounded by low rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water’s edge by one dense gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

‘ In the morning, the Captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I had ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family ; the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children

children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted miserable wretches farther to the westward. They are much superior in person, and seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Strait of Magellan. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of guanaco skin, with the wool outside: this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, as often leaving their persons exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery red colour.

‘The old man had a fillet of white feathers tied round his head, which partly confined his black, coarse, and entangled hair. His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars: one painted bright red reached from ear to ear, and included the upper lip; the other, white like chalk, extended parallel and above the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. Some of the other men were ornamented by streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in such plays as *Der Freischutz*.

‘Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom, for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

‘They are excellent mimics: as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habits among the Caffres: the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he may be recognised. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared to those long civilized?

‘When a song was struck up by our party, I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed

viewed our dancing ; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans as they appeared to be, yet they knew, and dreaded our fire-arms ; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word "cuchillo." They explained also what they wanted, by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouth, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

'It was interesting to watch the conduct of these people towards Jemmy Button : they immediately perceived the difference between him and the rest, and held much conversation between themselves on the subject. The old man addressed a long harangue to Jemmy, which it seems was to invite him to stay with them. But Jemmy understood very little of their language, and was, moreover, thoroughly ashamed of his countrymen. When York Minster came on shore, they noticed him in the same way, and told him he ought to shave ; yet he had not twenty dwarf hairs on his face, whilst we all wore our untrimmed beards. They examined the colour of his skin, and compared it with ours. One of our arms being bared, they expressed the liveliest surprise and admiration at its whiteness. We thought that they mistook two or three of the officers, who were rather shorter and fairer (though adorned with large beards), for the ladies of our party. The tallest amongst the Fuegians was evidently much pleased at his height being noticed. When placed back to back with the tallest of the boat's crew, he tried his best to edge on higher ground, and to stand on tiptoe. He opened his mouth to show his teeth, and turned his face for a side view ; and all this was done with such alacrity, that I dare say he thought himself the handsomest man in *Tierra del Fuego*. After the first feeling on our part of grave astonishment was over, nothing could be more ludicrous or interesting than the odd mixture of surprise and imitation which these savages every moment exhibited.'—*Darwin*, vol. iii. pp. 227—230.

Captain Fitz-Roy's purpose was to deposit York Minster and little Basket among their own people near March Harbour, and return eastward through the Beagle Channel, landing Button also with his tribe, the Tekeenica. Part of Whale-boat Sound and the western arms of the Beagle Channel were to be surveyed ; and by this scheme the Captain proposed to combine both objects. But the foul weather which they now experienced was, in one of its paroxysms, very near sending the Beagle and her gallant crew to add to the 'thousand fearful wrecks' with which the ocean-floor is strewn.

'On the 11th we saw that wild-looking height, called York Minster, "looming" among driving clouds, and I flattered myself we should reach an anchorage ; but after tearing through heavy seas, under all the sail we could carry, darkness and a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by hail and rain, obliged me to stand to seaward, after being within a mile of our port. All the next day we were lying-to in a heavy gale—wearing occasionally.

' At

‘ At three in the morning of the 13th, the vessel lurched so deeply, and the main-mast bent and quivered so much, that I reluctantly took in the main-topsail (small as it was when close-reefed), leaving set only the storm-trysails (close-reefed) and fore-staysail. At ten, there was so continued and heavy a rush of wind, that even the diminutive trysails oppressed the vessel too much, and they were still further reduced. Soon after one, the sea had risen to a great height, and I was anxiously watching the successive waves, when three huge rollers approached, whose size and steepness at once told me that our sea-boat, good as she was, would be sorely tried. Having steerage way, the vessel met and rose over the first unharmed, but of course her way was checked; the second deadened her way completely, throwing her off the wind; and the third great sea, taking her right a-beam, turned her so far over that all the lee bulwark, from the cat-head to the stern davit, was two or three feet under water.

‘ For a moment our position was critical; but, like a cask, she rolled back again, though with some feet of water over the whole deck. Had another sea then struck her, the little ship might have been numbered among the many of her class which have disappeared: but the crisis was past—she shook the sea off her through the ports, and was none the worse—excepting the loss of a lee-quarter boat, which, although carried three feet higher than in the former voyage (1826-1830), was dipped under water, and torn away.’—*Fitzroy*, vol. ii. p. 125.

This is written in the true spirit of a sailor who is

‘ All as one as a piece of his ship.’

The chapter on the Southern Aborigines of South America is very well done, combining considerable research with shrewd and original observation. The next, on the ‘Horse Indians’ of Patagonia, throws much light on their manners and superstitions. They believe in a transmigration of souls, for which we refer the curious reader to an extract from Viedma’s diary, in the appendix.

‘ They all believe that the wizards or witches can injure whom they choose, even to deprivation of life, if they can possess themselves of some part of their intended victim’s body, or that which has proceeded thence, such as hair, pieces of nails, &c.; and this superstition is the more curious from its exact accordance with that so prevalent in Polynesia.’—vol. ii. p. 163.

Their wizards and witches are, according to Falkner, held in high respect; but the distinction appears to have been somewhat dangerous, for, in cases of pestilence, they often become involuntary lions, an order being issued to put them to death by way of propitiation. Thus, when the small-pox almost destroyed the Chechehet tribe, Cangapol, the chief, directed that all the wizards should be killed, that so the distemper might be stayed.

But the ‘Horse Indians’ may be looked upon as civilised human beings compared with the ‘unaccommodated, poor, bare, forked animal’

animal' of a Fuegian or 'Canoe Indian.' He is 'the thing itself,' and here is his portrait admirably drawn. After considering it, 'tell may we exclaim with poor Lear, 'Is man no more than this?'

'The most remarkable traits in the countenance of a Fuegian are his extremely small, low forehead, his prominent brow, small eyes (suffering from smoke), wide cheek-bones, wide and open nostrils, large mouth, and thick lips. Their eyes are small, sunken, black, and as restless as those of savages in general. Their eyelids are made red and watery by the wood smoke in their wigwams. The chin varies much: that of a Tekeenica is smaller and less prominent than that of an Alikhoolip, in whom it is large and rather projecting, but there is much variety. The nose is always narrow between the eyes, and, except in a few curious instances, is hollow, in profile outline, or almost flat. The mouth is coarsely formed (I speak of them in their savage state, and not of those who were in England, whose features were much improved by altered habits and by education): their teeth are very peculiar; no canine, or eye-teeth, project beyond the rest, or appear more pointed than those; the front teeth are solid, and often flat-topped like those of a horse eight years old, and enamelled only at the sides; the interior substance of each tooth is then seen as plainly, in proportion to its size, as in that of a horse. Their hair is black, coarse, and lank, excepting the few instances mentioned below. It grows by single hairs, not by piles, or by little bunches like very small camel-hair pencils. It does not fall off, nor does it turn grey until they are very old. Little, if any, hair is seen on the eyebrow. They would have a straggling beard, but scrupulously pull out every hair with tweezers made of mussel-shells.

'When discovered by strangers, the instant impulse of a family is to run off into the wood. After a short time, if nothing hostile is attempted by the intruders, and if they are not too numerous, the men return cautiously, making friendly signs, waving pieces of skins, rubbing and patting their bellies, and shouting. If all goes on quietly, the women frequently return, bringing with them the children; but they always leave the most valuable skins hidden in the bushes. This hasty concealment of seal or otter skins is the result of visits from sealers, who frequently robbed families of every skin in their possession, before the natives understood the motives of their expeditions in boats into the interior waters of Tierra del Fuego. Sometimes nothing will induce a single individual of the family to appear; men, women, and children hide in the thick woods, where it would be almost impossible to find them, and do not show themselves again until the strangers are gone; but during the whole time of their concealment a watchful look out is kept by them upon the motions of their unwelcome visitors.

'Scarcity of food, and the facility with which they move from one place to another in their canoes, are, no doubt, the reasons why the Fuegians are always so dispersed among the islands in small family parties, why they never remain long in one place, and why a large number are not seen many days in society. They never attempt to make use of the soil by any kind of culture; seals, birds, fish, and particularly

ticularly shell-fish, being their principal subsistence : any one place, therefore, soon ceases to supply the wants of even one family.

‘In a few places, where the meeting of tides causes a constant supply of fish, especially porpoises, and where the land is broken into multitudes of irregular islets and rocks, whose shores afford an almost inexhaustible quantity of shell-fish, a few families may be found at one time, numbering altogether among them from twenty to forty souls : but even those approaches towards association are rare, and those very families are so migratory by nature, that they do not remain many months in such a spot, however productive it may be, but go wandering away among the numerous secluded inlets or sounds of their country, or repair to the outer sea-coast in search of seals, a dead whale, or fragments of some wrecked ship. During the summer they prefer the coast, as they then obtain a great quantity of eggs and young birds, besides seal, which come ashore to breed at that season ; and in the winter they retire more into the interior waters in search of shell-fish, and the small but numerous and excellent fish which they catch among the sea-weed (kelp).’—*Fitz-Roy*, vol. ii. pp. 175-178.

There is a striking wildness about the following passage, opening with its Zamiel-like giant :—

‘A great black man is supposed to be always wandering about the woods and mountains, who is certain of knowing every word and every action ; who cannot be escaped ; and who influences the weather according to men’s conduct. York related a curious story of his own brother, who had committed a murder. “In woods of my country,” said he, “some men go about alone ; very wild men—have no belly (meaning, probably, that they were very thin)—live by stealing from other men.” He then went on to say that his brother had been getting birds out of a cliff, and, on coming down, hid them among some long rushes, and went away. Soon afterwards he returned, and, seeing feathers blown away by the wind from the spot, suspected what was going on ; so taking a large stone in his hand, he crept stealthily towards the place, and there saw one of these wild men plucking a bird which he had got out of the cliff. Without saying a word, he dashed the stone at the wild man’s head, and killed him on the spot. Afterwards York’s brother was very sorry for what he had done, particularly when it began to blow very hard. York said, in telling the story,—
 “Rain come down—snow come down—hail come down—wind blow—blow—very much blow. Very bad to kill man. Big man in woods no like it—he very angry.” At the word “blow,” York imitated the sound of a strong wind ; and he told the whole story in a very low tone of voice, and with a mysterious manner, considering it an extremely serious affair.’—vol. ii. p. 180.

Of the cannibalism of these most desolate savages there can, we apprehend, be no doubt :—

‘From the concurring testimony of the three Fuegians above-mentioned, obtained from them at various times and by many different persons, it is proved that they eat human flesh upon particular occasions, namely,

mely, when excited by revenge or extremely pressed by hunger. Almost always at war with adjoining tribes, they seldom meet but a hostile counter is the result; and then those vanquished and taken are killed and eaten by the conquerors. The arms and breast are eaten by the women; the men eat the legs; and the trunk is thrown into the sea. During a severe winter hunger impels them to lay hands on the oldest man of their party, hold her head over a thick smoke, and choke her. They then devour every particle of the flesh, not excepting the *unk*, as in the former case. Jemmy Button, in telling this horrible story as a great secret, seemed to be much ashamed of his countrymen, and said, he never would do so—he would rather eat his own hands. When asked why the dogs were not eaten, he said, “Dog catch iappo” (appo means otter).—vol. ii. p. 183.

The Captain gives also the evidence of his friend Mr. Low:—
 ‘Mr. Low had a boy on board the *Adeona*, who learned to speak English very tolerably during eighteen months that he stayed as a pilot and interpreter. This boy was of the *Chonos* tribe, and had never been south of *Magalhaens Strait* before he embarked with Mr. Low. He said, that in cases of extreme distress, caused by hunger, human flesh was eaten, and that when they had recourse to such food the oldest woman invariably suffered. The poor creatures escaped to the woods, if possible at such a time, but were soon found and brought back by force. They were killed by suffocation, their heads being held over the thick smoke of a fire made of green wood, and their throats squeezed by the merciless hands of their own relations. This boy imitated the piercing cries of the miserable victims whom he had seen sacrificed. He also mentioned that the breasts, belly, hands, and feet were most liked. When first questioned on this subject he showed no reluctance in answering any questions about it; but after a time, perceiving how much shocked his English companions were at the story, and how much disgust it excited among the crew of the vessel, he refused to talk of it again.’—vol. ii. p. 189.

The time for landing Captain Fitz-Roy’s *Fuegians* now drew near, and it is curious to observe the effect produced upon them by the tribes still in a state of nature, and the high ground they took. ‘York laughed heartily,’ says the captain, ‘at the first we saw, calling them large monkeys;’ he named them ‘*Yapoos*’ by the way, though whether he had read of the *Dean’s Yahoos* we know not.

‘Jemmy assured us they were not at all like his people, who were very good and very clean. *Fuegia* was shocked and ashamed! She hid herself, and would not look at them a second time. It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates: for it turned out that Jemmy’s own tribe was as inferior in every way as the worst of those whom he and York called “monkeys—dirty—fools—not men.”’—vol. ii. p. 203.

York, it appears, had now cast the eyes of affection on Miss
 Basket,

Basket, and became jealous in all the moods and tenses of that passion: at last he was so much quizzed about her, that the good captain was obliged to interfere between him and one of his steadiest friends.

At length the party reached Wooll̃ya, Jemmy's much-vaunted home; and, as all were much pleased with its situation—it looks quite romantic in the engraving—he was very proud of the praises bestowed upon it. Here Captain Fitz-Roy resolved to establish his Fuegians, and to make an attempt, at least, to form a missionary settlement under a Mr. Matthews.

‘Rising gently from the water-side, there are considerable spaces of clear pasture land, well watered by brooks, and backed by hills of moderate height, where we afterwards found woods of the finest timber trees in the country. Rich grass and some beautiful flowers, which none of us had ever seen, pleased us when we landed, and augured well for the growth of our garden seeds.’—vol. ii. p. 208.

The captain's little camp was now formed and a boundary line established: this, as the natives thronged to it, at first, it was difficult to make them keep sacred, but by good temper on the part of his men, the distribution of several presents, and the broken explanations of his dark-coloured shipmates, he succeeded in getting the natives squatted around the line and prevented encroachment. Our fair readers will now be preparing their cambric—but, alas! for unsophisticated humanity!

‘Canoes continued to arrive;—a deep voice was heard shouting from one more than a mile distant: up started Jemmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distributing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and, upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed “My brother!” He then told me that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him before she hastened away to secure her canoe and hide her property, all she possessed—a basket containing tinder, fire-stone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jemmy; and the brothers (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy, and all round him, without uttering a word. Animals when they meet show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified; and to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as my own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences, in which English predominated. After a few minutes had elapsed, his elder brother began to talk to him; but although Jemmy understood what was said, he could not reply. York
and

ia were able to understand some words, but could not or did not speak.'—vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.

all things went on in a friendly manner, and Jemmy the evening with his mother and brothers in their wigwams, and went to sleep. York also, and Fuegia, were going about among the natives, and the good effect was visible in the confident, cheerful manner of the throng which surrounded the captain and his party, as they began to dig the ground for gardens, and cut up large wigwams, in which Matthews and his party were established.

A garden was planted with potatoes, carrots, turnips, peas, onions, and other esculents, while Captain Fitz-Roy, and after a short departure, during which he suffered much—not mitigated by the remarks made in his hearing, that he would never be seen alive again—it was with no small reluctance on the part of the captain, as he rounded a point of land in his boat on the morning, saw the object of his fears quietly carrying a kettle to near his wigwam. On landing, every thing was found to be in a fair aspect, and as nothing had occurred to damp the spirits of Matthews, a further trial was determined on: the yawl and whale-boat were sent back to the *Beagle*, and Captain Fitz-Roy set out on a westward excursion, accompanied by Mr. Hamond and Mr. Hamond in the other two boats, his intention being to complete the exploration of Whale-boat Sound and the eastern arm of the Beagle Channel; then to revisit Wooll̄ya, to save or remove Matthews, as might appear advisable, and to disengage the ship in Goree Road.

During the very few days of this last absence the appearance of Wooll̄ya had become very much altered for the worse; the sanguine temperament of the missionary probationer had lost its buoyancy.

Matthews gave a bad account of the prospect which he saw before him. He told me that he did not think himself safe among such a set of savages as he found them to be. No violence had been committed beyond holding down his head by force, as if in contempt of his person; but he had been harshly threatened by several men, and, by the signs used by them, he felt convinced they would take his life. In the last few days, his time had been altogether occupied in the defence of his property. At first there were only a few quiet natives about him, who were inoffensive; but three days after our departure several hordes of strangers to Jemmy's family arrived, and from that time he had had no peace by day, and very little rest at night.

He went over some painful details.

The next difficulty was how to get Matthews' chest and the rest of his property safely into our boats, in the face of a hungry horde of natives, who would of course understand our object, and be much

much more than a match for us on land: but the less hesitation shown, the less time they would have to think of what we were about: so, dividing our party, and spreading about a little to create confidence, at a favourable moment the wigwam was quickly [cleared, the cave emptied, and the contents safely placed in our boats. As I stood watching the proceedings, a few anxious moments passed, for any kind of skirmish would have been so detrimental to the three who were still to remain. When the last man was embarked, I distributed several useful articles, such as axes, saws, gimblets, knives, and nails, among the natives, then bade Jemmy and York farewell, promising to see them again in a few days, and departed from the wondering throng assembled on the beach.'—vol. ii. pp. 220-222.

This was in February, 1833. In March, 1834, these places were revisited; and in that short period the Fuegians, upon whom such care had been bestowed, had relapsed very nearly into their original wild state. We leave Captain Fitz-Roy to draw the picture:—

'The wigwams in which I had left York, Jemmy, and Fuegia were found empty, though uninjured: the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up by us, and eaten at my table, a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible anywhere; the wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months; and an anxious hour or two passed, after the ship was moored, before three canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily towards us, from the place now called Button Island. Looking through a glass I saw a face which I knew, yet could not name. "It must be some one I have seen before," said I, when his sharp eye detected me, and a sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me it was indeed Jemmy Button—but how altered! He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. We hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half an hour he was sitting with me at dinner in my cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly as if he had never left us. He spoke as much English as ever, and, to our astonishment, his companions, his wife, his brothers, and their wives, mixed broken English words in their talking with him. Jemmy recollected every one well, and was very glad to see them all. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was "hearty, sir, never better," that he had not been ill, even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he got "plenty fruits"—(excesses on the birch trees, and berries),—"plenty birdies," "ten guanaco in snow time," and "too much fish." Besides, though he said nothing about her, I soon heard that there was a good-looking young woman in his canoe, who was said to be his wife. Directly this became known, shawls, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's

safe

fe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying until Jemmy again showed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother ommy called out in a loud tone, "Jemmy Button, canoe, come!" After some time the three canoes went ashore, laden with presents, and their owners promised to come again early next morning. Jemmy gave fine otter skin to me, which he had dressed and kept purposely: another he gave to Bennett.

' Next morning Jemmy told me that York and Fuegia left him some months before our arrival, and went in a large canoe to their own country: the last act of that cunning fellow was to rob poor Jemmy of all his clothes, tools, and other necessaries. Fuegia was dressed as usual, and looking well, when they decamped: her helpmate was also well clothed, and had hardly lost anything I left with him. Jemmy said, "York very much jaw," "pick up big stones," "all men afraid." Fuegia seemed to be very happy. Jemmy asserted that she helped to "catch (steal) his clothes," while he was asleep, the night before York left him naked.'—p. 325.

The result of further inquiries was this,—

' I am now quite sure that from the time of his desiring to be placed at Woollya, with Matthews and Jemmy, York meditated taking a good opportunity of possessing himself of every thing; and that he thought, if he were left in his own country without Matthews, he would not have many things given to him, neither would he know where he might afterwards look for and plunder poor Jemmy.'

This relapse is rendered more striking by a spirited plate, giving the portrait of Jemmy Button in 1833, confronted with his likeness in 1834. It is painfully interesting to observe how the erect head and intellectual bearing of the former date have sunk into the savage slouch and grossly animal expression of the creature opposite. This is a melancholy lesson, and, indeed, the whole story carries its moral with it. Man is not to be civilized *per saltum*: a long period must elapse, and many phases must be gone through, before the savage becomes the citizen. That Captain Fitz-Roy's views were the offspring of the purest benevolence no one can doubt: but his visions melted before stern reality; and we fear that the last state of these poor people must have been worse than the first. The almost forlorn hope to which he clings as he leaves his Fuegians for ever is thus expressed:—

' I cannot help still hoping that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people with other natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from Jemmy Button's children—prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour.'—vol. ii. p. 327.

The opinion entertained by the Geographical Society of the importance



importance of this last expedition is expressed by that body when they state that the royal premium was awarded to Captain Fitz-Roy 'for his recent survey of the coast of South America, from the entrance of the Rio de la Plata, on the east coast, to the port of Guayaquil, on the coast of Peru—for the zeal, energy, and liberality shown by him in the conduct of the survey—and for the various geographical discoveries made by him during its progress, as well as in the circumnavigation of the globe.' To which we have only to add—

'He won it well; and may he wear it long.'

Mr. Darwin's volume, though last not least, next offers itself to our notice. Upon its merits there can be no two opinions. It is up to the science of the day, and, in some instances, beyond it. There are, indeed, no illustrations to this book, but we find ample materials for deep thinking: we have the vivid description that fills the mind's eye with brighter pictures than painter can present, and the charm arising from the freshness of heart which is thrown over these virgin pages of a strong intellectual man and an acute and deep observer.

This article would be protracted to an inordinate length without doing anything like justice to the work, were we not to confine ourselves here to a mere outline, to be filled up hereafter, we hope, when the *Zoology of the Beagle*, upon which so many of Mr. Darwin's excellent observations bear, and which is now in the course of publication, shall be brought to a conclusion.

Some idea may be formed of the vastness of the subjects with which Mr. Darwin so ably deals, when we direct attention to the palæontology of South America, and the rapidity with which materials have of late poured in upon us. Before Captain Fitz-Roy's expedition, the *Megatherium* and the *Megulonyx* seem to have been the only South American extinct forms recognised with any degree of clearness; and indeed much uncertainty hung about the latter. The Beagle, through the activity of Mr. Darwin, brought home remains which at once added three new genera of large *Edentata*, and two of *Pachydermata*—one, *Toxodon Platanis*, a gigantic and most interesting extinct mammiferous animal, with affinities to the *Rodentia*, *Edentata*, and herbivorous *Cetacea*: the other, not less interesting, *Macrauchenia Patachonica*, a large extinct mammifer, with affinities to the *Ruminantia*, and especially to the *Camelida*. Scarcely had Mr. Owen's accurate pen characterised these ancient forms,* when the discoveries of M. Lund between the Rio das Velhas, one of the confluent of the

* In 1838 the Wollaston medal was awarded to Professor Owen for his services to Fossil Zoology in general, and in particular for the description of Fossil Mammalia, collected by Mr. Darwin.

Rio de San Francisco and the Rio Paraopeba, opened to us an absolute wilderness of extinct animal forms, many of them gigantic, belonging to the families *Effodientia*, *Bradypoda*, *Pachydermata*, *Ruminantia*, *Feræ*, *Marsupialia*, *Glires*, and *Simiæ*—to say nothing of *Cheiroptera*, &c. We shall, upon another occasion, have something to say of this grand addition; but here only observe that there are ten new species of *Feræ*, among them a *Cynailurus*, or hunting leopard, and an *Hyæna*, both old-world forms, and twenty-one species of *Glires* or Rodents, most of which are new genera. Be it remembered that this multitude of families, genera, and species belong to the extinct zoology only of this portion of the globe. We need say no more of the impossibility of discussing the general zoology of that vast tract here.

But it is not to zoology alone that Mr. Darwin has contributed. The opinion entertained of his labours in a sister science by those best qualified to judge of it is thus declared, from the Chair of the Geological Society, by its reverend and learned President:—‘Looking at the general mass of Mr. Darwin’s results, I cannot help considering his voyage round the world as one of the most important events for *geology* which has occurred for many years. We may think ourselves fortunate that Captain Fitz-Roy, who conducted the expedition, was led, by his enlightened zeal for science, to take out a naturalist with him.’

Let us take a rapid survey of some of Mr. Darwin’s important contributions to geological dynamics, as the President of the society aptly denominates the science—so far as we can frame a science—of the causes of change by which geological phenomena have been produced.

Almost every voyager has been struck with astonishment at the lagoon islands,—rings of land rising out of the depths of great oceans, and of which a good idea may be formed from the characteristic sketch of Whitsunday Island in Beechey’s voyage. These are admirably described by Mr. Darwin.

‘The annular reef of this lagoon island [Keeling] is surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. On the northern side there is an opening, through which vessels reach the anchorage. On entering, the scene was very curious and rather pretty: its beauty, however, being solely dependant on the brilliancy of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illuminated by a vertical sun, of a most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either from the dark heaving water of the ocean by a line of snow-white breakers, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned at an equal height by the tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with

the azure sky, so in the lagoon dark bands of living coral appear through the emerald-green water.

'The next morning after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards wide; on the lagoon side we have a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which in such a climate is very oppressive; and on the outer coast, a solid broad flat of coral rock, which serves to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.

'I will now give a sketch of the natural history of these islands, which, from its very paucity, possesses a peculiar interest. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood: there are, however, five or six other kinds. One of these grows to a very large size, but, from the extreme softness of its wood, is useless; another sort affords excellent timber for ship-building. Besides the trees, the number of plants is exceedingly limited, and consists of insignificant weeds. In my collection, which includes, I believe, nearly the perfect Flora, there are twenty species, without reckoning a moss, lichen, and fungus. To this number two trees must be added; one of which was not in flower, and the other I only heard of. The latter is a solitary tree of its kind in the whole group, and grows near the beach, where, without doubt, the one seed was thrown up by the waves. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit-trees, and imported grasses. As these islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time probably existed as a mere water-washed reef, all the productions now living here must have been transported by the waves of the sea. In accordance to this, the Flora has quite the character of a refuge for the destitute: Professor Henslow informs me that, of the twenty species, nineteen belong to different genera, and these again to no less than sixteen orders!'—*Darwin*, pp. 540, 541.

The explanation of the origin of these islands most generally received is, that they are based on the craters of volcanos. When we reflect, however, on their vast number, their proximity, and their great size, (especially in the case of the *Atolls* in the Indian sea, one of which is about eighty miles in length, with an average width of only about twenty,*) we agree with Mr. Darwin, that this view can hardly be considered correct. There is another class of reefs, in some respects even more remarkable than those forming lagoon islands, and which may be termed encircling reefs, such as are mentioned by our author at p. 555. The most,

* One of the Radack islands of Kotzebue is fifty-two miles long by twenty broad.

as it may be called, surrounding the mountainous island Vanikoro, which lifts its head like the castle of some giant of romance, and frowns over the spot where La Peyrouse was shipwrecked, is even more than 300 feet deep, though Mr. Darwin gives the depths as being within those numbers. The great circular coral wall, built by myriads of minute architects, ascends sheer and steep on both sides. 'Externally,' says Mr. Darwin, 'the reef rises from an ocean profoundly deep. The structure is analogous to that of a lagoon, but with an island standing, like a picture in its frame, in the middle.'

Of the construction of these encircling reefs what explanation can be given? No one, as far as we are aware, has hitherto attempted it with anything like success. It is hardly to be supposed that reef-building *polypi* of very different genera should act in concert. Why should the reef spring up at the distance of miles from the shore, and from a great depth, whilst we know that reefs—the instances are innumerable—grow attached to the shore?

Mr. Darwin believes that this problem receives a simple explanation, from the fact, that while the land slowly subsides from changes in progress in the subterranean regions, the reefs of living coral continue to grow to the surface. The line of argument which seems to have led him to this conclusion we shall state; but first let us remind those of our readers who may be only partially acquainted with the progress of recent geological inquiry, that proofs of the rise of the land have come in from all quarters of the world. If, then, the globe be not absolutely swelling like the frog in the fable, which no one will grant, there must be tracts which have lately undergone subsidence, or are undergoing it. In ancient times such movements of subsidence have taken place, attested, as every geologist knows, by the vertical trees in the Portland dirt-beds, the alternations of fresh-water and marine deposits, &c. &c.

Mr. Darwin, then, having these facts in his mind, seems to have been led to consider how it comes that enormous areas of deep ocean (p. 558) are studded with low coral islands, and yet that many facts shew that reef-building *polypi* do not flourish at greater depths than twenty fathoms at most. What foundation, then, have these coral islands in spaces of many thousand square leagues of a deep, deep ocean? Must we suppose that there are as many submarine mountains as coral islands, all rising within twenty fathoms of the surface of the ocean, and not one above it? Such a supposition will be rejected as monstrous. The only possible alternative then, as it seems to us, is, that 'as each point, one after the other, according to its altitude, was submerged, the coral

coral grew upwards, and formed the many islets now standing at one level.' (p. 558.)

Mr. Darwin next considers whether the peculiar structure of the lagoon islands and encircling reefs occurring in these oceans, which he is forced by the foregoing argument to believe have subsided, receives any explanation from this movement. He says, in substance,—let an island fringed with coral reefs very gradually subside, will not the necessary effect of this be, that although the reef may grow upwards and reach the surface, it will not be so with the land, which will gradually be submerged? Then, according to the amount of subsidence so will the width of the channel be between the reef and shore. If the sinking continue, the encircled island, by the gradual submergence of the last and highest peak, will be converted into a lagoon island. Mr. Darwin then observes (p. 599), that the non-filling up of the interior basin of the lagoon, on the open channel within the encircling reef, is due to those stations being unfavourable (partly owing to the sand and mud drifted about) to the growth of the massive corals. He proceeds to state that a series can be shown from an annular reef, encircling either one or several small islands, to a lagoon island which merely encircles a sheet of water; and he insists that the difference between the various kinds of reefs (p. 556) entirely lies in the absence or presence of neighbouring land, and the relative position which the reefs bear to it. Mr. Darwin, therefore, supposes that as a reef fringing an island is converted by subsidence into an encircled one, so a reef fringing the shore of a continent will be converted into a barrier reef (p. 559), like that extraordinary one on the N.E. coast of Australia, separated from the land by a wide arm of the sea; and there the reefs (p. 564) supposed to be produced by the same kind of movement are found in juxtaposition. The reefs of New Caledonia exhibit a step between an encircling and a barrier reef.

Mr. Darwin seems to think that, if this theory be rejected, not only must the origin of lagoon islands encircling a barrier of reefs, and their presence in one part and entire absence in another, remain altogether without explanation,—which, considering their vast number and uniformity of structure, would be not a little remarkable;—but that all the facts showing that reef-building *polypi* will not live at great depths must be rejected; for we must then suppose that the reefs have sprung up from submarine mountains, which we cannot grant, over spaces of many thousand square leagues. If, on the other hand, this theory, which includes under one head the origin of the several reefs, be admitted, very important deductions must follow from it: for it shows that

great

great portions of the surface of the globe have recently (in a geological sense) undergone movements of subsidence (which it must always be extremely difficult to detect by any direct evidence); and what is even more worthy of note, it shows that the movements have been so far gradual, that no one sinking down has carried the reef below the small depth from which the *polypi* could rear it to the surface again. So far so good: but Mr. Darwin alludes to even more extended inferences, which we shall not notice, as the subject will soon be treated of by him at full length.

The climate of the Southern hemisphere, considered with reference to organic natural productions, is most remarkable as compared with corresponding latitudes in Europe.

‘ Although so inhospitable to our feelings, and to most of the plants from the warmer parts of Europe, yet it is most favourable to the native vegetation. The forests, which cover the entire country between the latitudes of 38° and 45°, rival in luxuriance those of the glowing inter-tropical regions. Whilst in Chiloe (lat. 42°) I could almost have fancied myself in Brazil. Stately trees of many kinds, with smooth and highly-coloured barks, are loaded by parasitical plants of the monocotyledonous structure; large and elegant ferns are numerous; and arborescent grasses intertwine the trees into one entangled mass, to the height of thirty or forty feet above the ground. Palm-trees grow in lat. 37°; an arborescent grass very like a bamboo in 40°; and another closely-allied kind, of great length, but not erect, even as far south as 45°.

‘ In another part of this same hemisphere, which has so uniform a character, owing to its large proportional area of sea, Forster found parasitical orchideous plants living south of lat. 45° in New Zealand. Tree-ferns thrive luxuriantly near Hobart Town, in Van Diemen’s Land. I measured one there which was exactly six feet in circumference; and its height from the ground to the base of the fronds appeared to be very little under twenty. Mr. Brown says “an arborescent species of the same genus (*Dicksonia*) was found by Forster, in New Zealand, at Dusky Bay, in nearly 46° S., the highest latitude in which tree-ferns have yet been observed. It is remarkable that, although they have so considerable a range in the southern hemisphere, no tree-fern has been found beyond the northern tropic: a distribution in the two hemispheres somewhat similar to this has been already noticed respecting the Orchideæ that are parasitical on trees.”

‘ Even in Tierra del Fuego, Captain King describes the “vegetation thriving most luxuriantly, and large woody-stemmed trees of *Fuchsia* and *Veronica*, in England considered and treated as tender plants, in full flower, within a very short distance of the base of a mountain covered for two-thirds down with snow, and with the temperature at 36°.” He states, also, that humming-birds were seen sipping the sweets of the flowers, “after two or three days of constant rain, snow, and sleet, during which time the thermometer had been at the freezing point.” I myself

myself have seen parrots feeding on the seeds of the winter's bark, south of latitude 55°.—vol. iii. pp. 271, 272.

The low descent of the snow line in the southern parts of South America, and even in lat. 41°, together with its sudden flexure in Southern Chile (see p. 277), is also very remarkable; for it involves as a consequence the descent of glaciers of enormous dimensions into the sea, in lat. 20° nearer the equator than in the northern hemisphere (p. 285). Mr. Darwin insists on the importance of this fact in connexion with the high southerly range of tropical forms above noticed, as throwing great light on the distribution of erratic bowlders, a problem which has deeply interested almost every geological observer,—particularly those who have crossed the Jura—but even such as have only examined the midland counties of England. Mr. Murchison, a shrewd judge of the value of such observations, in his excellent chapter on bowlders (*Silurian System*, vol. i. p. 535), gives a highly favourable estimate of Mr. Darwin's researches. But since the publication of Mr. Murchison's great work, Mr. Darwin has added much to our means of defining the law of this intricate phenomenon, and has extended the theory in detail to the case of the bowlders in the Alps (pp. 289, 614, 615).

Before we quit this part of the subject we must lay before our readers Mr. Darwin's application of it to another most remarkable and hitherto difficult problem—the icy entombment of the Siberian animals. The close approach of the line of perpetual congelation with the limit of the extension of tropical forms has the most intimate connexion with this highly-interesting circumstance, and, in our opinion, goes far to change a great apparent anomaly into a normal fact.

'At the Ferroe islands (or we may say a little to the southward of the Wiljui, where Pallas found, in lat. 64° N., the frozen rhinoceros), a body buried under the surface of the soil would undergo so little decomposition, that years afterwards (as in the instance mentioned at South Shetland, 62°-63° S.) every feature might be recognised perfect and unchanged. I particularly allude to this circumstance, because the case of the Siberian animals preserved with their flesh in the ice offers the same apparent difficulty with the glaciers; namely, the union in the same hemisphere of a climate in some senses severe, with one allowing of the life of those forms which *at present*, although abounding *without* the tropics, do not approach the frozen zones.

'The perfect preservation of the Siberian animals perhaps presented, till within a few years, one of the most difficult problems which geology ever attempted to solve. On the one hand it was granted that the carcasses had not been drifted from any great distance by any tumultuous deluge, and on the other it was assumed as certain that, when the animals lived, the climate must have been so totally different, that the pre-

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sence of ice in the vicinity was as incredible, as would be the freezing of the Ganges. Mr. Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology," has thrown the greatest light on this subject, by indicating the northerly course of the existing rivers, with the probability that they formerly carried carcasses in the same direction; by showing (from Humboldt) how far the inhabitants of the hottest countries sometimes wander; by insisting on the caution necessary in judging of habits between animals of the same genus, when the species are not identical; and especially by bringing forward in the clearest manner the probable change from an insular to an extreme climate, as the consequence of the elevation of the land, of which proofs have lately been brought to light.

' In the former part of this volume, I have endeavoured to prove, that, as far as regards the *quantity* of food, there is no difficulty in supposing that these large quadrupeds inhabited sterile regions, producing but a scanty vegetation. . . . I suppose no reason can be assigned why, during a former epoch, when the pachydermata abounded over the greater part of the world, some species should not have been fitted for the northern regions, precisely as now happens with deer and several other animals. If, then, we believe that the climate of Siberia, anteriorly to the physical changes above alluded to, had some resemblance with that of the southern hemisphere at the present day—a circumstance which harmonizes well with other facts, as I think has been shown by the imaginary case, when we transported existing phenomena from one to the other hemisphere—the following conclusions may be deduced as probable:—First, that the degree of cold formerly was not excessive; secondly, that snow did not for a long time together cover the ground (such not being the case at the extreme parts 55°-56° of S. America); thirdly, that the vegetation partook of a more tropical character than it now does in the same latitudes; and lastly, that at but a short distance to the northward of the country thus circumstanced (even not so far as where Pallas found the entire rhinoceros), the soil might be perpetually congealed: so that if the carcass of any animal should once be buried a few feet beneath the surface, it would be preserved for centuries.

' Both Humboldt and Lyell have remarked, that, at the present day, the bodies of any animals, wandering beyond the line of perpetual congelation, which extends as far south as 62°, if once embedded by any accident a few feet beneath the surface, would be preserved for an indefinite length of time: the same would happen with carcasses drifted by the rivers; and by such means the extinct mammalia may have been entombed. There is only one small step wanting, as it appears to me, and the whole problem would be solved with a degree of simplicity very striking, compared with the several theories first invented. From the account given by Mr. Lyell of the Siberian plains, with their innumerable fossil bones, the relics of many successive generations, there can be little doubt that the beds were accumulated either in a shallow sea, or in an estuary. From the description given in Beechey's voyage of Eschscholtz Bay, the same remark is applicable to the north-west coast of America: the formation there appears identical with the common littoral deposits recently elevated, which I have seen on the shores of

of the southern part of the same continent. It seems also well established, that the Siberian remains are only exposed where the rivers intersect the plain. With this fact, and the proofs of recent elevation, the whole case appears to be precisely similar to that of the Pampas: namely, that the carcasses were formerly floated into the sea, and the remains covered up in the deposits which were then accumulating. These beds have since been elevated; and as the rivers excavate their channels the entombed skeletons are exposed.

'Here, then, is the difficulty: how were the carcasses preserved at the bottom of the sea? I do not think it has been sufficiently noticed, that the preservation of the animal with its flesh was an occasional event, and not directly consequent on its position far northward. Cuvier refers to the voyage of Billing as showing that the *bones* of the elephant, buffalo, and rhinoceros are nowhere so abundant as on the islands between the mouths of the Lena and Indigirka. It is even said that, excepting some hills of rock, the whole is composed of sand, ice, and bones. The islands lie to the northward of the place where Adams found the mammoth with its flesh preserved, and even ten degrees north of the Wiljui, where the rhinoceros was discovered in a like condition. In the case of the *bones* we may suppose that the carcasses were drifted into a deeper sea, and, there remaining at the bottom, the flesh decomposed. But in the second and more extraordinary case, where putrefaction seems to have been arrested, the body probably was soon covered up by deposits which were then accumulating. It may be asked, whether the mud a few feet deep, at the bottom of a shallow sea which is annually frozen, has a temperature higher than 32°? It must be remembered how intense a degree of cold is required to freeze salt water; and that the mud at some depth below the surface would have a low mean temperature, precisely in the same manner as the subsoil on the land is frozen in countries which enjoy a short but hot summer. If this be possible, the entombment of these extinct quadrupeds is rendered very simple; and with regard to the conditions of their former existence, the principal difficulties have, I think, already been removed.'—vol. iii. pp. 293-298.

The whole of the chapter (xvi.) on volcanic phenomena, and the great earthquake at Concepcion, is admirably written. It brings absolutely before us the frightfully-gigantic powers of subterranean agency. We have reason to believe that Mr. Darwin means to justify what he has said upon this perilous subject in the forthcoming part of the Geological Transactions. One word as to the extent of the operations, and the comfortable position of the inhabitants:—

'The extent of country throughout which the subterranean forces were thus unequivocally displayed, measures 700 by 400 geographical miles. From several considerations, which I have not space here to enter on, and especially from the intermediate points whence liquefied matter was ejected, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, however fearful it may be, that a vast lake of melted matter, of an area nearly doubling

in extent that of the Black Sea, is spread out beneath a mere crust of solid land.'—vol. iii. p. 380.

A pleasant locality this for a building speculation !

But it is not to the scientific alone that Mr. Darwin's volume will prove highly interesting. The general reader will find in it a fund of amusement and instruction. Mr. Darwin is a first-rate landscape-painter with the pen. Even the dreariest solitudes are made to teem with interest. Nor less striking are his accounts of the state of society in South America, especially those which relate to the murderous hatred mutually felt and exercised towards each other by the aborigines and those whom they justly consider usurpers, but who look upon them more as wild beasts than fellow-men. An intelligent Spaniard gave him the following account of the last engagement at which he was present. It is a sickening example of 'man's inhumanity to man :—

'Some Indians, who had been taken prisoners, gave information of a tribe living north of the Colorado. Two hundred soldiers were sent; and they first discovered the Indians by a cloud of dust from their horses' feet, as they chanced to be travelling. The country was mountainous and wild, and it must have been far in the interior, for the Cordillera was in sight. The Indians, men, women, and children, were about one hundred and ten in number, and they were nearly all taken or killed, for the soldiers sabre every man. The Indians are now so terrified, that they offer no resistance in a body, but each flies, neglecting even his wife and children; but when overtaken, like wild animals, they fight against any number to the last moment. One dying Indian seized with his teeth the thumb of his adversary, and allowed his own eye to be forced out, sooner than relinquish his hold. Another, who was wounded, feigned death, keeping a knife ready to strike one more fatal blow. My informer said, when he was pursuing an Indian, the man cried out for mercy, at the same time that he was covertly loosing the bolas from his waist, meaning to whirl it round his head, and so strike his pursuer. "I however struck him with my sabre to the ground, and then got off my horse, and cut his throat with my knife." This is a dark picture; but how much more shocking is the unquestionable fact, that all the women who appear above twenty years old are massacred in cold blood. When I exclaimed that this appeared rather inhuman, he answered, "Why, what can be done? They breed so!"—pp. 119, 120.

'Who,' exclaims our author, 'would believe in this age, in a civilised country, that such atrocities were committed?' But they are committed, and upon a race who are not without the highest manly qualities. The stern virtue of an ancient Roman could not have surpassed the heroism here recorded :—

'In the battle four men ran away together. They were pursued, and one was killed, but the other three were taken alive. They turned
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out to be messengers or ambassadors from a large body of Indians, united in the common cause of defence, near the Cordillera. The tribe to which they had been sent was on the point of holding a grand council; the feast of man's flesh was ready, and the dance prepared: in the morning the ambassadors were to have returned to the Cordillera. They were remarkably fine men, very fair, above six feet high, and all under thirty years of age. The three survivors of course possessed very valuable information; and to extort this they were placed in a line. The two first being questioned, answered, "No se" (I do not know), and were one after the other shot. The third also said, "No se;" adding, "Fire, I am a man, and can die!" Not one syllable would they breathe to injure the united cause of their country!—pp. 120, 121.

We must not be tempted farther:—here we close an imperfect notice of one of the most interesting narratives of voyaging that it has fallen to our lot to take up, and which must always occupy a distinguished space in the history of scientific navigation.

ART. VIII.—1. *Austria and the Austrians*. In 2 vols. London. 1837.

2. *Hungary and Transylvania, with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical*. By John Paget, Esq. In 2 vols. London. 1839.

3. *Austria*. By Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. In 2 vols. London. 1839.

4. *Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837*. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, A.M., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. In 3 vols. London. 1839.

5. *Vienna and the Austrians, with some Account of a Journey through Swabia, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and the Salzbourg*. By Frances Trollope. In 2 vols. London. 1838.

WE start on our present expedition into Austria with a company as varied, though not quite so numerous, as that which set forth with Chaucer on his memorable pilgrimage to Canterbury. We have, first, a regular London book-maker, who fills a chapter on Austrian aristocracy with an account of Mad. B. Constant's Parisian *soirée*, and illustrates the Vienna stage by sixteen pages about Schiller's Mary Stuart;—secondly, a gentleman in the transition state between an English squire and an Hungarian Freyherr—exhibiting spirit, cleverness, and a dash of chivalry, based on the solid foundation of information and good sense;—thirdly, a grave F.R.S., loaded with foreign statistics enough to make Dr. Bowring jealous, and foreign political information

formation that might well make Lord Palmerston ashamed;—fourthly, a specimen of the true church militant, the divine engrafted on the soldier, combining the love of adventure inspired by his former profession with the tone of feeling suggested by his last;—and fifthly, an *authoress* of singular acuteness and originality, who boasts that the Princess Metternich has assigned her portrait a place in an album hitherto devoted exclusively to males.

We need hardly add that so heterogeneous a company is more amusing than harmonious; that they often disagree with one another and occasionally with themselves; but far from feeling embarrassed or disconcerted by their differences, we do not despair of turning these to good account. If in a multitude of councillors there is safety, in a multitude of witnesses there is truth—that is, for those who know how to look for it; and by collating the summaries or results of one with the details of another, observations with adventures, and theories with facts, we shall try to do for Austria, the autocrat of the south of Germany, what we not long since attempted as to Prussia,* the head of the northern portion of the confederacy—describe the real nature of her constitution, estimate the actual amount of her resources, analyse the true spirit of her society, and vindicate her government from the broad reproach of despotism.

Archdeacon Coxe, in the preface to his 'Memoirs of the House of Austria,' compares that House to the Danube of its native mountains, 'at first an inconsiderable rill, obscurely wandering amidst rocks and precipices, then swelling its volume by the accumulation of tributary streams, carrying plenty and fertility to numerous nations, and finally pouring its mighty waters by a hundred mouths into the Euxine Sea.' The peculiar policy to which it is principally indebted for its aggrandisement is indicated in the well-known lines—

'Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube:

Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.'

But it is beside our purpose to state by what alliances, conquests, or treaties the descendants of Rhodolph of Hapsburg contrived to mount the throne of the Cæsars, and became possessed of two ancient independent kingdoms, besides archduchies, principalities, countships, and lordships without end. It is enough that the present emperor rules over more than thirty-five millions of subjects of all degrees of civilisation and all modes of faith;—enough—perhaps more than enough, for those who cannot form a notion of national happiness without sundry

* Quarterly Review, No. CXVI.

facilities for disaffection which they are pleased to term liberty—that his power is based, not on force, but affection—not on habit or bigotry, but on an enlightened sense of benefits conferred; and that the people are prosperous and contented in exact proportion as they are placed by situation or circumstances under the direct influence of his authority; in other words, that the practical advantages of the present system of government are in an inverse ratio to its checks. Thus, the hereditary dominions of the emperor, where he is all-powerful, are the most thriving; Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, where there is still a privileged class with some vestige of independence, only rank as second best; whilst Hungary and Transylvania, with their constituent bodies, their county meetings and their turbulent barons, are about as far advanced in civilisation as the English under the Plantagenets.

This is the obvious and almost necessary result of a paternal government; and we quite agree with Mr. Turnbull that the Austrian is on the whole a paternal government, in the truest acceptation of the term. Joseph II.—that most mischievous and dangerous of characters, a liberal, philosophical sovereign—had ways of his own for making his subjects happy, and was full as much influenced by vanity as philanthropy in the sweeping innovations he endeavoured to force upon them. But his nephew, Francis, acted on a widely different principle: in all he said or did there was a perfect abnegation of self; equally sagacious and well-meaning, he consulted the tastes, habits, and even prejudices of his people, as well as their real wants; and preferred the homely affection inspired by his quiet unassuming virtues, to the dazzling glories of the conqueror, or the deceitful halo a correspondence with foreign jurists or philosophers, a Voltaire or a Bentham, might have flung around his name.* His first step, before adopting any scheme of consequence, was to ascertain how far the existing state of feeling would be disturbed; and, not content with the reports of agents, he took every occasion of bringing himself into personal contact with individuals of every class. Extremes meet. There is an amusing account in Major Downing's Letters of the labours imposed on the President of the United States during his progresses. After shaking hands for five or six hours successively, he is obliged to sit down on a sofa and suffer his hand to be put through the required exercise by his secretary. The Emperor Francis must

* The termination of Voltaire's correspondence with Frederic the Great is well known. On the Emperor of Russia's refusing to follow Jeremy Bentham's advice implicitly, the philosopher indignantly returned the portrait and ring which had accompanied the imperial application for a code.

have undergone little less on his weekly reception-days, when everybody, without distinction of rank, sex, or age, was privileged to enter; and he might be seen mingling amongst them with the inquiry, 'Well, my children, what is there I can do for you?'—to which, as Mrs. Trollope assures us on the Princess Metternich's authority, the frequent answer was, 'We are not come to ask for anything, only to have the pleasure of looking at you.'

Two incidents of his life, also related by the Princess, illustrate in the strongest light the enthusiastic affection he inspired.

After a dangerous illness, which had thrown the whole empire into dismay, he was taking an airing in a close carriage, when he was surrounded by a crowd shouting their congratulations on his reappearance and, with uplifted hands, calling down blessings on his head. Forgetting the prescribed caution, he let down the glass to thank them; but instead of being impressed with the condescension, the populace seemed to think only of the imprudence of the act. 'No, no—oh! he will catch cold, he will catch cold,' was the cry, and those who were nearest the carriage instantly laid violent hands on the window and forced it up.

A nearly similar manifestation, rendered still more striking by the time, occurred on his return from the fatal campaign of 1809, when the resources of the empire had been taxed to the uttermost, and her best blood expended at his bidding, but in vain. He entered Vienna in a plain carriage, with a single attendant, hoping to escape attention, but he was recognised at the turning of a corner by an apple-woman, and the news spread like wildfire through the town. In a few moments the horses were taken out and he was dragged in triumph to the palace, into which, up marble staircases and through tapestried galleries, he was followed by as many as could squeeze in. Deeply touched, he exclaimed to the officer at his side, 'This is affection—it may be that I have never done good to any of them.'

Nor must it be supposed that this personal feeling was confined to the inhabitants of the capital. More than one Jeanie Deans has wandered up from the dells of the Tyrol, or the remotest confines of Bohemia, to tell her tale of sorrow to *Franz*; and we believe there is not a corner of his dominions, out of Italy, where they do not still kindle at the bare mention of his name. He had one failing, however: the new-fangled French doctrines of the day had given him such a horror of insubordination, that the bare semblance or suspicion of it was sufficient to effect an entire change in his disposition. Let the meanest peasant complain of the highest noble, and he was sure of a patient hearing; but woe to the subaltern, civil or military, who ventured to bring a charge against his superior in command. The charge would
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be investigated, the wrong-doer punished or displaced; but the subaltern's chances of preferment were at an end. We need hardly add, that his Italian subjects were the objects of his marked distrust. 'It may be all very well,' he would reply to those who ventured to remonstrate with him against the severity exercised towards Pellico and other prisoners of state, 'to say that these are high-spirited, gallant men, acting from a sense of duty. Reflect on the mass of misery caused by a single insurrection, and then say whether such attempts as theirs can be too rigidly suppressed.'

On one occasion Prince Metternich requested leave to allow a few books to a state prisoner of rank, and offered to select some from his own library for the purpose, but the request was peremptorily refused.

We dwell particularly on these traits, because for years, perhaps for centuries, Francis will be regarded as the *beau idéal* of an emperor: his successors will try to tread in his footsteps, and the mention of despotic rule will be associated in the minds of the people with the blessings his government conferred upon them. What is still more important, almost the whole existing system of internal administration was established by him, and is marked throughout by the peculiar features of his policy. An outline of this system forms an essential part of the task we have undertaken; and, fortunately, the information supplied by Mr. Turnbull regarding the main topics is complete. But before proceeding farther, it may be as well to specify the principal divisions of the empire, and the classes of which the population is composed.

There are, first, the German States, namely, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, the Tyrol, the Istria Littoral (the country round Trieste), Moravia, Silesia, Bohemia, Gallicia, and Dalmatia, containing altogether about fifteen millions of inhabitants; secondly, the Italian states, containing about four millions and a half; thirdly, Hungary and Transylvania, with a population, including 'the military frontier,' of between fourteen and fifteen millions.

The German states are under the direct control of the Imperial Chancery at Vienna, and are all governed by one and the same code of laws, civil and criminal. The Italian states, which are hardly yet consolidated with the rest, are governed by a viceroy, and have a jurisprudence of their own. Hungary is a totally distinct kingdom, with an independent constitution; and Transylvania, except that it is but a principality, stands on pretty nearly the same footing as Hungary.

In Austria, as in most other countries of Europe, the rights of the feudal

feudal proprietors long presented a fatal barrier to improvements of every sort, whether in the cultivation of the soil, the diffusion of commerce, the administration of justice, or the condition of the peasantry. The emperors gradually contrived to abolish or mitigate the most injurious of these rights within their hereditary dominions, and in some of the rest in which they could venture to carry things with a high hand ; but the nobles were too strong for them in Bohemia and Moravia, until 1773, when a general rising of the peasantry took place, and the lords were compelled to give way to the combined influence of the popular movement and the crown.

In Hungary and Transylvania (which, before concluding, we must make the subject of a brief episode), the most oppressive of the feudal rights and restrictions exist still ; but throughout the rest of the empire, the only prerogative of value retained by the nobles (and the Italian nobles have not even this) is exemption from military conscription and from certain civil offices in the provinces. Even the *prestige* of rank has been a good deal broken of late, probably with malice prepense, by the emperor, who has ennobled a great many merchants and bankers, not a few amongst them being Jews. In fact, almost any man who chooses to pay the price may have a patent of nobility ;* which may serve to account in some measure for the exclusive spirit which we shall find in full force in the capital when we come to its society.

The condition of the *clergy* is next to be considered, and the Austrian church establishment is well worth studying, if only for the sake of the curious anomalies presented by it. The pope has always been the acknowledged head, but down to a very recent period his authority seemed almost extinct ; and although the Vatican is at this moment straining every nerve to regain its old power here as elsewhere—and in some isolated cases, such as that of the Zillerdalers, the priesthood have been able to produce scandalous violations or evasions of the law—we hope the Imperial government will successfully resist this new spirit of encroachment. According to the system which, in spite of a few audacious outrages, we do not believe to be abrogated, Austria is tolerant. Every sort of employment or occupation, the law, the army, the civil service, are, by law, open to all persons without reference to creed ; and the imperial family have shown, it must be allowed, by their own conduct that they feel no disposition to abet the pretensions of the papacy.

* Mr. Paget says that the price of the title of Baron is 2000*l.*, and that of Count 5000*l.*, but that Baron Stultz was compelled to pay 10,000*l.* ; which strikes us to be exceedingly unjust. According to the old adage, he ought to have paid nine times less.

The Archduke John, the actual Palatine of Hungary, has had three wives; the first was a member of the Greek church, the second of the Calvinistic communion, the third of the Lutheran. This may remind the reader of the boast of a well-known literary character of the last century: "I am not a man of prejudices: I have had four wives: two catholics, a jewess, and a methodist: two were sisters, and my second was living when I married my fourth." The Archduke Charles was married to a Lutheran: when she died, the Emperor gave orders for the funeral rites to be performed in St. Stephen's. The Archbishop of Vienna, at the request of the Nuncio, remonstrated against the incongruity: 'Tell the Nuncio,' said the Emperor, 'that this is no affair of his: the Archduchess must be buried as I have directed.' She was so buried, and the Protestant service was actually performed in the Romish cathedral, and the funeral sermon preached by the head of the Lutheran community.

In Joseph's time the pope himself took a journey to Vienna to protest against the multiplied infractions of discipline, particularly the translation of the prayers, litanies, and psalms into German—but though received with deference, he was compelled to return, leaving the main object of his journey unfulfilled. This sweeping principle of toleration was introduced by the same emperor, who also gave the monastic foundations their death-blow; but, instead of confiscating their revenues to his own use, or parcelling them out amongst his favourites, like our bluff King Hal, he contented himself with converting the greater part of them into a fund, termed the Religious Fund, to be devoted to objects connected with the spiritual wants and education of the people—a palpable anticipation of the appropriation principle which Lord John Russell and his colleagues have been so amusingly coquetting with, now bringing it forward to turn Sir Robert Peel out, and now flinging it aside to keep themselves in.

The secular clergy derive their income from a variety of sources—glebes, endowments, tithes, fees, or assessments on their parishioners. Generally speaking, they are not paid high enough to render the profession an object of ambition to the higher classes, unless with a sure prospect of a bishopric. The patronage of the parochial benefices is divided much in the same manner as in England, between the crown, the bishops, corporations, lay or spiritual, and private individuals. The conduct of the clergy is strictly watched, and ministers of irregular habits, if found irreclaimable by admonition or fine, are removed to a kind of monastic penitentiary and kept on short commons for a given period or for life. Thus an Austrian Dr. Wade would be living on bread and water in a cell, instead
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of talking inflammatory nonsense on the hustings, or scuffling for precedence at tavern-meetings with refugees. The appointments to episcopal dignity are, generally speaking, to the credit of the government—though there are exceptions. A prince of the house of Schwarzenburg (according to Mrs. Trollope the handsomest man in Austria) was raised to the archbishoprick of Salzburg (which he now holds) at twenty-seven; and since the commencement of this century a prince of the blood became archbishop of Gran and primate of Hungary, at twenty-one. This last appointment, however, was not without excuse: for the revenues of the see are, according to Mr. Paget, from 50,000*l.* to 80,000*l.* a-year; and the youthful primate, says Mr. Turnbull, fell a martyr to his sense of duty. A pestilential fever having broken out at Pesth, he persevered in administering to the sick till he caught the disorder and died.

There is nothing requiring explanation in the towns, which are governed by corporations of much the same kind as those existing in England prior to the Municipal Act. We may now therefore proceed to state the manner in which the laws are made and administered.

The whole *legislative* authority is vested in the Emperor, who proceeds either by original edict or by rescript, which is a reply to some public body or person empowered to make applications to the crown. The edicts and rescripts are forwarded to the various functionaries, and copies are printed annually in a convenient size for general use, like our statutes at large; though, from what we have seen of them, we should say that the language is more precise, and the objects much more accurately defined. No approval, adoption, or registration of any sort is required to give efficacy to an edict or rescript, except on the subject of finance: but a money bill must be submitted to the States, through whom alone the right of taxation can be exercised; and every new law is referred to a board, whose duty it is to collect the opinions of persons most conversant with the subject-matter. These States represent the clergy, the nobility, and the townspeople; and each province has an assembly of the sort. The members who represent the clergy and the nobles sit, some in their own right as individuals, and some as deputies for the rest; the burghers are elected by the corporations of their respective towns. The States meet once a-year or oftener; they form a single chamber; the governor of the province or a royal commissioner presides, and resolutions are decided by a majority of votes. Their duty is to vote the supplies, or, more properly speaking, to receive and register the laws framed for that purpose by the crown: they next apportion the sum to be realised amongst the

different districts, and then proceed to the discussion of certain local matters which they are entitled to control.

The *Executive* acts through central councils or boards, each of which has its chancellor or president, communicating below with the provincial councils, and above with the cabinet. The present cabinet is composed of the Archduke Louis, the Archduke Francis Charles (the heir apparent), Prince Metternich, and Count Kollowrat. Nominally the home department belongs to Count Kollowrat, and the foreign department to Prince Metternich, but the Prince is the animating spirit of the whole.

The grand object of the administration is steadiness and uniformity of action, which it secures by enforcing the strictest regularity in its functionaries, who rise gradually from the lowest department to the highest, so that the training of the various classes of subordinates is complete. But the best guarantee for fitness is the main qualification required of every candidate for employment without exception,—that he has been educated within the country in a seminary established under the sanction of the government. And this brings us to the Austrian system of education, perhaps the most interesting and characteristic feature of her policy.

The Emperor Francis used to say that he wished to make his people good subjects, not learned men; and the various scholastic institutions are so regulated as to teach the several classes what is necessary for their respective callings, and at the same time to inculcate the precepts of religion and the duties of morality. With this view, the general supervision of the schools is vested in the clergy, the episcopal consistories taking charge of them in Roman Catholic districts, and the Calvinistic, or Lutheran superiors, in districts where their congregations preponderate. Much curious information on this subject is communicated by Mr. Turnbull:—

‘The whole of these establishments are organized with a view to their strict uniformity of system, and to their connexion with some one or more of the religious professions recognized by the state. The popular schools are inspected and directed by the parochial incumbent, who, with a view to this duty, is bound to receive instruction, previous to his induction to a benefice, in the system of scholastic management, or, as it is termed in the language of the edicts, the science of *pædagogik*. He is required, at least twice in every week, at certain fixed hours, to examine and catechise the pupils, and to impart to them religious instruction, the parish or district being obliged to provide him with a carriage for that purpose when the schools to be visited are distant from his residence. He orders removals from lower to higher classes, and grants those certificates, without which no pupil can pass from the popular school to the gymnasium. He is bound to render, periodically, statistical

statistical and discriminating returns on the state of schools, both to his spiritual superior and to the *kreisampt*; to urge on parents the great importance of education to their offspring, and to supply books to those who cannot afford to purchase them, and clothes (so far as the poor-und or private contributions may enable him to do so) to such as, for want of clothing, are prevented attending the schools. Where children of different creeds are intermixed in one school, religious instruction and catechization is confined to the last hour of the morning and afternoon attendance, during which the non-Romanists are dismissed to receive instruction elsewhere from their respective pastors; but where the number of non-Romanists is sufficiently great to support a separate school, the minister of that persuasion, whatever it be, is charged exclusively with the same duties as, in the general schools, are imposed on the parish priest.—vol. ii. p. 133.

At the head of the department is the *Hof-studien Commission* at Vienna, a board of laymen in constant communication with the Romish, Protestant, Greek, and Hebrew consistories. They examine and report on every point connected with instruction, profane or sacred, civil or military; but they have no legislative authority of any kind, and even the substitution of one grammar for another would require the sanction of an edict. The degree of instruction varies with the class: thus, there is the *Gymnasium* for the classics and mathematics, and the *Commercial Academy* for the towns; but in the *volks-schulen*, or *peoples' schools*, specially intended for the lower orders, the instruction, in addition to that afforded by the ministers of the respective congregations, is confined to reading, writing, and accounts.

The expense of these establishments is defrayed from various sources—the education fund formed by Joseph out of the spoils of the monasteries, the religious fund, occasional loans from the exchequer, or contributions from the great landed proprietors. When in any given district the demand for a school has become general, it is usual to require the parishioners to take the whole or a portion of the expense upon themselves. The episcopal superintendent and the district board of administration choose the place; the *landestelle*, or provincial board, issues the decree for the building; the lord supplies the land and materials, the inhabitants the labour, the patron of the living the fittings up, any subsequent expense for repairs being a charge upon the lord, the patron, and the inhabitants.

Attendance at school is not strictly compulsory, as in Prussia, but the disadvantages of non-attendance are so great as hardly to leave an option. Not only does the neglect operate as a perpetual qualification for employment, public or private,* but the parish

* Mr. Scobell even states that he has known of masters being punished for employing workmen who could not produce certificates of education.

priest is forbidden to marry any one not provided with a certificate of education. The effect of this regulation, in a moral point of view, will be considered hereafter; its tendency to promote the direct object is plain. Despite of the dogged resistance of the lords, who think more of the direct expense than of the eventual saving produced by the diminution of the pauper population on their estates, the system is spreading rapidly; and (omitting Hungary, whence no returns are made, and where very little has been done) it is calculated that above three-fifths of the rising generation are at school.

Besides these public institutions, there are endowed establishments of a superior order in the principal cities, at which the majority of the higher classes are educated. These are equally under the superintendence of the authorities; and no private academy can be opened without a licence, which is never granted without a full explanation of the plan.

The instruction afforded at all the public establishments is gratuitous; but it is customary to pay about twelve florins at the Gymnasium, and from eighteen to thirty florins at the University, towards the maintenance of poor students,—a class corresponding with the servitors and sizars of Oxford and Cambridge. In most other German universities these are very numerous: at Jena, for example, they constitute a positive majority, and to this circumstance are probably attributable the turbulence and disaffection by which that university has been marked. Placed in a situation which, though not very enviable or distinguished in itself, is affluence and independence compared with that in which most of them have been bred—heated with beer and tobacco, and inflated with the fumes of that philosophy which well justifies the saying of Jean Paul, that God had granted to France the land, to Britain the sea, and to Germany the air—these lads seem impressed with the belief, and are unfortunately too prone to act upon the impression, that vulgar riot is true gallantry, that muddle-headed mysticism is true genius, that social order is another name for slavery, and that a dirty greasy long-haired member of the *Burschenschaft*, with a pipe suspended from his button-hole and not a penny in his pouch, is a greater and sublimer character than any king or emperor upon earth. Can we wonder that, so thinking, they should occasionally seek to equalize matters, or clamour for a regeneration of that society which, when their round of study is complete, will probably leave them in their original state of destitution, with feelings more alive than ever to its miseries? Can we wonder that a sagacious government, like that of Austria, should be disinclined to the propagation of such a class, or, warned by the effects of an
opposite

opposite system amongst its neighbours, cling more and more closely to its favourite maxim, that an education superior to the individual's rank in life is more frequently productive of evil than of good? Accordingly, students applying *in formâ pauperis* are not indiscriminately admitted, as in the north, but the candidates undergo a public examination, and only a limited number of the best qualified are allowed to benefit by the poor fund and the foundation scholarships. In this manner free scope is afforded to superior talents, whilst the cravings of imbecile vanity are judiciously repressed. It is hardly necessary to add, that the professors are cautiously restrained from wandering beyond their stated province as instructors. Mr. Turnbull relates an instance in which an eminent professor at Prague was dismissed for giving an heterodox explanation of a passage in scripture; and, not long ago, a Vienna professor shared the same fate. Prussia presents a curious contrast in this respect. Leo's lectures on Jewish History, in which the authenticity of the scriptures is unceremoniously assailed, were actually read to his class; and five or six years since, as we formerly stated, the late Professor Gans delivered a course on modern history which occasioned a nightly uproar in the capital.

The number of universities belonging to the empire is nine: Prague, Vienna, Padua, Pavia, Limberg, Grätz, Olmutz, Inspruck, and Pesth. It is not the fashion for the eldest sons of the highest families to go to them; and Mr. Turnbull says that the younger sons merely enter for form's sake, and seldom attend lectures. This observation is worthy of especial note, since the omission is a virtual surrender of all chance of public occupation or preferment. In the north of Germany, it is not unusual to find scions of reigning houses enrolled as students, and sedulous attendants in the lecture-room.

We pass by a natural transition from the heads of Religion and Education to those of Morals and Crime. It is no easy matter to judge of the present state of either, the returns being irregular, or, when regular, adapted to mislead. For example, the ordinary test, the number of prosecutions, is obviously fallacious, crime being often most rife in districts where prosecutions are rare.* We therefore prefer forming our opinion by the aspect of the country, the look and demeanour of the people, the general feeling of security or insecurity that prevails, and the number and efficiency or inefficiency of the police. Now, in all parts of the

* The fallacy of this test is well exposed in the Report on Rural Police, a very valuable and interesting document. To give an illustration: if Lord Normanby's theatrical style of letting out criminals were followed for any length of time, it is obvious that disorder would soon arrive at its *maximum* and prosecutions at their *minimum*, since it would not be worth while to prosecute.

empire except those in which the more oppressive feudal restrictions are maintained, the land is well cultivated, the towns are thriving, the people are happy and contented, property is safe, travellers feel no apprehension, and the number of the police is singularly small in proportion to the territory. There cannot, consequently, be any startling amount of crime; but it is to be feared that the same causes which prevent grave offences rather tend to multiply the minor transgressions against morality. The easy, indolent, pleasure-loving Austrians are little likely to rob or murder, but they are naturally prone to such sensual indulgences as require no great exertion and fall in with the ordinary tenor of their lives. Drunkenness, indeed, is almost unknown amongst them, but they were never famous for chastity; and we believe the conduct of the female inhabitants of Vienna is still such as to render plausible, if it does not altogether justify, a well-known saying of Joseph II.

Mr. Turnbull corroborates this accusation by a reference to tables, from which it appears that illegitimate children bear a startling proportion to the legitimate, in some of the principal towns. During the year 1834 the proportion was as ten to twelve in Vienna, ten to six in Gratz, ten to fifteen in Prague,—though only ten to sixty-two in Venice, which, we quite agree with Mr. Turnbull, were alone sufficient to make us proceed with caution in our inferences. The fact is, the omission of the marriage ceremony is absolutely forced upon a large part of the population by the law, which not only, as formerly intimated, makes a certificate of education an indispensable preliminary, but requires a certificate of morality, *i. e.* of general good conduct. The officiating minister has no power to dispense with these certificates, and cases are said to have occurred in which the clergyman was compelled to maintain the offspring by way of punishment for neglecting the inquiry as to means. The consequence is, that great numbers of the lower classes live together as man and wife without the legal sanction; but it does not always follow that their vows of fidelity sit light upon them. Much of the same sort of thing prevails in France, where it is necessary to produce certificates of the birth of both parties and the consent of parents, or (in lieu of the latter) prove that the parents are dead, or that their consent has been demanded in due form by a notary. The obstacles thus thrown in the way of regular marriages have given rise to the marriage *à la St. Jacques*, which is contracted by two young people (usually a *commis* and a *grisette*) agreeing to live together and clubbing their slender stock of furniture for the establishment.*

Mr.

* We are sorry, however, to have to add that the recent plan of the papacy, to interdict virtually all marriages between Romanists and Protestants, has been acted upon

Mr. Turnbull's comparative estimate of crime in Austria is by no means in accordance with the views maintained by the advocates of education grants. He tells us that prosecutions are most numerous in the Tyrol, where the schools are well attended, and most rare in Galicia, where the population is comparatively uninstructed; but he adds that the Gallician lords have a direct influence in withdrawing their peasantry from the jurisdiction of the regular courts, and are in the habit of inflicting summary punishment for minor offences which do not appear in the returns. We incline to think that this must be the true solution of the problem; for we cannot conceive how an education, like that given in Austria, can possibly conduct to crime—an education strictly limited to the wants of the individual or the class, with the clergyman constantly co-operating with the schoolmaster. If such a system be productive of evil, how dark the prospect for England!—what a mass of misery must be now lowering above our heads!—for the first step has been already taken, the fruit of knowledge has been plucked and tasted by the multitude, and it is no longer possible to tear it from their grasp. To borrow the emphatic expressions of Mrs. Austin:

‘It is not worth while at the present day to discuss whether or not national education be a good. It is possible to imagine a state of society in which the labouring man, submissive and contented under some paternal rule, might dispense with any further light than such as nature, uncorrupted by varied wants and restless competition, might afford him. But if that golden age ever existed, it is manifestly gone, in this country at least, for ever. Here the press is hotter, the strife keener, the invention more alive, the curiosity more awake, the wants and wishes more stimulated by an atmosphere of luxury, than perhaps in any country since the world began. The men who, in their several classes, were content to tread, step for step, in the paths wherein their fathers trod, are gone. Society is no longer a calm current, but a tossing sea. Reverence for tradition, for authority, is gone. In such a state of things, who can deny the absolute necessity for national education?’*

In such a state of things, who can deny the absolute necessity for *religious* education? Teach the lower orders in England to read and write, and unless they are very narrowly watched, the first use they will make of their accomplishments will be to spell over the pages of a newspaper. Talk to them of the value of intel-

upon deliberately in more than one district; and the difficulties thus originated have of late induced—might we not almost say *compelled*?—many well-disposed persons to dispense with the matrimonial solemnity altogether. This has been the case, we believe, to a very considerable extent, in Hungary.

Preface to translation of Cousin's Report, p. viii. See also p. xvii. for an equally striking passage regarding the true objects of education.

lectual

lectual acquirements, and the odds are that you will only make them discontented with the lot in which Providence has placed them, and prone to listen to the first itinerant demagogue who may think fit to rail against the unequal distribution of wealth or the recognised distinctions of society. It has been said that they will learn in time to understand the advantages of these distinctions, and perceive that the welfare of the community, themselves inclusive, is bound up with the institution of property; but our firm conviction is, that the time they are able to set apart for reading is utterly inadequate to such a result, and that, whilst man is man, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow must be content to take political conclusions upon trust. In the case of monarchy, for example, you may always teach them to shake off the *prejudice*, you will never teach them the value of the *principle*. It were well, therefore, if such topics of inquiry could be altogether excluded, but they cannot: all we can do is to make moral training go hand in hand with intellectual cultivation, and give the general superintendence to the body most interested in the preservation of order, and best qualified to instil a proper sense of religious duty—the Church.

Before quitting the subject, it may be as well to obviate an inference which inconsiderate reasoners might draw from some of the foregoing statements. It may be asked, why, when a jealous, despotic government allows dissenting ministers to superintend the education of their flocks, and intrusts the general supervision to a board of laymen, we should shrink from acting on the same principle? The plain answer is, because it is a jealous, despotic government; because it has, what we never can have, the best possible securities against abuse. Give the Established Church of England the same safeguards; enact that no dissenting congregation shall be allowed to teach or preach till its doctrines have been duly examined and approved—provide that the education board shall be exclusively composed of tried well-wishers to the Protestant religion and the monarchy—satisfy the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter upon these points, and, we will answer for it, their opposition will be instantly withdrawn.

The Poor Laws of Austria originated, like those of England, in the suppression of the monasteries. The Austrian monasteries were suppressed, or greatly reduced, by Joseph II., between the years 1782 and 1786. He followed up the measure by a sweeping inquiry into all endowments for purposes of benevolence, suppressing such as he deemed superfluous, and adding the revenues to the *armen-fond* (poor fund). This proving insufficient, an *Armen Institut*, or institution for the poor, has been established in each community, under the direction of the minister of the parish

parish and an officer termed the *father of the poor*. Its funds are derived from various sources—the interest of special endowments, the poor-box affixed at the door of each place of worship, fines, and imposts; but its chief reliance is a monthly collection made from house to house, which, though voluntary in name, is compulsory in fact. Contributions in kind (bread, clothing, and provisions) are received from those who prefer this mode of contribution. Depôts of mendicity are established in the principal towns, but the aged, the infirm, and the victims of casual misfortune, are relieved at their own houses. In addition to the endowed hospitals and infirmaries, medical assistance is afforded gratis by the government, but, except in cases of accident, the testimonial of the parochial minister is required. Annual reports from each parish are duly forwarded by the minister, the father of the poor, and the medical attendant of each district, to their respective superiors, who forward them in turn till they arrive at the Central Board of Charities at Vienna, which sends in an annual report to the emperor.

The National Debt of Austria is something between fifty and sixty millions sterling; the yearly charge for the interest and a sinking fund, about four millions and a half. The income is about thirteen millions, thus leaving eight millions and a half of available revenue, which is supposed to fall short of the actual expenditure by nearly two millions, hitherto raised by loans. Of the gross revenue, about 4,800,000*l.* is raised by direct taxes on houses, land, income, and inheritances: about 4,200,000*l.* by indirect taxes, three or four hundred thousand pounds by lotteries, and more than two millions and a half by monopolies in salt, tobacco, and gunpowder.

Little less than 6,000,000*l.* sterling is required for the Army, the organization of which we must explain.

Hungary furnishes a fixed force of 64,000 men, and 500,000*l.* sterling for their maintenance. The crown has also the right of proclaiming what is called 'the insurrection of the nobles' in the time of war, when every Hungarian noble is bound to serve. Within the district called the Military Frontier every male, from eighteen to sixteen, is trained to arms, and liable to serve: the permanent force, which could be called together at a few hours' notice, consists of 50,000 or 60,000; and it could be increased to four times that number on an emergency. In the Italian provinces and the Tyrol, all classes, without exception, are registered, and the required number is chosen by lot, the period of service eight years. In the German provinces there are two registers, one for the line, comprising all males from eighteen to twenty-eight—and one for the *landwehr*—an army of reserve, comprising

comprising all males from twenty-eight to thirty-eight—with the exception of the nobility, who are exempt from both. The period of service in the line is fourteen years, after which the soldier is liable to serve in the landwehr till forty; but the landwehr is rarely mustered, and only exists on paper during peace. In 1835, the entire army on foot, and receiving pay, amounted to 380,000: namely, infantry, 290,000; cavalry, 38,000; artillery, 20,000; engineers, sappers, and miners, 2,500; waggon-train, artificers, &c., 30,000.

The Austrian discipline has been highly commended by competent judges; but it is said that the strict rule of seniority is too often evaded, and that the aristocratical spirit is too strong. Mr. Turnbull, our first clear and accurate expounder of Austrian institutions, says:—

‘The Austrian army is open to all; but its genius is, in the same sense in which the observation may be made of the British army, as compared with the French, decidedly aristocratical. Both the crown and the proprietary colonels are inclined to give a preference to the members of those families which with us would be understood to constitute the gentry; and it is the policy of the state not only to engage in its service members of its own highest native nobility, but many princes likewise of the smaller reigning houses of Germany. What Austria wants, as does every continental country, is that beautiful system of regimental mess which is adopted in England alone—that system which unites in social intercourse, for one portion of the day, the oldest with the youngest officer—which stations the junior ensign, in his turn, as president at the table, where the colonel must receive from his lips the law of the banquet—that system which alone can inspire a frank community of sentiment, amid all the differences of years and rank; and which, curbing alike the arrogance of age and the petulance of youth, teaches all to combine the high and manly bearing of social equality with the most strict observance of military subordination.’*

The mess is certainly the grand preservative against exclusiveness. Protected by it, the English army, we believe, will almost to a man exclaim with Sir William Draper in one of his letters to Junius, ‘I feel myself happy in seeing young noblemen, of illustrious name and great property, come among us: they are an additional security to the kingdom from foreign or domestic slavery. Junius need not be told that, should the time ever come when this nation is to be defended only by those who have nothing more to lose than their arms and their pay, the danger will be

* A more detailed account of the Austrian army may be seen in that very valuable publication the ‘United Service Journal,’ edited by Major Shadwell Clerke. We more particularly refer to papers by Captain Basil Hall, in the Numbers for September and October, 1835, to the general accuracy of which Mr. Turnbull bears testimony. See also the Number for April, 1833.

great indeed. A happy mixture of men of quality with soldiers of fortune is always to be wished for.' Had the strict rules of seniority been enforced, Wolfe would not have scaled the heights of Abraham, nor Wellington have led the armies of the Peninsula.

The *police* establishment costs 164,350*l.* sterling a year, which includes the charge for two regiments kept for the preservation of order in the Italian provinces, and the armed force maintained for the same purpose in the German States. When it is considered that the cost of the proposed rural police for England and Wales alone was estimated by the Commissioners at 450,000*l.* a-year; and that 610 men, including 40 horse patrol, do the duty of Vienna with a population of 350,000, whilst our Metropolitan Police consists of 2,300, and the City of London is provided for apart, some doubts may reasonably be entertained whether the police of Austria can be quite such a bugbear as it has been thought. Indeed, all recent English travellers admit that, when they had once passed the frontier, they had little cause to complain of interruption on their route. But the government is reasonably distrustful of foreigners of the propagandist order, particularly Frenchmen; and if a traveller wishes to stay long in the country, it may be as well to keep a guard upon his tongue, and be somewhat cautious as to the company he keeps. We know an instance in which a whole company ran some risk of being stopped in consequence of the imprudence of a July hero, who thought proper to deliver a diatribe against monarchy—concluding with *Messieurs, c'en est fait des rois*—just as they were approaching the frontier. He was sent back, not a little to his mortification, and somewhat to the surprise of the party, who were beginning to give faith to the alleged omnipresence of the police, when an old colonel, who had remained comfortably ensconced in his corner and apparently asleep during the discussion, solved the mystery by stating that he had thought it right to put the officer on duty on his guard against the political firebrand in the coach. Instances of this sort are far from rare, and they afford a key to more mysteries than one. They show that the chief spies are the people themselves, cheerfully co-operating with the authorities; and wherever this is the case, neither the spirit of the laws nor the tone of the administration can be much open to reproach.

As regards the press, indeed, the police has an invidious duty to perform. Twelve censors are established at Vienna, to some one of whom every book published within the empire, whether original or reprinted, must be referred:—

'The censor (says Mr. Turnbull) having received the manuscript, exercises his own taste and judgment in erasure or alteration of such passages

as he disapproves; and being generally some phlegmatic personage, well imbued with the genius of the government, one great object of his care is to exclude all expressions which might appeal to the imagination or the passions of the reader. Thus, a case was mentioned to me, of a work treating of conflicts quite unconnected with the Austrian empire, where the expression "heroic champions" was cut down to "brave soldiers," and "a band of youthful heroes who flocked around the glorious standard of their country," became, "a considerable number of young men, who voluntarily enlisted themselves for the public service." I was even informed by a learned professor at a foreign university, that the Austrian reprint of a scientific work whereof he was the author had been suspended until he consented to the removal of a passage expressing, among the medicinal qualities of some plant, that it was occasionally used for an immoral purpose.

If Mr. Turnbull will take the trouble to consult the annals of the stage, or read the preface to Sir Martin Shee's '*Alasco*,' he may chance to hear of hypercriticism on the part of English censors, well worthy to stand as parallels with the above.

There are edicts still in force to the effect that all foreign books shall be forwarded to the nearest board to be examined; but these regulations are rarely enforced against ordinary travellers, and booksellers find little difficulty in procuring any books demanded by their customers, provided they do not expose those of an ultra-liberal tendency in their shop-windows. Thus, Lord Byron's works are prohibited, chiefly on account of the notes and letters, in which the Austrian government is bitterly assailed; but every bookseller of note keeps a large number of copies amongst his stock, and has the implied sanction of the police for disposing of them. It is not information, inquiry, speculation, or philosophy, unsophisticated literature, or pure science, that the imperial cabinet is anxious to exclude; but the intemperate discussion of political questions—dangerous enough in any country, but useless, as well as dangerous in one where the people neither have, nor wish to have, any active or direct share whatever in the making of their laws or the direction of their affairs. We enumerated the leading literary and scientific characters of Austria on a former occasion.

The same policy prevails in the management of the periodical press. There are two newspapers published at Vienna, and one or two at each of the provincial capitals. The home intelligence consists of little more than official announcements, but full accounts are given of what takes place in foreign countries; and thus, though the Viennese radical, if there be such an animal, is not permitted to indulge in diatribes against Prince Metternich or Count Kolowrat, he has frequent opportunities of solacing himself with the best effusions of our crack radical orators—greatly improved

proved in style and grammar by the translator. Foreign journals are freely admitted for private use, but none are allowed to be circulated in coffee-rooms except such as are specially authorised. Amongst those so authorised are the 'Algemeine Zeitung,' and 'The Times,' which was admitted just the same when it took the lead amongst the advocates of reform. One of the best continental reviews, *Die Wiener Jahrbücher*, is published in Vienna, and we see no want of independence in its tone.

The criminal code in force in the German States was framed under the Emperor Francis, and partakes of the mildness of his character; capital punishments being confined to high treason, murder, and some few cases of forgery. The most objectionable part is that relating to procedure, which, as in the other great states of Germany, excludes jury trial, oral pleading, and publicity. In the first stage, indeed, there is a slight infusion of the popular element—the district tribunal by whom the accused is committed for trial being composed of a judge and two assessors taken from the most respectable inhabitants; and Mr. Turnbull states that the sittings are public, except when any matter requiring secrecy is before the courts. In furtherance of the paternal or patriarchal principle which lies at the root of most Austrian institutions, the law enjoins that no charge for any domestic irregularity be received otherwise than through the head of the family; and, on occasions, will authorise the seclusion of an unruly son, daughter, or servant, for a week or two, unknown to any body but the police. The same sort of power was formerly exercised in France by virtue of *lettres de cachet*, and one of the victims of its most oppressive exercise was Mirabeau. Civil justice is administered in Austria in much the same manner as in Prussia; the judges decide in private, on written allegations: the stages of appeal are many, so that, in cases of importance, the delay and expense can hardly be otherwise than great.

We must now turn aside to make a short excursion into Hungary, with Mr. Paget for our guide. It would not be well possible to choose a better, for he never suffers our interest to flag, and appears to have made himself accurately acquainted, not only with the localities and traditions of the country, but with its whole history and institutions, which present so many points of analogy to those of England, as really to invest the subject with a new and peculiar interest for an Englishman. Their Stephen corresponds with our Alfred, and their Golden Bull with our Magna Charta. A Hungarian's house is as much his castle as an Englishman's. They have lord-lieutenants, sheriffs, counties, and county meetings like ourselves; their municipal corporations resemble ours of the olden time; and their Diet is constituted

constituted much in the same manner as the English parliament three or four centuries ago—being composed of magnates sitting in their own right—members representing the minor landholders—and deputies from the towns, overawed by the nobles and hardly allowed a voice except in the voting of a subsidy. But the similarity is historical, not actual: though the two nations began the race of freedom within seven years of one another,—the Bulla Aurea bearing date in 1222, Magna Charta in 1215—and neither had any ostensible advantages—we have ever since been advancing, and *they* remain pretty nearly where they were.

Hungary was originally peopled by the Slavacks, a branch of the great family of which Russia is the chief; and Mr. Paget tells us that Austria is in a perpetual state of apprehension lest the Slavish portion of her subjects should be tempted to reunite with their kindred. The Slavacks were treated by the Magyars like the British by the Saxons, or the Saxons by the Normans—driven from the most fertile parts of the country into the mountains, or compelled to serve the new settlers as serfs. There is a tradition, indeed, that they were not fairly beaten, but that Swaloptuk, the last of their kings, sold his kingdom to the Magyars for a white horse:—

‘For snow-white steed thou gav’st the land;
For golden bit, the grass;
For the rich saddle, Dura’s stream;
Now bring the deed to pass.’

Mr. Paget’s German servant gave this as a reason for his detestation of the race, which may recall Dr. Johnson’s supposed ground of aversion to the Scotch:—

‘*Boswell*. Pray, Sir, can you trace the cause of your antipathy to the Scotch?—*Johnson*. I cannot, Sir.—*Boswell*. Old Mr. Sheridan says it was because they sold Charles I.—*Johnson*. Then, Sir, old Mr. Sheridan has found out a very good reason.’

And thus the peasant and the philosopher meet on the common ground of prejudice.

Be this as it may, the Magyars got the land and parcelled it out amongst their magnates, leaving little, beyond the honour of tilling it and bearing all public burthens, to the peasantry. In Hungary, at the present moment, *noble* is synonymous with *freeman*, and as the nobles do not constitute one-twentieth part of the population, (about five hundred thousand out of ten millions,) it follows that the Hungarian form of government is aristocratical in the strongest acceptation of the term. Originally, it is said, the members of the privileged class stood on an equal footing, and titles (as at Venice in her best days) were unknown: but there are now three distinct gradations or divisions, namely, the magnates

magnates or titled nobles, answering to our peers; the untitled nobles or squires; the poor or *one house* nobles, as they are called, who, in manners and education, are hardly distinguishable from the peasantry.

The Diet consists of two chambers, though, like the English, it anciently formed one. The upper chamber is composed of the **magnates**, who exceed six hundred, and thirty-six bishops or archbishops. It has a veto on all measures of the other house, but no independent power of legislating. The lower chamber consists of the county members, fifty-two in number, chosen by the nobles: the magnates, the higher clergy and the towns send deputies, but these are not entitled to vote. Mr. Paget, who is evidently imbued already with the spirit of the caste, apologises for this state of things by a fallacy which can deceive no one out of Hungary:

‘I have been anxious to show the English reader that it is not so small a proportion of the whole which governs in Hungary as we are led to believe when we hear it called an aristocracy,—not so small as governs in democratic France [nor, as he says above, much smaller than in England] at the present moment; and as for the argument, that the nobles as a class have the power to oppress the peasantry, and that the interests of the one, when opposed to the interests of the other, are sure to be sacrificed, it seems to be so nearly the same case as that of the rich and poor with us, that it is hardly worth speaking of.’—vol. i. pp. 418, 419.

Did Mr. Paget never hear of such a thing as virtual representation? Does he mean to say that the electors of England and France all belong to a privileged class, or that the rich and poor are separated by a broad line of demarcation, as in Hungary? If not, his argument is wholly destitute of applicability or point. The Diet must be called together once in three years at least, and remains sitting till the whole business has been dispatched. In strictness it ought to entertain no measures but such as emanate from the crown: but the members are in the habit of bringing forward topics of every sort under the title of grievances; and we are sorry to have to record, that within the last two or three years bills of grievance, narrating astute and deliberate manoeuvres of papal agents against the legally determined rights and privileges of the protestants in Hungary—more especially in the matter of mixed marriages—though eloquently supported by not only the prime speakers in the lower house, but the chief ornaments of the upper one also, appear to have been uniformly rejected through the cunning pertinacity of certain prelates, and the blind subserviency of their noble dupes.

Mr. Paget arrived at Presburg whilst the Diet was sitting, and gives an interesting account of a debate:—

‘As

‘As we entered the chamber, not a sound was to be heard except the deep, impassioned tones of Deák, who was listened to with the greatest attention. Deák is one of the best speakers, and has one of the most philosophical heads in the Diet. Heavy and dull in appearance, it is not till he warms with his subject that the man of talent stands declared. He spoke in Hungarian, and I was much struck with the sonorous, emphatic, and singularly clear character of the language. From the number of words ending in consonants, particularly in *k*, every word is distinctly marked even to the ear of one totally unacquainted with the language. I cannot characterise the Hungarian as either soft or musical, but it is strong, energetic, manly: the intonation with which it is uttered gives it in ordinary conversation a melancholy air, but when impassioned nothing can exceed it in boldness.

‘The subject of debate was a remonstrance proposed to be presented to the emperor against the illegal proceedings of the government in the case of Baron Wesselényi, or rather as to the manner in which such remonstrance should be presented, whether immediately from the diet, or through the mediation of the palatine.’—vol. i. pp. 28, 29.

We cannot go into the details of this business. Mr. Paget seems to consider Baron Wesselényi as the *beau idéal* of genuine patriotism; but many other travellers describe him as a sort of Hungarian O’Connell. The prosecution against him has terminated in his condemnation, and he is now undergoing his sentence, which seems little more than to remain during a given time a prisoner on his parole. The evidence on which the government principally relied for proving the *animus* of his speech was (*according to Mr. Paget*) an expression in a private note, to the effect that he had all his life been ‘pounding pepper under the German’s nose.’

Far, however, in advance of all his fellow-nobles, for zeal, talent, information, and true patriotism, stands Count Szechenyi, who made so favourable an impression in London three or four years ago. His first object was to bring his countrymen into more frequent communication, which he effected, without exciting suspicion, by the establishment of races and clubs. He next resolved on the restoration of the Hungarian language, and was the first to speak it in the Chamber of Magnates, where Latin had hitherto been used. On his bringing forward a proposition for its encouragement, the want of funds was objected. ‘I willingly contribute one year’s income,’ (6,000*l.*) said Szechenyi: ‘I second it with 4,000*l.*’ said Count Karolyi Gijorgy; and 30,000*l.* was put down without delay. Under his auspices Hungarian literature has actually grown into fashion, a result to which his own publications have largely contributed. The most striking is a work entitled *Hitel* (Credit), in which the commercial resources of Hungary are developed, and the existing obstacles to her improvement eloquently

eloquently and ingeniously exposed. Of late years he has almost exclusively devoted himself to perfect the steam-navigation of the Danube, the feasibility of which he is naturally anxious to demonstrate, having been amongst the first to set the undertaking on foot; but he is sure to be found at his post when anything great, useful, and *practical* (for that is his *sine quâ non*) is to be done.

It is a curious sign of the state of opinion in Hungary, that, amongst the greatest of Széchenyi's triumphs over prejudice, ranks his success in persuading the nobles to pay toll for passing over a bridge erected under his auspices at Pesth:

'What! an Hungarian noble pay taxes? A hornets' nest is a feeble comparison to the buzz these gentlemen raised about Széchenyi's ears. It was no matter: he inveighed against them at the Diet, he wrote at them in the journals, he ridiculed them in private, and in the end he conquered them: a bill passed both Chambers, by which the legal taxation of the nobles in the form of a bridge-toll was acknowledged. The *Judex Curie* shed tears on the occasion, and declared "he would never pass that ill-fated bridge, from the erection of which he should date the downfall of Hungarian nobility."'—*Paget*, vol. i. p. 219.

Another equally pregnant sign of the time is the present made him by the Transylvanian Diet, in 1835, of a gold pen!

Having given so fine a specimen of the intelligence of Hungary, we must now look about for an example of its magnificence. We need not look long, for the house of Esterhazy is probably the most magnificent of non-regnant houses in the world. That jacket of jackets, which is said to cost the Prince a hundred pounds in wear and tear every time it is put on, has already impressed the English public with the extent of his possessions; but the impression falls short of the reality. His estates contain one hundred and thirty villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles. He has four country-houses as big as Chatsworth, within an hour's ride of one another; one of them, Esterház, contains three hundred and sixty rooms for visitors, and a theatre. The well-known story of the Prince's reply to the Lord of Holkham, who, after exhibiting a flock of two thousand sheep, inquired if he could show as many—'My shepherds are more numerous than your sheep'—turns out to be literally true: there are two thousand five hundred shepherds on his estates. But, as a lady of the neighbourhood observed to Mr. Paget,—'*Les Esterhazy font tout en grand: le feu prince a doté deux cent maîtresses, et pensionné cent enfans illégitimes.*' They have a regular grenadier guard in their pay, and the right of life and death on their estates.

Some curious stories are told of the genealogical pride of the old French nobility. Noah is represented entering the ark

with a bundle of papers under his arm, labelled '*Papiers de la maison de Croye*;' and an ancestor of the *Ducs de Levi* is standing, hat in hand, before the Virgin, who says '*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin*.' The Welsh, again, have no bad notion of a pedigree: but the Esterhazys beat them all hollow.

'In one room we noticed the genealogical tree of all the Esterhazys, in which it is made out, as clearly as possible, that, beginning with Adam, who reclines in a very graceful attitude at the bottom of the tree, they pass through every great name, Jewish as well as Heathen, from Moses to Attila, till they find themselves what they now are, magnates of Hungary. What is still more extraordinary, there is a long series of portraits of these worthies, from Attila inclusive, with their wives and families dressed in the most approved fashion, and continued down to the present century.'—*Paget*, vol. i. p. 49.

It may check our inclination to laugh if we reflect on the famous gallery of Scottish princes at Holyrood, which provoked a joke from the Persian ambassador by their atrocity:—'You paint all these yourself?' said his Excellency to the housekeeper. —'Me, sir?—hoot, no, sir!—I canna paint, please your honour.'—'You not know, ma'am—you try, ma'am—you do a great deal better, ma'am.'

There is yet a circumstance connected with this family which will interest many of our readers. Haydn was their chapel-master for more than thirty years, and when he first emerged from obscurity was a performer in their band. 'The nobility of the Spencers,' says Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' The nobility of the Esterhazys has been illustrated by their coats, their shepherds, their palaces, and their mistresses; but we exhort them to consider their patronage of Haydn as not the worst monument of their munificence. The manner in which he first attracted attention is related on Carpani's authority. It seems that a friend named Friedberg had induced him to compose a piece for the prince's birthday:—

'Scarcely had the musicians got through the first allegro, when the prince interrupted them to ask who was the author of so beautiful a piece. Friedberg dragged the modest, trembling Haydn from a corner of the room into which he had crept, and presented him as the fortunate composer. "What," cried the prince, as he came forward, "that Blackymoor!" (Haydn's complexion was none of those which mock the lily's whiteness.) "Well, blacky, from henceforth you shall be in my service: what's your name?" "Joseph Haydn." "But you are already one of my band; how is it I never saw you here before?" The modesty of the young composer closed his lips, but the prince soon put him at his ease. "Go and get some clothes suitable to your rank,—don't

don't let me see you any more in such a guise ; you are too small ; you look miserable, sir ; get some new clothes, a fine wig with flowing curls, a lace collar, and red heels to your shoes. But mind, let your heels be high, that the elevation of your person may harmonise with that of your music. Go, and my attendants will supply you with all you want." The next day Haydn was travestied into a gentleman. Friedberg often told me of the awkwardness of the poor Maestrino in his new habiliments. He had such a gawky look that everybody burst into a laugh at his first appearance. His reputation, however, as his genius had room to manifest itself, grew daily, and he soon obtained so completely the good-will of his master, that the extraordinary favour of wearing his own hair and his simple clothes was granted to his entreaties. The surname of the Blackymoor, however, which the prince had bestowed upon him, stuck to him for years after.' —*Paget*, vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

Mr. Paget's book abounds with information regarding the trade, agriculture, customs, manners, traditions, and local peculiarities of Hungary, but we can only find room for his description of a Presburg dinner party :—

' As is the custom, the invitation was verbal, and the hour two o'clock. The drawing-room into which we were ushered was a spacious uncarpeted room, with a well-polished floor, *on which, I am sorry to say, I observed more than one of the guests very unceremoniously expectorate.* Uncarpeted rooms, it may be remarked, though bare to the eye, are pleasant enough in warm climates ; indeed, in some houses, where English fashions predominate, I have seen small stools of wood introduced to protect the pretty feet of their mistresses from the heat of the carpet. It is not an uncommon thing for a second-rate French dandy to carry a little *brosse à moustaches* about him, and coolly to arrange those martial appendages in the street, or at the café ; *but I was a good deal surprised to see the exquisites of Presburg drawing well-proportioned hair-brushes from their pockets, and performing those operations usually confined in England to the dressing-room, in the presence of a party of ladies, and within the sacred precincts of the drawing-room.* But these were trifles compared to the solecisms committed at the dinner-table. *One of the guests occupied a little spare time between the courses in scraping his nails with a table-knife, talking at the same time to the lady next him, while his vis-à-vis was deliberately picking his teeth with a silver fork !*

' The dinner was most profuse ; and, as is usual here, the dishes were carried round to every one in turn, the table being covered with the dessert. I can neither tell the number nor quality of all the courses, for it was quite impossible to eat of the half of them ; and many even of those I did taste were new to me. Hungarian cookery is generally savoury, but too greasy to be good. Some of the national dishes, however, are excellent ; but the stranger rarely finds them except in the peasant's cottage. The Hungarians, like ourselves, run

after bad foreign fashions, to the neglect of the good wholesome dishes of their forefathers.

‘We had abundance of Champagne and Bordeaux, and, as a rarity, some Hungarian wines. I say as a rarity, because in many houses not a glass of anything but foreign wine can be obtained. Unfortunately, Hungarian wines are not only good but cheap, and that is enough to prove they cannot be fashionable. After dinner we adjourned to coffee, *when pipes were introduced, without a word of remonstrance from the ladies, as if they were the common conclusion of a dinner party*: at five o’clock we all left. In more fashionable houses (this was one of a rich country gentleman), the dinner is rather later, *the spitting confined to a sand-dish, set in the corner for that purpose*; the cookery more decidedly French or German; the guests more stiff and correct, but, perhaps on that account, less agreeable; and the smoking banished from the drawing-room to the sanctum of the host.’—*Paget*, vol. i. pp. 12—14.

The highest class are pretty nearly the same all the world over. The curious in manners will therefore prefer dining a step or two lower down; and it is really instructive to observe how the habits of nations, approaching the same degree of refinement, correspond. As regards the smoking, spitting, and irregular employment of the fork, we might fancy ourselves in New York; and towards the commencement of the last century, an English exquisite was seldom unprovided with the implements of the toilet. In one of Vanbrugh’s comedies, the waiting-maid formally announces that the gentlemen are *combing* below; and we are by no means certain that it would not be better to revive the practice than make the fingers do the office of the comb. One of the most eminent French statistical writers once took his station near the staircase at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room, and found them to average about twenty-nine out of thirty; those who had least or most hair occupying most time upon the average.

Transylvania, which is described with equal fulness by Mr. Paget, is nearly in the same condition, political and social, as Hungary; so that Austria stands a fair chance of losing this portion of her dominions, unless Prince Metternich’s usual tact and good luck should work miracles. Mr. Paget assures us that the Hungarians—(meaning the second-class nobles, for the lower orders are nonentities, and the magnates are bound up with the court)—have no intention of aiming at independence: neither had the Americans at the breaking out of the war; but, resistance once commenced, there is no saying to what consummation it may lead. The usual policy of the Austrian government is to give way. Thus, on the occasion of their pet plan for compelling

PELLING the general adoption of the German language in Bohemia—where the old Slavonic, with variations, is the popular dialect—when it was found that certain imperial ordinances prepared for the purpose were likely to be received like Prince Polignac's ordinances in France, the government wheeled to the right about without a word, and have ever since been patronising the very language they were so anxious to suppress. Societies have been formed for its promotion, and plays are acted in it at Prague.

Mr. Gleig, who evidently writes under an impression that the language was suppressed, says that he found many traces of a hankering after their ancient institutions * amongst the Bohemians, and introduces a nobleman propounding in good set terms the familiar objection to aristocracies, but we rather think their lamentations are much of the same sort as those of Andrew Fairservice over the consequences of *the Union*; and throughout the whole of the German States of the empire there is the most perfect confidence in the continued good intentions of their emperors. True, there is hardly the shadow of a check; there are no elective municipalities as in Prussia; and the army, from the longer period of service, has much less of the citizen character. The sole organ of the popular voice, therefore, in case of dissatisfaction, would be the States, who, like the old French parliaments, might constitutionally refuse to register the supplies. Yet none of them have a notion that their practical liberty is dependent upon the caprice of an individual; and well-informed observers state that the government, far from venturing to make any essential change bearing on the enjoyments of the people, would hardly venture to disturb the existing order of bureaucracy.

We should be glad to accompany *the Subaltern* in one of his adventurous rambles, which are described with great spirit, though he occasionally makes strange havoc with the names; but we can only afford room for his visit to the castle of Tetschen in Bohemia, a seat of Count Thun-Hohenstein—one of the chief historic names of Germany. The description shows how a gentleman can feel, as well as how a scholar can write.

* My friend, the Honourable Francis Scott, having kindly introduced me to Count Thun, I sent my card by the waiter to the castle, and learned, to my great disappointment, that the family were all in Prague. It is needless to add, that, in the absence of the owners, I was conducted over the castle and grounds by a very intelligent domestic, or that, returning on another occasion, I stand indebted to its owner for much

* One of these may well excite the regrets of a Republican. There is a cell adjoining the Parliament chamber at Prague, in which 'naughty' kings were confined. It is about fourteen feet by eight—rather a narrow lodging for royalty.
kindness.

kindness. *I do not think, however, that there is any justification for the practice which too much prevails, of first accepting the hospitality of a stranger, and then describing the mode in which it was dispensed.* I content myself, therefore, with stating that everything in the household of Count Thun corresponds to his high rank and cultivated tastes; and that he who has once enjoyed, even for a brief space, as I did, the pleasure of his conversation, will desire few things more earnestly, than that another opportunity of so doing shall occur.

'The castle of Tetchen is a very noble thing, and its situation magnificent. It crowns the summit of a rock overhanging the Elbe, and commands, from its windows, one of the most glorious prospects on which, even in this land of glorious scenery, the eye need desire to rest. Originally a baronial hold, it has, in the progress of time and events, gradually changed its character. It now resembles a college or palace, more than a castle. You approach it from the town by a long gallery, walled in on both sides, though open to the sky, and are conducted to an extensive quadrangle, round which the buildings are erected. They do not belong to any particular school, unless that deserve to be so designated, which the Italian architects, some century and a half ago, introduced, to the decided misfortune of the proprietors, into Germany. Thus, the *schloss* of which I am speaking is not only cut up into different suites of apartments, but each suite, besides being accessible by a door that opens to the court, is surrounded along the interior by an open gallery, into which each individual chamber-door opens. The consequence is, that in winter, at least, it must be next to impossible to keep any part of the house warm, for the drafts are endless, and the exposure to the atmosphere is very great.

'When we visited Tetchen for the second time, the contents of a very valuable green-house appeared to have been brought forth into the central court. The effect was most striking; for all sorts of rare and sweet-smelling shrubs were there; and flowers of every dye loaded the air with their perfume. The gardens, likewise, which lie under the rock, and in the management of which the count takes great delight, were beautiful. One, indeed, a fruit garden, is yet only in its infancy; but another, which comes between the castle and the market-place, reminded me more of the shady groves of Oxford than of anything which I have observed on the continent. Count Thun, moreover, having visited England, and seen and justly appreciated the magnificent parks which form the characteristic charm of our scenery, seems willing, as far as the different situations of the two countries will allow, to walk in our footsteps. He has enclosed a rich meadow that runs by the bank of the Elbe, and treats it as his demesne. All this is the more praiseworthy on his part, that even in his own day the castle of Tetchen has suffered most of the calamities of war, except an actual siege. Twice during the late struggle was it seized and occupied as a post, a garrison put into the house, and cannon mounted over the ramparts; nay, the very trees in the garden, which it cost so much pains to cultivate, and such a lapse of time to nourish, were all destined to be cut down. Fortunately, however, an earnest remonstrance from the Count procured a suspension

suspension of the order, till the enemy should make his approaches ; and as this never happened, the trees still survive, to afford the comfort of their shade both to their owner and his visitors. The havoc occasioned by the throwing up of batteries was not, however, to be avoided ; and it is only within these three or four years that the mansion has resumed its peaceful character.

‘There is an excellent library in the castle of Tetchen, of which the inmates make excellent use. It contains some valuable works in almost all the European languages, with a complete set of the classics ; and as the tastes of the owner lead him to make continual accessions to it, the hall set apart for its reception, though of gigantic proportions, threatens shortly to overflow. I must not forget, however, that even by these allusions to the habits of my host, I am touching upon the line which common delicacy seems to me to have prescribed ; therefore when I have stated that a brighter picture of domestic affection and happiness has rarely come under my observation than that with which my hurried visit to Tetchen presented me, I pass to other matters, not perhaps in themselves either more important or more interesting, but affording freer scope to remark, because not calculated to jar against individual feeling.’—*Gleig*, vol. ii. pp. 4-8.

We must now concentrate our forces on Mrs. Trollope and the metropolis.

This lady is, beyond a doubt, one of the cleverest and most remarkable writers of the day. With a quickness of observation that takes in the whole object at a glance, an insight into motives that seems instinctive, a keen perception of the ridiculous, and strong powers of humorous delineation, she is the person of all others to expose pretension or unmask hypocrisy: witness her ‘Domestic Manners of the Americans,’ and ‘the Vicar of Wrexhill,’ which, after making every allowance for exaggeration and coarseness, is admirable for its graphic sketches, its analysis of character, and its wit. But showing up national absurdities or individual vulgarity, is a very different thing from speculating on institutions, or seizing the nice traits of manners which distinguish the aristocracy of one great capital from another ; and we cannot compliment Mrs. Trollope on having succeeded in either of the two essential objects of this work. Her failure is mainly attributable to a cause which has proved equally fatal to many other recent writers on continental manners.

It may be laid down as a rule of general application, that people not belonging to the highest class easily gain a step or two in society when abroad. A man without the slightest claim to mix with the notabilities of London applies without ceremony for letters to Schlegel, Tieck, Humboldt, Lamartine, Dupin, Alfred de Vigny, or Chateaubriand ; and a woman, born and bred in the middle class, will insist on being especially recommended to the *élite* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Some good-natured friend

friend obliges them; and if the gentleman happens to have a tolerable stock of information, and the lady boasts of beauty or a name, they get asked to a few *soirées*, and occasionally find themselves in actual conversation with individuals of European celebrity,—to say nothing of mere princes and duchesses. The consequence is, that on their return home they unconsciously compare the comparatively humble circle to which they belong with the brilliant circle they have just quitted, and vote English society a bore, because Mr. Jenkins does not talk as well as Prince Metternich, or Mrs. Tomkins has not the grace of a *Re-camier*.

Mrs. Trollope is too sensible a woman to be dazzled by titles, or have her judgment warped by finery; but there is the strongest internal evidence in her book, that the English world of which she speaks is a world lying far beyond the confines of Mayfair; and it would have been strange indeed if the attentions she received at Vienna had passed away like a shadow whilst she was yet upon the spot, and left her mind quite free for a comparison of her kind hosts and hostesses with the ‘pampered English aristocrats.’*

We have another ground of exception, of almost universal application like the first. To understand and appreciate the higher circles, or indeed any circles, you must live with them on a footing of equality. It will not do to enter them as a lion, unless you remain long enough for the impression to wear off; still less will it do to come with the avowed intention of book-making,—

‘A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith, he’ll prent it.’

The observation applies principally to that class of worthies, mostly low Americans, who travel under a commission from a publisher to collect political, fashionable, and literary gossip, as regularly as a Birmingham bagman travels to collect orders for buttons or hardware; to whom an invitation is worth a stated amount in dollars and cents—who pay their washerwoman’s bill with a *soirée*, and dine for a week on a dinner-party. Nay, it is hardly going too far to say that every celebrated man or woman who has the ill-luck to come across them, contributes something towards their necessities or their finery. A fashionable novelist finds them in gilt chains and blue glass studs, an eminent mathematician or geologist in white kid-gloves and pumps, and a female writer on population in small-clothes; whilst a lady of the bedchamber may stand good for a cloak, an Irish agitator for boots to paddle through the dirt, Lord Normanby for polished leather straps to go under the boots, Lord Melbourne for

* Vol. ii. p. 48.

a dressing-gown and slippers, and Lord Lyndhurst for a jewel-headed cane.

Mrs. Trollope stands on a very different footing. She travels to collect national characteristics, and only quotes or describes such as volunteer to undergo the ordeal as the price of their reputation or their rank. But then, as the price of *her* reputation, she must expect to hear and see little or nothing but what is intended for her to hear and see. *Je vous fais cadeau de cela*, added Prince Metternich, after relating an anecdote which it was his obvious wish to circulate. The expression fully acquits Mrs. Trollope of any breach of confidence, but it shows that the prince was constantly on his guard, and was cramming her for his own purposes as palpably as M. von Raumer was ever crammed by the Whigs. 'When you come to the eyes, Mr. Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a look,' says Foote's lady of fashion to the portrait painter; and Mrs. Trollope may rest assured that her Viennese ladies of fashion adopted the same precaution. They called up a look for the occasion: they placed themselves in attitude at her approach, and took good care, moreover, that she should only paint them as Madame de Staal says she painted herself.*

We shall justify this line of remark by showing, not merely the inaccuracy of many of her statements, but their inconsistency. As in the case of Miss Martineau's work on America, her theories would be dangerous were they not providentially contradicted by her facts.

Even Isaac Tomkins admits that the best English society is the best. Why? Because everybody is at his or her ease—because everybody's position is fixed—because there is nothing to struggle for—because everybody is therefore free to pursue the true objects of society—because everybody is sure of being treated with politeness in the true acceptation of the term—'*La politesse est l'art de rendre à chacun sans effort ce qui lui est socialement dû.*' Now most certainly *this* society is not composed exclusively of persons born to hereditary distinction—any more than the best in Paris. Yet Mrs. Trollope, though she has caught a glimpse of the truth, seems to claim for Viennese society a monopoly of ease and independence on the ground of its more complete exclusiveness. There are no parliamentary celebrities, no mil-

* 'Did you tell *everything* in your memoirs?' was the question. 'Je ne me suis peinte qu'en buste,' was the reply. Equally good was George the Fourth's remark on being told that Mrs. Clarke had confessed all her former amours to the Duke of York—'What candour!' exclaimed the informant—'What a memory!' rejoined the Prince.

lionnaires, no literary lions, and very rarely a lioness, to be found in it; and the consequences are plain:

‘If with us there is a stronger and more animated collision of intellect, at Vienna there is less risk of meeting within the arena of good society those whose more fitting place is without it. An *habitué* in the set which constitutes good company here, may venture to enter into conversation with his neighbour, even though a stranger, without any awkward doubts and fears as to the prudence or propriety of attempting the adventure; a sort of happy confidence, the want of which may probably be the origin of that species of *sauvagerie* with which we are often reproached. Should some uninitiated visitor in a London or Paris salon, on the contrary, venture upon familiar conversation with any one, or every one he happened to meet there, without waiting for the ceremony of introduction, his chance of a happy result would embrace a variation within every degree from water-boil to spirit-freeze. He might find himself in communion with the first poet in existence, or the first boxer; might be exchanging civilities with a mighty silly peer of the realm, or with that peer’s elegant, eloquent, and much more illustrious banker. He might be listening to the powerful language of a methodist parson, a profound philosopher, or a tragic actor; and would be equally likely to have made his experiment on the noble of twenty descents, or the parvenu of yesterday—on the most estimable man in Europe, or on the greatest rogue.’—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 243, 244.

In the salon of a Lafitte or a Mrs. Leo Hunter there may be mixtures of the sort—not in that society, either of London or Paris, which there is any pretence for comparing to the upper circles of Vienna. But let this pass: the question is, what effect is produced on the Viennese nobility by their *purism*? and we think the very least to be expected is, that they will be more free, more natural, and less finically nice about their dignity: the great advantage of acknowledged rank or a well-defined position being, that you can afford to say anything or be seen in public with anybody. We shall see—

‘I have told you that the noble and boursière aristocracies are very distinctly divided; and I must now describe to you, as well as I can, the effect of this strict division. On the higher class I should say that this effect (at least the outward and visible signs of it) was absolutely nothing. *They never allude to the second class in any way whatever.* There are no disdainful observations, no quizzing of plebeian magnificence, no hints concerning attempts to “come so near the heel of the courtier as to gall his kibe.” *And yet this magnificence, and this close following, meet their noble eyes at every turn,* in the equipages that fill the streets, in the rich dresses that parade the ramparts and dash along the Prater, or in the theatres, where the too scanty supply of boxes appears to be pretty fairly divided between the two sets. But though I

have

e listened to much unreserved talk on most subjects, and have even ched to catch observations on this, I have never, in any instance, rd a word either of admiration or contempt spoken by any individual he "*haute volée*" concerning the gay-plumaged birds that flutter eath them. Of the poorer classes, on the contrary, the highest lk with the greatest interest, and appear to feel both pride and plea : in knowing well their condition, their amusements, their peculiar its, and all the distinctive traits of national character which distin- h them. Neither in England nor in France, and much less in erica, have I ever heard or seen so much affectionate interest ex- sed for the comforts and enjoyments of the lower orders as I have essed here.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 213, 214.

A Whig lady of the highest rank, who resided a good deal in country, was warmly commended for her affability to the farm- wives and daughters in the neighbourhood. 'Pray,' said a tander, 'does she behave in the same manner to the wives and ghters of the clergymen and the squires?' Her admirer was ged to answer that she did not. Can Mrs. Trollope, with quickness of perception, avoid penetrating to the true motives he difference? Can she help seeing that the studied silence er Austrian friends was far more eloquent than words? But perhaps this city aristocracy are disqualified by habits of ught and manners for such society.

Having told you, then, how the separation between the noble and banking aristocracies shows itself in the one set, I must with equal dom, and with equal chance of blundering from not allowing suffi- tly perhaps for exceptions, communicate my observations on the ar. I must preface these, however, by assuring you, that though my uaintance has not been greatly extended among the bankers of nna, *I have met among the few I have known some very charming nen; several of these are accomplished in the highest sense of the rd, full of talent, thoroughly well instructed, and with manners that do honour to any circle in the world.* But, with all this, they mot, generally speaking, look upwards with the same magnanimous difference with which those above them look down. There is evi- atly a feeling at the heart that is somewhat akin to resentment at the clusiveness of the circle above them; and in many individuals I have m it break out in a manner so visible, as very materially to injure that ne of good society to which, *in most other respects*, they have such ir pretensions.

'In this disunion there are two other remarkable features: the first , that many gentlemen decidedly belonging to the higher class are to e met at the dinners, balls, and concerts of the lower; and the second, hat if you chance to meet these same gentlemen afterwards, they rarely r never allude to these plebeian rencontres, but seem to prefer any ther subject whatever. I am told also,—but of this I speak not as aving witnessed it,—that should a lady of this class, who has given a ll over night, at which jewels sparkled and every elegance abounded, —shoul'

—should such a lady meet the following morning on the ramparts a noble gentleman who had shared in the festivity, having a lady of his own class beside him, he will infallibly be seized with a defect of vision, or a visionary defect, and no light that can shine from heaven upon her velvet pelisse and waving plumes will be strong enough to enable him to recognise Madame une telle, the wife of Monsieur un tel, baron et banquier.’—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 215, 216.

At least, however, they are free from *morgue* in their own circles, when every banking plebeian animal, that might come between the wind and their nobility, is shut out. Alas! those who indulge in such illusions need only turn to Mrs. Trollope’s chapter on *La Crème*—an inner circle of exclusives who hold themselves ineffably superior to the rest.

A lady of ‘very noble birth and large fortune’ tells an acquaintance of Mrs. Trollope’s that she would gladly pay one-third of her income to ensure her only daughter admission to *La Crème*. Another, similarly situated, makes the authoress her *confidante*:

“‘I would consent,” said she, almost with tears in her eyes,—“I would consent to do *anything* that could be proposed to me, could I at once see my daughters *de la crème*. . . . Ah! c’est impossible pour une étrangère d’imaginer ce que c’est!”’—vol. ii. p. 284.

An ‘animated clever young man’ of the set asks ‘a lovely and high-born damsel,’ not belonging to it, to dance. Three middle-aged married dancing ladies, *crème de la crème*, rush upon him:—

“‘Have you asked the Countess **** de **** to dance?’” inquired one of them. “‘Yes, I have!’” was the bold reply. “‘You positively must not dance with her!’” cried the three creamy fair ones in a breath—“‘at least, if you do, you will cease to be one of us.’”

“‘What am I to say to her?’” “‘Say to her!’” exclaimed one of the trio,—a short round lady of thirty-six, pitted with the small-pox, and of very doubtful credit of any kind, excepting *crème* credit,—“‘What are you to say to her?—say that you are engaged to dance with me.’” The young man looked enchanted of course, muttered something about a mistake to the fair young girl, and the next moment felt himself in possession of the full-blown honour and glory of spinning round the room with one of the ugliest women in it.’—vol. ii. pp. 285, 286.

The very same thing happened a few years since at a watering-place in the west of England. The gentleman was a half-pay lieutenant, the lady the curate’s daughter, and ‘the cream’ was principally composed of the families of two broken-down baronets, a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, a retired wine-merchant, and an ex-apothecary who had dubbed himself M.D. In most of our provincial towns the same absurdities are rife: even the devoted district of Bloomsbury has its cream; and so all-pervading is the taste for such distinctions, that we fear it is in the very nature

ature of mankind to try and intrench themselves within the ideal circle of a caste. But the decline of Almack's is a clear proof that the palmy days of exclusiveness are gone by in England; and though it is obviously impossible to prevent any given number of persons from congregating and attempting to re-establish an oligarchy, we are quite sure that the attempt would be ineffectual, and that the sense of their importance would extend very little beyond the set. 'I banish you from Sinope—' 'And I condemn *you* to stay in it.'

Mrs. Trollope says, that 'an almost preternatural exaltation of the voice into a sharp shrill scream in addressing each other,' is the great external symbol of the clique, to which the ladies appear to attach the highest importance; yet in the teeth of this and her other revealings she declares,—

'In no society can there be found a tone more entirely and beautifully devoid of affectation than in that of Vienna.'—vol. ii. p. 288.

At the same time we think it proper to declare that our comments are directed rather against Mrs. Trollope's description of this society than the society itself: we cannot allow a false standard, injurious to our own countrymen and countrywomen, to be set up; but our own conviction is, that the Viennese nobility are really distinguished by that high-bred ease and independence of demeanour which their peculiar position is so well adapted to confer; and we suspect that Mrs. Trollope has been the subject of a mystification in more instances than one. For example:—

'A young lady, who for the first time in her life was enjoying the honour of dancing in the presence of the Empress, but who had not been elected *crème*, in the thoughtless and indiscriminating gaiety of her heart presented her outstretched hands to a gentleman who was.

'He stared at her for a moment in unmeasured amazement, and then dropped his eyes, and remained motionless as a petrified statue. The poor blushing girl turned to a second, but for her sins, poor child! he too was *crème* of *crème*.

'*"Moi!"* he muttered with a sort of hysteric laugh, and, turning away, sheltered himself in earnest conversation with a lady of the clique who stood next to him.'—vol. ii. p. 286.

We shall have her next mistaking the *dos-à-dos* figure in a quadrille for contempt. The dance in question was the cotillon; and the supposed coldness or rudeness of the cavalier a piece of playful coquetry. Her other dancing story is open to an obvious objection. On the continent everybody dances with everybody, without regard to rank or the ceremony of an introduction; but the acquaintanceship ends with the dance. No objection therefore could be made to a man's dancing with a girl on the ground of her not belonging to his set; for the simple reason that it would mean nothing.

The

The chief defect in Mrs. Trollope's admirable book on America was a tendency to mistake peculiarities of language and manners, common to every country in a given state of civilization, for national ones. She has been guilty of the same error here :—

' You must not, however, imagine that, because there is much of aristocratic exclusiveness here, the society is afflicted by the mildew of ceremonious stateliness. You could not adopt an opinion more foreign to the truth. The general tone, on the contrary, is that of more friendliness and ease than I remember anywhere. All the ladies address each other by their Christian names; and you may pass evening after evening, surrounded by princesses, countesses, &c., without ever hearing any other appellations than "Therese," "Flora," "Laura," or "Pepé."—vol. ii. pp. 315, 316.

The simplicity of this remark reminds us of the traveller who expressed his astonishment at finding that even the little children in France spoke French. Mrs. Trollope may depend upon it that English duchesses and countesses are in all these particulars exceedingly like their sisters of Vienna. It is recorded indeed, by an *American* traveller, with wonder near akin to Mrs. Trollope's, that on the most splendid day of the Eglintoun tournament the Queen of Beauty, on her throne and in the very height of her magnificence, was distinctly called '*Georgy*' by a lady who had not even the excuse of relationship for the 'audacity.'

Far the most prominent figure in the social group is Prince Metternich; and Mrs. Trollope says she had the good fortune to be honoured with a great deal of his society. The scene of her first interview is the English ambassador's :—

' At some word or signal given, Sir Frederick Lamb left the room and returned with a very lovely woman on his arm, followed by a gentleman whom the least observant eye that ever served "to guard its master 'gainst a post" could not mistake for an ordinary mortal. I had expected to see not only a distinguished man, but one who bore the impress of being so on his brow, and neither the seeing nor hearing Prince Metternich can ever have disappointed any one: his whole person, countenance, and demeanour are indicative of high station, commanding intellect, and very finished elegance. He led me to dinner, and I had the advantage of his conversation while it lasted; for the table was not only as round, but as large as King Arthur's, rendering general conversation of course impossible. Were I to tell you what I thought of the quality of his conversation, you might perhaps say that my admiration was the natural result of listening to opinions I approved: so I will for the present enjoy the recollection of all I heard in silence. Nevertheless, there was one observation that I am tempted to record, despite my usually firm resolution of never repeating "table-talk" unless the names be withdrawn: but I must be forgiven now, both for the sake of the words, *which to my mind have much wisdom in them*, as well as because

because the speaker is one of those who must submit to have what they later remembered.

‘ While talking of some of the strange blunders that had occasionally been made by politicians, he said, as nearly as I can recollect and translate the words (for he conversed with me in French), “ I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles as certainly as those of chemistry, if men, *instead of theorising*, would only like the trouble patiently to observe the *uniform* results of *similar combinations* of circumstances.” ’—vol. ii. pp. 10, 11.

There is a fatality about Mrs. Trollope in this book. Her descriptions, as well as her theories, are almost invariably contradicted by her facts; and if Lawrence’s portrait had not familiarised us with the prince’s regular, expressive, finely-chiselled and genuinely-aristocratic face, we should expect, after her flattering sketch, to see a dumpy, square-featured, vulgar-looking man. If the above be a fair specimen of his colloquial excellence or political sagacity, our illusion regarding both is over: but it is quite impossible that he could have recommended governing men in this manner. We would as soon credit his telling her that the best mode of killing fleas is to take them by the nape of the neck and pour prussic acid down their throats, as lately recommended in the *Charivari*. ‘ Instead of theorising, observe the uniform results of similar combinations; ’ and then do, what?—why theorise! Prince Metternich knows, if Mrs. Trollope does not, that combinations of circumstances never are similar, any more than human faces are alike. He is the very last man in Europe to entertain such doctrines; yet she coolly, though we believe unconsciously, fixes on him the very worst conceits of a Bentham or a Sièyes. Bentham’s proposal for reducing the credibility of witnesses to a science was based on the same fallacy; and Sièyes actually supposed himself to have effected what Prince Metternich is represented propounding as a novelty. ‘ One day,’ says Dumont, ‘ after breakfasting with M. de Talleyrand, we were walking together in the Tuileries: the Abbé Sièyes was more communicative than usual; he was in a fit of familiarity and openness, and, after speaking of many of his works, his studies, and his manuscripts, he made this remark, which struck me:—*La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée*. If he had but measured its forms—if he had but conceived the extent and difficulty of a complete system of legislation—he would not have held this language: presumption in this line, as in all others, is the surest sign of ignorance.’* We fully acquit Prince Metternich of any presumption of the sort.

* Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, chap. iii.

In Mrs. Trollope's grand political conclusion we perfectly agree. Though such a state of things may do very well for Austria, it does not follow that it would do very well, or do at all, for England; and we are by no means anxious to barter our birthright for a mess of pottage, even with the best possible securities for being allowed to finish it in peace. The epicurean philosophy is an exceedingly pleasant philosophy, but it is not the most elevating—*Epicuri de grege porcus*—and life has higher objects than the gratification of the senses, or the calm, unexciting, unambitious enjoyments of society. Milton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Dante, Newton—these are a few of the products of popular institutions and stirring times. Would it be better for the world if they had been clipped or pressed down to the dead level of mediocrity?

Let Austria, then, plume herself as much and as long as she pleases on her tranquillity—we have no wish to part with our juries, our parliaments, our public meetings, and our press, dearly as we have been obliged to pay for some of them since Reform ministries began tampering with the machinery; nay, despite of Whiggery and Chartism, we do not hesitate to say that even revolutionary disturbances and disturbers have their use. In times of public corruption (to borrow the beautiful simile of Lord Erskine), they act like the winds, lashing before them the lazy elements which, without the tempest, would stagnate into pestilence; in times of factitious excitement and unhealthy craving like the present (to borrow the equally beautiful illustration of Lord Mansfield), the shock may serve to rouse the better part of the nation out of their lethargy, and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.

ART. IX.—1. *On the Present unsettled Condition of the Law and its Administration.* By John Miller, Esq., Q. C., of Lincoln's Inn. London, 8vo. 1839.

2. *Substance of a Speech by Henry Lord Langdale, in the House of Lords, on the Second Reading of a Bill for the better Administration of Justice in the Court of Chancery.* Ibid. 1836.

3. *Letter to Viscount Melbourne on the Court of Chancery, and the appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords.* By A. H. Lynch, Esq., M.P. 1836.

4. *Suggestions for a Reform of the Proceedings in Chancery.* By W. A. Garratt, M.A., Barrister. 1837.

5. *On the Unsatisfactory State of the Court of Chancery.* By G. Spence, Esq., Q. C. 1839.

6. *First*

6. *First Address to the Public on the Court of Chancery.* By the Same. 1839.

7. *Second Address.* 1839.

THE works whose titles we have transcribed would seem to demonstrate, if they do nothing else, the existence of a general conviction amongst well-informed and able men, that considerable reforms are required in our courts of equity, and that the time is fast approaching when some attempt to carry them into effect must be made by the legislature. Indeed one should think that it was only necessary to lay the actual state of the matter before the intelligent people of this country, in order to ensure success to almost any measure for curing or even mitigating the evils which exist. Yet we are by no means confident that this will be the case; for it is one of the remarkable features of our times, that whilst men are in a state of feverish anxiety for *alteration*, they disregard those real, practical improvements which are to the people 'the weightier matters of the law,' busying themselves about the 'mint, anise, and cummin' of political measures, the only object of which is to aggrandise one party at the expense of the other. And even in those institutions of the country to which their attention is directed, they seem, perversely enough, to select such as, upon the whole, best effect their original purposes, whilst they utterly neglect those which require, and are really susceptible of much improvement. We believe that this disease of the body politic arises principally from the neglect of that which ought to be the cardinal maxim in all reforms, viz. never to make any alteration at all till you are not only prepared, first, to show defects in the existing system requiring amendment; but, secondly, also to produce another plan with its details arranged, which, if carried into effect, will be liable to fewer objections, and be a material improvement upon the old one. The reformers of our day take only the first and more easy branch of the proposition. They begin, and, ordinarily speaking, they succeed well enough in showing defects in our institutions—for what human invention is free from them?—but they seldom touch upon the second part of it, or, if they do, it is only to demonstrate, by lamentable failure, their capacity for destruction, and their total incapacity for producing anything rational in the place of what they would destroy. We propose in the present article to bind ourselves by this test, and in doing so we hope to point out, not, indeed, a plan with all its details, but a course by which the details of a plan can be arranged, so as to accomplish at all events a *better* system of practice in our equity courts.

The two great defects in these courts are expense and delay; both great, and both increasing. It is difficult to present these properly and candidly to the consideration of the public. Many of the complaints are made by persons who are really ignorant of the true cause, although they are acutely sensible of the inconvenience, and they often, in consequence, propose remedies, which, if acted upon, would be far worse than the disease. Lord Langdale well observes that delay cannot always be avoided, and that it is not always to be imputed to the court in which it occurs. There are, he says, cases in which unnecessary delay to a great extent may be imputed to the neglect or misconduct of the parties or their agents. There are also cases in which the truth cannot be investigated and ascertained without the consumption of a great deal of time—cases of long pending accounts—of intricate transactions—cases of complicated and artfully concealed fraud—cases of trust, the execution or breach of which may extend over a long series of years. Now all these are cases of delay; and these are the cases above all others which are generally found to be the subject of declamatory attacks on the Court of Chancery, and cited as proofs of unnecessary delay there. But admitting most fully, as we do, the truth and force of these observations, we believe it will still be found—and the noble judge whose opinion we have cited will, we are quite sure, be the first to allow—that there are real and effective causes of both expense and delay—unnecessary delay and unreasonable expense, we mean—existing in our courts of equity, which it is in the power of the legislature to diminish, and, as to some of them, altogether to remove. And we now proceed to the consideration of these remedies.

Those of our readers who take an interest in this subject are aware that in the year 1824, King George IV. was advised to issue a Commission for inquiry into some of these matters. Those commissioners made a report in 1826; and that report, which undoubtedly contained many useful suggestions, was afterwards acted upon by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's orders, in 1828; by the Acts of Parliament 1 Wm. IV. c. 36, 2 Wm. IV. c. 58, and 3 and 4 Wm. IV. c. 94, and subsequently by Lord Chancellor Brougham's orders of December, 1833.

But that Commission laboured under the capital defect that it was of too limited a nature to be capable of attacking the real evils of the court. It was pointed to the practice of the court alone, and to the question whether any part of the business of equity could be properly transferred to other tribunals. It had no authority to amend the pleadings or the mode of taking evidence, or the delays arising from the introduction of unnecessary parties,

parties, or those occasioned by intermediate appeals and rehearings. Its real effect, we believe, has been somewhat to facilitate the arrival of the cause at the stage of being set down for hearing; and this may perhaps account for the increased and increasing arrears in the paper of causes before the present judges, as compared with their predecessors. But this Commission, which was a failure, may serve at least to show how inefficient any plan of reform in courts of equity must be which shall not give proportionate efficiency to each part of the court. If you facilitate the preliminary stages of the cause, and do not provide additional facilities for hearing it, you only alter the place where the delay occurs—without remedying the delay itself. And again, if you increase the Judicial establishment ever so much, leaving the Masters' offices in their present state, you will do nothing towards the real object,—which ought to be the termination of the suit, and the adjustment of the rights of the respective parties, within a reasonable time, and at a reasonable expense.

The reform of the common law was conducted on different principles; and it is important to bring these into contrast, that it may be seen whether the application of them to the courts of equity would not be productive of much advantage. The commissioners of common law were empowered "to inquire into the course of proceeding in actions from the first process and commencement to the termination thereof, and into the process, practice, pleading, and other matters connected therewith, and to inquire whether any and what parts thereof might be conveniently and beneficially discontinued, altered, or improved; and what, if any, alterations, amendments, or improvements, might be beneficially made therein, and how the same might be best carried into effect, and whether and in what manner the despatch of the general business in the said courts might be expedited."

The original commissioners made three reports, and many of their suggestions were carried into effect by Lord Tenterden's bills. The process of the courts was made uniform and simple—the practice regulated and made uniform by orders of the judges—the necessity for bills of interpleader and for commissions to examine witnesses almost put an end to—and lastly, a power, limited as to time and degree, was given to the judges by act of parliament for amending the pleadings, which has been acted upon greatly to the advantage of the suitors, and which, having expired by efflux of time, was last year renewed to them for five years longer, and will probably, as it undoubtedly should, be made perpetual at some future period.

We believe that much might be done in the Court of Chancery if such a plan were applied to it. Very few persons, we believe,

doubt that the pleadings in equity may be shortened ; or that the mode of taking evidence is most expensive and utterly ineffective ; or that the rule requiring all persons, however remotely interested, to be made parties to a bill—the most fertile source of delay and expense in the whole proceeding—may be advantageously modified ; or that the inconvenience and waste of time and expense arising from interlocutory appeals should at least be restrained by some additional regulations.* It would be something to remedy these evils ; and if nothing more were done, the commissioners would entitle themselves to the gratitude of those who are now ‘ ready to perish.’

Upon these subjects, the present Master of the Rolls, in his evidence before the Chancery Commissioners, says, this ‘ Unnecessary delay, vexation, and expense, may be ascribed to the established practice of the court, to the established system of pleading, to the established mode of obtaining evidence.’ He adds, in another place, an instance showing the evil of making all persons interested parties to the cause ;—that on one occasion, where fifty or sixty persons were interested, and were all made parties to the suit, the case, after an ineffectual litigation of some years, was obliged to be settled by a private arrangement on account of the difficulty of bringing it to a hearing. Persons not acquainted with the practice of the court will hardly believe this ; but it is easily explained. The death of each party causes the suit to abate, till the representative of the deceased becomes a party in his stead. Now suppose the cause set down for hearing—a death occurs—all proceedings are thereupon stayed—he leaves an executor—it becomes necessary to prove the will in the Ecclesiastical Court ; when this has been done, a supplemental bill becomes necessary to make this executor a party ; he must put in his answer—and by the time all this has been accomplished, some other person dies, and the same process has to be renewed :—the Court of Chancery thus realizing the punishment of Sisyphus in the infernal region to its unhappy suitors, who roll the cause up the hill of the chancellor’s paper with labour and sorrow, and just as they arrive within sight of his lordship’s wig, down goes the stone rattling away to the bottom of the precipice. According to our parliamentary returns, the average mortality in England amounts annually to at least one in fifty persons ; so that in a suit in which there are fifty persons engaged as parties, it is almost impossible to arrive at a decision.

* In the case of *Townsend v. Champenoune* in the Exchequer, there were three interlocutory appeals to the House of Lords between the original decree in 1821, and the hearing of the cause on further directions in 1839. It is now compromised, or else there would undoubtedly have been a fourth appeal.

What, then, is the practical conclusion which we would draw from all this? Simply this, that it is expedient to give a power, not merely of deliberation, but of legislation, to some body of persons on these and other such subjects. And we think, upon the whole, that it would be best to follow the precedent already made, and to vest in the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, the Lord Chief Baron, the Equity Baron of the Exchequer, one of the Masters in Chancery, and one eminent barrister, or any five of them (the Lord Chancellor being always one), the power of altering all proceedings in the courts of equity, and of directing new modes of pleading and taking evidence if necessary, so as to shorten and simplify, and render less expensive the proceedings in those courts. This is a power which parliament cannot exercise in person. The nimbleness of litigant parties and their acute advisers is such that it is almost always able to evade the slow pursuit of an act of parliament, and can only be held in check, if at all, by a discretionary power vested in some body of skilful persons constantly superintending and watching them. This can only be either by the body we suggest, or by a commission consisting entirely of barristers of eminence. The latter, if out of practice, would soon become unfit for such duties, or, if in practice, would not be able to devote more time to them than the judges. Besides, there would be a great jealousy of such a body on the part of the judges, who, after all, would have to carry into effect their recommendations. Every lawyer knows how easy it is for persons who have the exposition of the laws to thwart effectually the most carefully-drawn regulations. Even in the working of the 'new rules,' as they are called, in the courts of common law, it is easy to observe the difference when they are carried into effect by judges who did not originally interfere in making them, and when by those who did so, and who are in some sort responsible for them. And it would scarcely appear seemly that the Lord Chancellor and the other judges of the supreme courts should be instructed and (so to speak) schooled by a body of barristers who were in the habit of practising before them, or subjected to have their decisions overruled by a new rule on the part of the commissioners made from time to time. We think, therefore, that the public good would in the end be best attained by the arrangement we propose,—and it has at least one merit, that it would cost but little; for of course all those eminent persons who are already in office would not have any increase of salary, but would consider this as only a part of their judicial duties. These regulations should have the effect of laws enacted by parliament; but in order that there may be reserved to each branch of the legislature

legislature a complete veto, according to the precedent to which we have referred, they should, although acted upon immediately, be laid before parliament within a limited time, which should be as short as possible; and if either House, by resolution, dissented from all or any of them, the whole, or that part dissented from, should thenceforward be void. The veto of the crown, in like manner, should be preserved, by not allowing them to be acted upon at all till published in the Gazette by order of the Privy Council.

Having thus provided, and in a constitutional manner, for the reform of the preliminary proceedings of the Court of Chancery, we naturally come to the consideration of the better means of deciding the causes when brought for hearing before the court. And we are fully satisfied that any rational person, who will calmly consider the question, must see that the first step to be taken is to increase the establishments provided for that purpose. Indeed, there is reason to believe that, by the improvement of the preliminary proceedings, the number of causes to be heard will rather be increased than diminished, and at the present time their number far exceeds the powers of the present judges (if taxed to the utmost) to decide within any reasonable time. For even if the Lord Chancellor were confined to the proper business of the Court of Chancery, this would be the case. The arrears are increasing in the court of the Master of the Rolls, as well as in those of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor. Some additional assistance must therefore be provided, and two plans seem to have been presented to the attention of the legislature; one being to establish a new judge in the Court of Chancery, and the other to increase the efficiency of the Equity Court in the Exchequer. We are inclined to think that both plans should be carried into effect, and that the addition even of these two judges would rather fall short of than exceed the necessity of the case.

The advantage of the former plan, in case one only be persevered in, is, no doubt, the uniformity which would be preserved, both in questions of practice and in the ultimate decision of the causes, by the general superintendence on appeal which the Lord Chancellor would exercise over the whole of his court. On the other hand, the economy of the latter plan is a powerful reason for adopting it. At present, we have, in the Exchequer, a court, complete, or nearly so, as to all its officers—and only requiring a judge constantly presiding there—and, if we mistake not, (and we have no doubt that our information is correct,) even the salary of an additional baron might be provided for out of the suitors' fund of the Court of Exchequer, without costing the country a single farthing. The present annual surplus of the interest on
that

that fund (after providing for certain salaries of the officers of court, amounting to 2,100*l.* per annum) exceeds 7,000*l.*, and it is accumulating now to no very useful purpose. If, however, this fund were thus applied, the government might perhaps be called upon to undertake to guarantee the suitors against any possible risk. We do not apprehend that, if this were done, the danger to the revenue would be very imminent. In truth, no guarantee is requisite, for this fund is the produce of the investment in the stocks of a portion of the sums paid in for temporary purposes, and which the suitors do not wish to be invested at interest for their benefit. These sums had, till lately, been paid into the Bank of England, and the average balance, bearing no interest, was very great—productive, in fact, of benefit only to the Bank. A power, therefore, was given to invest a part of it in the funds, leaving a sufficient balance to answer all current demands. The increase of the business of the court would probably increase this fund, in like manner as the surplus of deposits at a bank increases with the increase of the business of the firm.

We, therefore, if we were to choose between the two plans in the present state of the finances of the country, would prefer the latter—and in order to obtain that uniformity of decision which we agree cannot be too highly valued, we think it worthy of consideration, whether the immediate appeal from the Court of Exchequer in Equity might not be well transferred from the House of Lords to the Lord Chancellor—limiting, perhaps, the ultimate appeal to the House of Lords, to those cases where the decision of the court below is reversed by the Chancellor.

In addition to this, the practice should be made uniform—in the same manner as was done in the three courts of common law—by orders from the body before alluded to, consisting of all the judges of the courts of Equity.* But we have no doubt that it will be found necessary to carry both plans into effect—and we are clearly of opinion, with Lord Langdale, that any expense incurred for that purpose will be found to be the truest economy.

Supposing, however, that the objections of economy should be thought of sufficient weight to prevent the appointment of a new judge in Equity, as well as of a new baron in the Exchequer, there is an obvious (though only temporary) arrangement, which,

* One important difference between the Equity Court in the Exchequer and the Court of Chancery exists, which we should have thought needed only to be mentioned in order that it might be corrected. There are fees payable, in name to the Queen's Remembrancer, but in reality to the Treasury, which are levied on the suitors in addition to those payable, as in the Court of Chancery, to the officers of the court. For these additional fees no business is done—yet though, as we are informed, both Lord Abinger and Mr. Baron Alderson have repeatedly brought this shameful anomaly before the proper authorities, they have as yet done so without obtaining redress for the suitors.

in the present situation of things, may be adopted without any material expense. If parliament were to enact that it should be competent for her Majesty to appoint any person having held the Great Seal to sit as Equity Judge in the Court of Chancery, annexing to such appointment a salary of 7,000*l.* a year, who does not see that, at an additional expense of 2,000*l.* a year,* during the joint lives of Lords Cottenham, Lyndhurst, and Brougham, an additional judge in Equity will be provided for this important purpose, and that in the present dubious state of political warfare, the ex-chancellor for the time being would be, on his return to office, infinitely better qualified for his situation by his intermediate judicial duties? We should not then hear, as we did in Lady Hewley's charity, the just complaints of parties, that their case, having been fully argued before one chancellor, required to be re-argued before another in consequence of a change of ministry—and the sorrow which even his political opponents, we believe, very sincerely felt at the expected retirement last year of Lord Cottenham from the Court of Chancery would have been changed into joy on their part that that noble lord, in quitting office and becoming wholly a judge in Equity, would be at once politically and judicially rendering a service to the state.

These then are our suggestions for the improvement of the preliminary proceedings, and for the increase of judicial power in the court. We come now to the third stage, the Masters' Offices. Here also additional help is possibly needed; but before it is applied for, the public ought to be fully satisfied that all is done which can be by the present staff. In order to accomplish this purpose, we are clearly of opinion that it is necessary that the Masters should do their business in public, and should take their cases in orderly rotation if possible. Every one who is behind the curtain knows how great facilities for delay the want of publicity affords. The Master sitting in public becomes a judge—if he is not punctual to his time, if he is uncertain in his decisions, or if he allows frivolous reasons for postponement, he loses reputation—and, besides, the privacy of a court allows of the holding of office by inferior persons. These appointments are now no longer in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, but have been (without any good reason, we think) transferred to the prime minister; and we have an old-fashioned constitutional jealousy, in which we believe the public to participate, lest they should be given to brawling politicians rather than to accomplished lawyers.

* The unlearned, perhaps, need to be informed that all ex-chancellors receive a pension of 5000*l.* a year, *without any duties annexed to it.* We propose to increase the salary and to add the duties.

We would therefore wish them to sit in public at given times and in given places, and to hear the matters referred to them, not as they do now by many and short instalments, at long intervals, but in orderly rotation, and, if possible, to an end in one or two hearings.

There is another arrangement also which we should wish to see adopted. The references to these officers are on various subjects. Sometimes they are called upon to determine whether a complete title to landed property can be made by a vendor to a purchaser; sometimes to wind up a long and intricate mercantile account under a partnership; sometimes to trace out a fraud. These and various other matters obviously require talents and information of wholly different kinds. Why is the division of labour not resorted to? The causes, we believe, are referred to each Master in a sort of rotation; and the consequence is, that when, for instance, a conveyancing question goes to a non-conveyancing Master, the unhappy parties have often to lay a case before some eminent conveyancer, in order that the Master may come to a proper decision. This ought not to be the case. Why are not all such cases referred to a Master specially appointed for his knowledge of them, who by that very knowledge, and the devotion of his understanding to one subject, would not only decide with greater dispatch, but with incomparably greater satisfaction to all the parties? and in like manner as to other subjects. As to accounts, which occupy a great portion of the time, and cause much of the expense, why are these not taken from the Masters in Chancery, and referred to Accountants specially appointed to take them, under the superintendence of the Masters?—mercantile men, or attornies, or the like, might then be appointed with great advantage for these purposes. Again, why is one Master constantly employed in signing affidavits and others mere routine details, when the business is in fact done before his clerk, who might just as well act in person, and who, if he did so, would set one more Master at liberty, who might then be employed to do important work for the real benefit of the suitors? These, and we doubt not many other arrangements, might be made, and, if made, might increase the power in the Masters' Offices. If *then* their number still remained insufficient to keep up with the increased speed of the court, more Masters must be appointed. But we own we think that the division of labour we have suggested, and the sending of accounts to accountants appointed by the court, who should act under the superintendence of the Masters, would probably be found sufficient. These arrangements also we would leave to the legislative body whom we have before alluded to.

Lastly,—

Lastly,—As to the taxation of costs, the most scandalous part of the whole system. It is of the essence that this should be done by officers paid by the public, and receiving no fees for that purpose from the parties litigant. Will it be credited in this century, that a party has been known to pay more in fees for taxing a bill than is taken from the bill itself, even when that bill has been reduced by the amount of some hundreds of pounds by taxation? * This is an abomination of which it is impossible to speak in too strong terms. We blame not the officers—it is the system which is in fault. The remedy is obvious: let competent taxing officers be appointed and paid by the public, and all official fees on taxation abolished; and the sooner this is done the more creditable will it be to those who are at the head of the courts where such a practice is allowed to exist. If they really wish for details as to the facts, we beg to refer them to the *second* of Mr. Spence's pamphlets.

We have now laid, to the best of our ability, the case before the public. It may be that we are over-sanguine as to the success of our own plan; be it so: but still we think it will be found better than the present system. That many faults and omissions may be pointed out in it we do not doubt. We shall be glad if they are pointed out, for we are much more desirous that the system should be improved than that we should have the credit of having suggested the improvements. We do indeed sincerely hope that some one, whose leisure and knowledge of the subject may qualify him to do so, will take up the question in parliament. Let him, however, be well assured that he will have to struggle with much difficulty and be thwarted by many conflicting interests; and that if he really intends to do any good, he must use with vigour the trident of reform, even though it should produce as remarkable an effect as that of Neptune in Homer, when he so startled the courts below as to make Lord Chancellor Pluto and his attendant Masters jump up alarmed, as well they might,

μή οἱ ὑπερθεῖν
Γαῖαν ἀναρρήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη
Σμερδαλέ' εὐρώεντα τά τε στυγέουσι θεοὶ περ.

But let him at the same time bear this in mind, that if by his force of talent and character he grapples with and overcomes the difficulties which surround this question, and should be enabled by his diligence and sagacity to mature a plan of good and effectual reform in our courts of Equity, he will be entitled to take rank as one of the real benefactors of his country, and will be

* The effect of this in increasing the improper charges of disreputable practitioners is obvious to any one.

gratefully remembered when the strifes of party ascendancy and the warfare of political adversaries shall have passed away and been forgotten.

In the meanwhile we cordially recommend the pamphlets at the head of this article to the public attention. We have not particularly adverted to their contents, only because they very properly go into many details which, according to the view we take, we should leave to the legislative body we wish to see created. That of Mr. Miller—the fruit of long and candid observation and reflection—will, however, be found to contain many very valuable suggestions for such a body to consider when they proceed to frame regulations for the improvement of the courts of equity. There are also some shrewd suggestions in Mr. Garratt's; and we think the public are much indebted to the labours of both these gentlemen, as well as to Mr. Spence.

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- ART. X.—1. *Sketches of Popular Tumults, illustrative of the Evils of Social Ignorance.* 12mo. pp. 318. London. 1837.
2. *The Progress and Tendencies of Socialism; a Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge on Sunday, Nov. 17, 1839.* By George Pearson, B.D., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, &c. 8vo. pp. 44. Cambridge and London, 1839.
3. *Socialism as a Religious Theory irrational and absurd. Three Lectures on Socialism as propounded by R. Owen and others; delivered at the Baptist Chapel, South Parade, Leeds, September 23rd, 1838.* By John Eustace Giles, Minister. 8vo. pp. 48 and 95. London, 1839.

TROUBLED water is the natural element of Whigs, as *quieta ne movere* is the guiding maxim of Tories; and these two principles—which may be called the antagonist muscles of the political body—render it almost equally impossible that there should be an effective *Whig Government*, or an effective *Tory Opposition*. It may happen, as we have seen for the last few years, that Whigs may be in place, but they are not a *government*—and Tories out of power, but they cannot form an *opposition*—in the sense, at least, of the words *government* and *opposition* in our ordinary political vocabulary. This is so true, that, whenever the Whigs have attempted to *govern* the country, they have invariably become unpopular from the gross inconsistency between their official practices and their opposition professions; while, on the other hand, the Tories—never endeavouring to thwart the essential measures of the Executive,

acting rather as critics than assailants—have had no difficulty in returning to the management of affairs without any compromise of their principles, and consequently without any of the imputations of inconsistency to which Whig ministers have been invariably exposed.

The present state of parties elucidates and corroborates these propositions, though the modern Whigs, grown—like the great *old Whig* of all—‘wiser than of yore’—have tried the experiment of keeping their places by abandoning all pretence at governing; and not only do they shrink from the exercise of the natural duties of ministers of the crown, but they have avowed principles, and *allied* themselves to persons utterly and notoriously hostile to, and irreconcilable with, the abstract idea of monarchical government. Whenever they have been forced by circumstances into some accidental performance of their duty to the constitution, they have endeavoured to apologize to their anarchical followers for any such *unavoidable* deviation into rectitude, by language and by acts of supererogative democracy. Bankrupts, in fact, and unable to redeem their outstanding engagements, they strive to maintain a fictitious credit by exchanging a present difficulty for a greater but distant liability, till at length the accumulation of these fraudulent shifts grows to such a head as completely to overpower them, and to exhibit these political traders in—as they now appear—a state of utter and disgraceful insolvency.

And so it must ever be: a ministry that is, we will not say so base, but so mad, as to think of keeping itself in power by pandering to popular passions, will find that indeed

‘Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on,’

until at length, whether by criminal connivance, or still more criminal encouragement, the disorder becomes so extensive and extravagant that it can be cured only by the sword and the scaffold: deplorable remedies, of which the awful responsibility belongs, in the second degree only, to the unhappy and misguided creatures who are to receive the first degree of punishment.

Lamentable as is the late ‘outrage,’ as it is leniently styled, in South Wales, we have to thank Divine Providence alone that the lesson—the, as we trust, salutary lesson—which it has given the country has not been on a larger and still more frightful scale. The actual outbreak was local, and appears to have been conducted with a folly only to be equalled by that of the ministry, whose weak and mischievous proceedings have tended to inflame, if they did not help to create, the popular audacity.

But can we flatter ourselves that, though the disturbance was local, the spirit that prompted it is confined to a narrow district

of

of South Wales? And can we hope that spirit will be always directed by men so incompetent to their treasonable task as Frost and Williams? It is with great regret that we confess our apprehensions that the mischief is more deeply seated, and more widely spread, and that there may be abler heads, as well as more formidable hands, ready to take advantage of the disorganizing principles which have been so widely, and from such high authority, promulgated through the country.

Do we mean to say, or even to insinuate, that the ministers have *designedly* encouraged this rebellion? God forbid. We sincerely believe that nothing was further from their thoughts, and for this reason, amongst others, that nothing was further from their interest. In addition to the natural regret which they must feel in common with every humane and intelligent man at witnessing such calamities, it has mortified and alarmed *them* in an especial degree—mortified them by a practical exposure of the danger of their doctrines; and alarmed them by a nearer prospect of dismissal from their places.

Mr. Wilberforce, one of the honestest and certainly the most impartial of modern statesmen, said of the Whigs when in *opposition*, that '*they wished for just so much public calamity as should bring them into power.*' On the same principle, the Whigs in *government* wish for just so much popular agitation—to call it by the softest name—as may keep them in office. They ought to have been taught by the Bristol and Nottingham riots, and the march of the Birmingham mob on London to carry the reform bill, that popular agitation is a perilous experiment: but when did a Whig pause between a party purpose and a public interest?

When Lord John Russell made Mr. Frost a magistrate, his lordship undoubtedly little thought that he was conferring upon a notorious incendiary such countenance and consideration in his own district as would exalt him to the station of leader of a rebellion. All Lord John meant was to favour a virulent enemy and calumniator of the Tories; to gain, probably, a few radical votes in his newly-created boroughs: perhaps to conciliate some radical member—or, in short, to exhibit the greatest possible contrast with what a Tory minister might be expected to have done. These, his lordship—if we may judge from his Stroud speech—might think not only blameless, but even praiseworthy motives, and they have, we believe, guided no inconsiderable number of similar appointments; but whether with better effect on the peace and prosperity of other places than they have had at Newport, we fervently pray that we may have no similar opportunity of judging.

In cases like this, of the appointment of *local* magistrates, where
the

the chief object is the *impression* created in the public mind, a vast deal depends on the peculiar circumstances of the case: a radical candidate for Newport or Merthyr might without much blame have recommended John Frost as a zealous supporter of the *party*, but no minister of the Crown should have accepted such a recommendation, nor countenanced such a man as Frost was known, and had been shown to be: above all, *the Secretary of State for the Home Department*, responsible for the tranquillity and due subordination of the kingdom, should not have given him the weight and importance that *any* government favour must necessarily confer in those remote and narrow societies. Frost should not have been made even an exciseman; but to invest him with the dignity and authority of the magistracy was indefensible—monstrous—and monstrous indeed has been the result.

Lord John, we have already admitted, never contemplated such consequences: he thought he was only sharpening a weapon against the Tories, while, in fact, he was unintentionally preparing it to cut his own fingers, and—still more unintentionally, if more be possible—fitting it for the bloody work which it has eventually performed. Lord John did not foresee all this—certainly not; and no one, perhaps, could foresee the exact shape that the mischief would take: but every thinking man in the country—except her Majesty's Ministers—saw that such a misapplication of ministerial patronage must, sooner or later, *in some shape or other*, produce the most disorganizing effect.

When Lord John accepted the office of Secretary of State, he made himself responsible for all the contingencies which might arise from his own—even were it involuntary—blindness and mismanagement. If a man sets up as an apothecary or surgeon, the law requires that he should have the ordinary foresight and skill reasonably to be expected from a professed practitioner, and if he administers poison instead of medicine, or cuts an artery when he only meant to breathe a vein, the law will hold him guilty of murder, or of manslaughter at the least. Nay, if such a practitioner were to substitute an unqualified or inexperienced apprentice to perform such operations, he would be held personally responsible. Why, then, should Lord John Russell be absolved from the consequences of such ignorance, or such negligence of the duties of the office into which he obtruded himself, as to have—even for the laudable purpose of *spiting* the Tories—issued the royal commission and dispensed the royal patronage to such a person as Frost?

But it is not merely by individual instances of misplaced patronage that Lord John Russell has made himself, in our opinion,

opinion, responsible for a large share in the disorders which have marked this last eventful, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, calamitous year.

In the course of the autumn of 1838 Lord John Russell thought proper to pay a visit to Liverpool, which was attended, in our opinion, with results so important as to justify some special notice. His Lordship's reception there must have satisfied him of the unpopularity into which he and his colleagues had fallen in the second city of the empire; but unfortunately it did not teach him how the only true and desirable popularity can be obtained, and how impossible it is for a minister to reconcile the maintenance of his own character, and the authority of his office, with an endeavour to propitiate by mean submissions and awkward flatteries those who are the natural enemies of all authority, but especially of the authority of a minister of the Crown. '*Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.*' The text is applicable both to Lord John and to the classes he is so anxious to conciliate. He can neither change his own spots nor clear up the dark countenances of dissent and disaffection. It is not, however, of his failure in the impossible task of whitewashing himself or his partisans that we complain, but of the folly that could hope to do so, and, above all, of the consequential mischief to the peace and safety of the country which follows such preposterous attempts.

The great body of the people of Liverpool, the influential of all classes and parties, declined to take any share in doing the honours of their town to Lord John Russell—but the proposer of the Reform Bill, the creator of the New Town Council, and the Secretary of State for the Home Department, was not yet without a few partisans in so great a population; and the Mayor of Liverpool—himself the creature of Lord John's Municipal Bill—thought it necessary to evince his gratitude by inviting Lord John to meet as many of his fellow-citizens as could be mustered on such a distasteful occasion, at a dinner which the general opinion would not suffer to be *public*, but which the indiscretion and vanity of Lord John and his entertainer would not permit to be *private*.

Let it be kept in mind that at the time in question, as indeed in all troublesome times, the disaffected throughout the country were exhibiting their force, and scarcely concealing their objects, by holding public meetings under the flimsy pretence of a constitutional expression of their opinions. This mode of intimidating a government was of Whig invention, and had by them been, for a long series of years, employed on every occasion of public excitement

ment against the ministers of the day. They had also continued, since their late accession to power, to employ it occasionally against the Conservatives; but the engine had become from all this encouragement so formidable to the general peace of the country, and was so notoriously directed, not merely against the possibility of a Conservative government, but against any and all government, that it became a source of great alarm even to the Whig ministers themselves—and the greater because they were at an utter loss how to deal with the enormous and increasing evil. For they had themselves made such reckless and unconstitutional use of it, in obtaining and in keeping office, that they were perplexed in the extreme when they found that it was now taking a turn that was likely to turn them out.

It was in this crisis that, at this Mayor's dinner, Lord John Russell took, or rather *made*, an opportunity for delivering—he being Secretary of State for the Home Department—an equally awkward and mischievous panegyric on public meetings, and on the abstract right of *the people* to assemble in that manner for the purpose of a free discussion of their real or imaginary grievances. We give an extract of his speech from the Whig papers of the day:—

‘He would not, he said, before such a party, wander into the field of politics, but there was one topic, *connected with his own department*, upon which he might be allowed to dwell for a few moments.

‘He alluded to the public meetings which *were now in the course of being held in various parts of the country*. There were some, perhaps, who would put down such meetings. But such was not his opinion, nor that of the Government with which he acted. *He thought the people had a right to free discussion*. It was free discussion which elicited truth. *They had a right to meet*. *If they had GRIEVANCES, they had a right to declare them*, that they might be known and redressed. If they had no grievances, common sense would speedily come to the rescue, and put an end to these meetings.

‘It was not from *free discussion*, it was not from the *unchecked declaration* of public opinion, that *Governments had anything to fear*. There was fear when men were driven by force to secret combinations. *There was the fear—there was the danger*, and not in free discussion.

‘He then alluded, with the greatest satisfaction, to the *reduction* of the item of *secret-service-money*, which had been effected since he entered the Home Office.’

Now we beg our readers to observe some points of this speech to which subsequent events have given a melancholy importance.

First, Lord John admits that it was delivered on an occasion in which politics were out of place, but, as those popular ‘*meetings were then in the course of being held in various parts of the country*’—a matter ‘*connected with his own particular department*’—*he*

made

nade an exception in this special case to the general exclusion of politics, and thus *went out of his way* to panegyrise and encourage these political meetings; and finally he adverts with a significant emphasis to another point also connected with the Home department, and of course with the preceding topic, namely, the *reduction of the amount of SECRET-SERVICE-money since HE had entered the Home Office*—a broad and intelligible hint that the parties at ‘the various meetings then in course of being held throughout the country’ might be not only assured of the countenance and approbation of the Secretary of State, as to the right and expediency of such assemblies—but that they might also be satisfied that there should be no secret superintendence on the part of the Government to watch their proceedings, or to put any constraint on their entire freedom of discussion. Considering the circumstances of the *times*, we believe that any man, except the Secretary of State, who should have gone out of his way to express such opinions, would have been generally suspected of encouraging sedition.

Common sense can hardly conceive what object Lord John Russell could hope to effect by this *confessedly* ill-placed and worse-timed commentary on a constitutional theory:—we do not suspect him of wishing to increase disturbances with which he would himself have to wrestle, but as little can we comprehend that he should not have seen the practical effect which his doctrines must have—nor can we account, except by that partial blindness which will sometimes affect the shrewdest, for any hope on his part that such vague and slip-slop palaver, about ‘*free discussion of grievances*,’ would reconcile his audience, or the radicals in general, to those *practical* measures which as Minister he had already been obliged to take against the agitators, and which it was, even then, obvious would soon require a still more coercive application. In short, Lord John’s whole conduct on this affair is to us incomprehensible, whether considered in point of taste, or of judgment, or of duty;—or even as a party expedient—unless, indeed, he already anticipated the possibility of Sir Robert Peel’s being soon called to power, and thought it prudent to prepare, *thus early and while he was still minister*, a defence for the future assemblages of the populace which his party would, no doubt, endeavour to excite against a Conservative Government.

But, whatever may have been his motive, it is clear that he sought the opportunity of promulgating these opinions. We should have thought that the restricted character of the Liverpool dinner, however mortifying in other respects, would have had one consolation for a Secretary of State—that it would have relieved him from the necessity, usually considered as both painful and perilous

to a minister, of making a political speech at a public dinner. The dinner professed to be a *private* dinner, given at the Mayor's private cost, and there was no reason either in precedent or prudence—but indeed, and confessedly, the very reverse—why politics should have been broached at all, or that anything which might be said there should have been made public: but Lord John we see volunteered the politics; and could only have done so for the purpose of publicity. There were, we are told, no professional reporters present, but Lord John did not produce his talent to be hidden away in a dinner-napkin; and the result was, that his voluntary lecture on the right and the advantage of popular meetings for the statement of *grievances*, whether real or imaginary, and his intimation that no secret-service-money should be expended in watching them, was disseminated throughout England at the very moment of all others when it seemed, to ordinary understandings, that such an incitement on the part of a Cabinet minister was pre-eminently unnecessary and peculiarly unfortunate.

There are times and places in which it may be all very well to talk of the *popular rights of meeting* for the *free discussion of grievances* and other such *commonplaces*, which nobody that we know of denies in the abstract—but that which is harmless on one occasion may in another be highly dangerous;—Lord John Russell's dissertation on these points would have been in an individual in a private company as innocent and as sedative as smoking a pipe—but Lord John was so rash as to smoke his pipe in a powder-magazine. And what followed? The country blew up!—Meetings for the *redress of grievances* became almost universal—so numerous indeed, that it is equally impossible and unnecessary that we should attempt to give a catalogue of them; but they assumed one, we believe new, and certainly very remarkable, feature. The people, being so *opportunistically* reminded by the Secretary of State of their undoubted *right of meeting*, would of course exercise it—but as the working classes have the same constitutional rights as people of more leisure, and as they could not spare any part of their *day* for such meetings, and as Lord John's invitation was promulgated at the beginning of the short days, it followed that, if they were to meet to exercise the right of free discussion at all, they must needs do so by candle or torch light. The deduction was not illogical, but the practical exercise of the right was too perilous to the public peace, even for the toleration of Lord John; and we believe his Lordship's very next appearance before the public—after his Liverpool speech—was in a proclamation calling on the Magistrates to act against '*great numbers of evil-minded and disorderly persons who have lately assembled after sunset and by torch-light in large bodies,*' &c.

This proclamation was proper and necessary—but who had contributed by his indiscretion to render it necessary? Were not the persons who in the long days of July or August attended the numerous ‘meetings in various parts of the country’ with Lord John’s *not tacit* approbation, of the selfsame classes, characters, and principles with those who, in ‘some parts’ of the country, assembled after sunset in the short days of December? What *essential* difference was there between the *applauded* meetings in August and the *denounced* meetings in December, that might not have been *reasonably foreseen and expected* from the advance of the season and the increasing audacity of the parties?—Well; the torch-light meetings were fortunately suppressed with little or no bloodshed nor even difficulty: but on the return of the spring, the same parties began to assemble again for the same objects in full day; and the extensive and alarming riots in Birmingham and so many other populous places—‘in various parts of the country,’ all held, as the parties pretended, for ‘free discussion of the grievances’ of the people—were a startling commentary on Lord John Russell’s doctrine. These, too, were fortunately arrested—not without great difficulty and after extensive mischief—by the united vigour of arms and prosecutions; and, stronger than either arms or prosecutions, by the force of public opinion: for, now that the Government had declared against them, they received no support or encouragement from any authoritative or influential portion of society.

The Conservatives, whether in or out of Parliament, raised no clamours about ‘massacres’ and ‘Peterloos’ as the then Opposition had done, in the similar affair of Manchester in 1819. If any considerable number of the Conservatives could have so far forgotten their own principles and the public welfare, in party animosity, as to have acted with regard to the Birmingham riots as the Whigs had done with regard to those of Manchester, does any man doubt that the consequences might have been infinitely more serious?

But amongst these meetings—all seditious, yet all professing to seek only the redress of *grievances*—there was one which requires special notice, both for a reference which it involves to Lord John Russell’s Liverpool speech and for its connexion with the Newport rebellion.

Within a few weeks after the extraordinary manifesto of the Secretary of State was forced upon the notice of the public, a meeting was held on the 1st of January, near Pontypool, which was considered of no great consequence at the moment, but the importance of which has been lately established by the proceedings before the Monmouthshire magistrates—by which it ap-

pears that this meeting was the first great demonstration of the numbers, union, and spirit of the parties who, after some months of 'free discussion,' unfettered by any secret superintendence of the Government, screwed up their courage to an attempt to storm the town of Newport and massacre the handful of troops who were fortunately at hand to protect the lives and properties of the peaceful inhabitants. We cannot but think that the expenditure of a few pounds of *secret-service-money*, if it could have enabled the Government to penetrate and prevent this fatal design, would have been quite as creditable to the Home Secretary as his idle and mischievous vapouring at the Liverpool dinner.

At this 'free discussion' at Pontypool, Frost, Vincent, Carrier, Edwards, Llewellyn, and others—all since committed for high treason or sedition—took an active part in '*stating their grievances*.' A proceeding on which it seems the Monmouthshire magistrates do not look with such favouring eyes as Lord John Russell; for they have caused, since the Newport outbreak, one Llewellyn to be taken up and examined before the bench, touching, *inter alia*, this very meeting of the 1st of January. On this occasion Llewellyn stated in his defence:—

'I did not consider that meetings of these kinds were illegal; no one ever told me that they were. *Besides, not two months before, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, THE SECRETARY OF STATE, said, at a public dinner at Liverpool, that public meetings were not ONLY LAWFUL BUT COMMENDABLE*—for public discussion he thought was the best means to elicit truth. UPON THESE CONSIDERATIONS *I, with many others, thought these meetings perfectly legal; and under such considerations I thought we were perfectly right in attending such meetings.* If any one had told me these meetings must be stopped or put down, I certainly would have been the first to stop them.'—*Times*, 21st November.

This appeal to the authority of the Secretary of State did not prevent the magistrates from committing Llewellyn for sedition. We have a strong suspicion that Llewellyn will never be brought to trial; but, if he should be convicted, we shall be curious to see how Lord John Russell will deal with his erring disciple. We shall not complain if a small sum of *secret-service-money* be advanced to the misguided and ruined man, to enable him to escape from his 'grievances' here into the backwoods of Canada, where, out of the reach of the oratorical seductions of Secretaries of State, he may become a loyal subject, and a happier and better man.

Did Lord John, or did any one else, imagine that this Liverpool speech would be adduced in palliation of such flagrant sedition? Certainly not; but we, and we suppose everybody else, did feel, when we first read that speech, that it was of a most dangerous

gerous tendency, liable to the misinterpretations of the ignorant or the designing; and that so high an authority as the Secretary of State should have been doubly cautious not

‘Spargere voces

In vulgum ambiguas,’—

which were too likely—as in the case to which the quotation refers—to end in arms, and in fire, and in blood.

The suppression during the summer of the Birmingham and other alarming riots—however partial and precarious every prudent observer must have known it to be—quite intoxicated the Ministerialists: one of their organs—generally an able one, but on this occasion employing we think a rather feeble hand—published, late in October, what was called ‘*a Defence of the Whigs*’ in which we find the following passage:—

‘Happy, indeed, is it for the safety of this country, as well as for those unfortunate men who are already awakening from the frantic councils of their demagogues, that *those*—[the veracious writer means, the great Conservative party, consisting of the majority of the House of Lords—the *all but* majority of the Commons, and the vast majority of the people of England]—who see no sceptre but the sword, no sign-post but the gibbet, are not in a situation to enable them to act upon *their* notions of a strong government! Let them rail, if they please, at that forbearance, which is but trust in the good sense of a great and a free people, and which, in allowing the frenzy of a misguided class to fret and consume itself, is rapidly destroying Chartism through its own follies, *without making victims of the deceived, and martyrs of the deceivers*. We do not hesitate to say, that, had the country reaped no other benefits from the Whig Ministry, that Ministry would be entitled to *lasting honour and gratitude* for the *lenient and wise*, because *peace-preserving* and *liberty-preserving*, maxims upon which it acted throughout the Chartist crisis.’

And not content with this false and flimsy panegyric (so soon to be refuted by fire and blood in the streets of Newport), the Whig advocate had the equal effrontery and indiscretion to calumniate former Governments, and to revive the recollections of former Oppositions, by adding,

‘in the attacks on Ministers, for their forbearance to the Chartists, the old spirit of PETERLOO breaks forth.’—*Edinb. Rev.* p. 256.

Now we have never heard any attacks on the Government for their leniency to the Chartists in their recent prosecutions—on the contrary, the Chartists allege, and we see no reason to contradict them, that there was no room for any such attacks—for leniency there was none—the *gravamen* of the only attacks we have seen was the same as this of our own, that the Ministers had contributed to encourage the offences, which they were afterwards called upon to repress. The introduction of the word ‘PETER-

LOO!

LOO' into this bit of calumny is a finishing touch worthy the rest of the picture, and needs only what our printer's devil has bestowed upon it—a note of admiration!

In the same spirit were the speeches made at a public breakfast given in Edinburgh, a very few days before the Newport rebellion, at which the greatest (after the Home Secretary) of all official authorities in such matters—Her Majesty's Attorney-General—made a very remarkable appearance. At this breakfast Sir James Forrest, the Whig Lord Provost, stated, amongst other things of similar veracity,—

'If the Tories had obtained office what would have become of Ireland? The disastrous consequences might be more easily imagined than described. And what would have happened in this country? Why, when the fear of the Chartists prevailed, the same measures would have been adopted as were adopted by Pitt in 1794, when the scaffold and banishment were the fate of all those who differed from the government of the day. But ministers had acted more wisely; and, instead of endeavouring to check Chartism by force, left the good sense of the country to counteract its influence. The result had been that all the power of the Chartists had *vanished into smoke*. [Gunpowder smoke, most sapient magistrate.] Government in all those proceedings had been aided by the counsels of their honoured guest. (*Cheers.*) From his official situation much was intrusted to him; and by *his prudence he had the credit of having restored tranquillity to the country.*'

And Mr. Attorney himself, with rather less than his usual modesty, re-echoed his own praises:—

'My Lord Provost has referred to a subject which certainly threw great responsibility upon me. I mean the alarming symptoms of disorder which were displayed by the party called Chartists. There was great alarm. They appeared to be numerous. Their doctrines were destructive of property and social order. Their meetings had a formidable appearance. The question was, how was the public peace to be preserved and the law enforced? A very awful responsibility was cast upon me; for it was by my advice that the counsels of government were to be particularly governed. I trusted to the good sense of the people of Great Britain, and to the old common law of the land. (*Loud cheers.*) I would introduce no new coercive measure. I would give no countenance to schemes for the employment of force. But prosecutions were instituted for the support of the established laws; and in every instance the juries did their duty to the country—a verdict was returned vindicating the law. What, then, was the consequence? *Without one drop of blood being spilled, tranquillity was restored: Chartism, as remarked by my Lord Provost, actually vanished from the land.*'

On this we cannot help exclaiming, in the slightly altered words of the ballad,—

'Ah,

' Ah, luckless speech ! ah, bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear !
 For while he spake, *rebellious Frost*
Belied him loud and clear !'

It is quite evident that the gift of *second sight* is lost in Scotland, and that Sir James Forrest and Sir John Campbell, so far from having the celebrated Caledonian inklings of futurity, have not even the common cottage sagacity of knowing that a fire may be covered without being extinguished, and that the spark which is smouldering at night may be a *flame* before morning.

But, ludicrous—farcically ludicrous—as is the personal position of the Attorney-General, the tragedy to which he spoke so light a prologue has been deep and bloody ; and the most painful part of the catastrophe is not yet over !

Our readers will recollect that all the Whig speeches and publications of the day, and, still more recently, Lord John Russell himself, in his celebrated speech at Stroud, and on some subsequent occasions, charged all the disorders which occurred in the autumn of 1830 to the account of the then ministers.

The general system of government was condemned with wholesale virulence, because the populace were so maddened by the *Three glorious Days*, and by the inflammatory speeches of Whig and Radical orators, that it was thought imprudent to allow the King to visit the City in a November night, lest mischievous people might provoke disturbances from which the innocent were more likely to suffer than the guilty. But, let us suppose for a moment that a *Conservative* ministry were to show themselves so utterly ignorant of the real state of the country as to boast of profound tranquillity on the very eve of a rebellion ; if they had allowed 8 or 9,000 organised insurgents to march upon an important town, without a suspicion that such a thing was possible ; if they had then shot dead, by the military force, fifteen or twenty of the deluded rioters ; if the means of resistance were, as far as depended on the foresight of the government,* so feeble and so ill-combined, that Newport, and probably the whole of South Wales, owed their preservation to the personal intrepidity of two

* It is stated in the letter of the Mayor of Newport, that there was some difficulty, at one moment, in procuring ammunition for the troops, and we find in the proceedings on the Coroner's inquest, December 3rd, the following deposition :—

' Edward Hopkins, *Superintendent of Police*, sworn—I was there informed that the soldiers were short of ammunition, and I went and searched the bodies, and in the pockets of the one who was dying in the pantry, I found 25 rounds of ball cartridge, which I handed over to *Lieut. Gray*, and he immediately divided it among the soldiers.'

We have, however, heard from other authority, that there was no deficiency of ammunition.

or three magistrates and military officers, and about thirty men, who defended themselves from the bow window of an inn—what would the Whigs have said of such culpable, such indefensible negligence in a Conservative government?

And again—in what violent terms would they not have inveighed against the ‘defective institutions of the country, and the gross abuses of its administration,’ with which great masses of the intelligent working population could be so dissatisfied?—Would they not have adduced the insurrection of 9000 men as a conclusive proof against the whole constitution of our government—assuming—as they always had done, *till they themselves were in office*—that every turbulent agitator, and every seditious assemblage *must* have a *grievance* fully justifying the sedition and the turbulence? How, on the other hand, have the Conservatives acted?—Have they harangued about the ‘*Newport Massacres*,’ and talked of WESTGATELOO?—No; while they unfeignedly pity the deluded victims, and execrate the authors of the delusion—while they lament the former indiscretion and recent negligence of Her Majesty’s Ministers, they afford the most unhesitating countenance and support to the tardy vindication of the law: from *them* the disaffected will receive no factious encouragement, and the repressive measures of the government no vexatious opposition.

But Lord John Russell, though he stands pre-cminent in these unhappy transactions, does not stand alone. In every other department of the government a similar dereliction of duty, a similar disinclination to exert the power of the law, whenever it might be at all distasteful to Chartists, Radicals, or any other species of agitators, is equally observable. We shall give some further important examples of this general tendency of Lord Melbourne’s administration.

In 1835 the publication of *unstamped* newspapers had proceeded to a great extent; and, although the government were very remiss in executing the law—indeed it was to their remissness that the great growth of the evil may be wholly attributed—still a considerable number of the publishers and venders of such works *had* been imprisoned—chiefly, we believe, by the interference of some subordinate officer,—few, if any, by the immediate orders of the Ministers or the Attorney-General, whose early and active interposition would, we are satisfied, have stopped the mischief at once. We need not inform our readers that the general character of these papers was immoral and seditious.

This part of the evil—in our antiquated opinion, the greatest—does not seem to have made any impression whatsoever on the government;

government; but they found it necessary to attend to two opposite classes of complainants, with whom the growing extent of the illegal practice brought them into contact. The one were those who were suffering punishment for repeated breaches of the law, whose advocates were stirring the matter in the House of Commons, and becoming very loud in their invectives against the stamp-duty on newspapers, which they, facetiously, one might suspect, called a tax upon *knowledge*: the other were the proprietors of the more respectable proportion of the periodical press, who very justly complained that this almost impunity of unstamped publications was a fraud on the legally-conducted trade. This also was a body too powerful to be disregarded. Perplexed between these antagonist complainants, the government resolved to make their usual compromise by a sacrifice of the public: the stamp-duty was reduced from 3*d.* to 1*d.*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating, as his chief motive for this reduction, that as long as the duties were so high it was in vain to attempt to counteract the *smuggler* (so he is reported to have called the publishers and venders of unstamped papers—*Deb. 15th Mar. and 20th June 1836—why, we shall presently see*); but that, when the duty should be lowered to a moderate rate, the law could be, and *should* be, enforced against all violators. Now, this allegation was false and hollow, and only made to conceal the real motive of the proceeding, which was the contemptible weakness of the government. It is very true that exorbitant duties on any description of *goods* render it very difficult to prevent '*smuggling*'—in goods of great value and small compass, and undistinguishable in their nature from duty-paid goods of the same species, nearly impossible; and as this had grown into a kind of financial axiom, the government, with its characteristic duplicity, thought to facilitate their measure, and conceal their real difficulty, by calling the sale of unstamped papers *smuggling*—though all the world sees that it is not what the said political axiom means by the word *smuggling*, which is necessarily clandestine; while, on the other hand, it is equally notorious that a *bonâ fide* order from the Home Department to the Police, and from the Treasury to the Stamp-office, to stop the open vending of these unstamped publications, would have altogether prevented the abuse—and, even after it had attained its greatest height, would have stopped it in four-and-twenty hours. But in these enlightened days anything that looks like an axiom of political economy is sure to pass unquestioned. The public sale of unstamped newspapers in Piccadilly was voted to be *smuggling*; and the only remedy for this as for every other kind of *smuggling* (*vide M'Culloch and Co.*) was to lower the duty, which we were
assured

assured by the Chancellor of the Exchequer would render the breach of the law so inexcusable, that the government,—yea, even Lord Melbourne's pusillanimous and nerveless government,—promised to punish, and eventually to prevent, any infraction of the law; and under this plausible engagement, on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the stamp-duty was reduced.

What was the consequence? Not only was the *smuggling* not prevented, but it has increased an *hundred-fold*. Not only does the government not vindicate the law, but the few prosecutions that used to afford some degree of check are now never heard of—the *smugglers*, that is, dozens of newsmongers at every stage-coach door, on board every steam-packet, along every street, thrust into the hands of every passenger dozens of unstamped sheets of the vilest, the most libellous, the most seditious garbage! Where are now the prognostics of Mr. Spring Rice that the *smuggling* would be extinguished? where the promises of the government that the smuggler should be prosecuted and punished? It would lead us too far from our present purpose to detail the monstrous injury to public morals and domestic happiness which this profusion of obscenity, blasphemy, and libel must inflict; nor could we, consistently with our principles, give any additional publicity to such trash, which, trash though it be, is working wide, and, we fear, irremediable mischief.

But, passing over the mere *morality* of the case—of which, as we have said, Lord Melbourne's government seems to take no note—can any one doubt what must be the political effect of this unbounded and uncontrolled effusion of sedition and treason? We shall so far break through our resolution not to mention individual papers as to give one example, which has already engaged public attention. We have before us an unstamped paper bearing the following title:—

THE WESTERN VINDICATOR:

A BOLD UNCOMPROMISING ADVOCATE OF THE PEOPLE OF BRISTOL, BATH,
CHELTENHAM, TROWBRIDGE, BRADFORD, FROME, STROUD, WOTTON-
UNDER-EDGE, NEWPORT, PONTYPOOL, CARLEON, CARDIFF,
AND OTHER TOWNS AND VILLAGES IN THE WEST
OF ENGLAND AND SOUTH WALES.

EDITED AND CONDUCTED FOR HENRY VINCENT,
NOW RESIDENT IN MONMOUTH GAOL.

VOL. I.—No. 40.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839. [PRICE TWO PENCE.

This

This 'HENRY VINCENT, now resident in Monmouth gaol,' is, as our readers will recollect, imprisoned there for *sedition*: yet he is suffered to direct, and his colleagues are permitted to publish, this *unstamped* newspaper, which, even if otherwise innocent, is illegal, and, according to the promises of Mr. Spring Rice, ought to have been suppressed. Even if otherwise innocent—but let us give one or two specimens of its intrinsic character.

An article on the defeat of the late treasonable outbreak at Newport, too long to be quoted *in extenso*, after stating the leading principles of Chartism to be 'universal suffrage,' 'annual parliaments,' 'ballot,' 'no property-qualification,' 'payment of members of parliament,' thus concludes:—

'MORAL FORCE HAS FAILED, BY THE UNITED OPPOSITION OF PREJUDICE, VILLANY, AND PHYSICAL FORCE.

'What remains then to be done? HOW SHALL THE CHARTISTS PROCEED?

'And are we to sit quietly down and relinquish our cause? Are we to become tacit slaves to our oppressors, content with what they, in their mercy, shall be pleased to mete out to us. NEVER! Chartists, remember the words of Mr. Vincent last week—"Let there be no unmanly shrinking." Desert not your incarcerated friends!

'But to the question—HOW SHALL THE CHARTISTS PROCEED? Let them raise the standard of "RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION!" Beware of soldiers, ye cannot fight with them! Be wary in your movements, ye are beset with spies! Be cautious in your speeches, for anything is sedition. But, in the name of Liberty—cease not to worry your enemies! Your name is Legion, for ye are many; and your rights must be enforced, if not conceded. Our counsel is—Organize! Organize!! Organize!"

Agitate, agitate, agitate, is grown lukewarm and stale, and treason must now *organize, organize, organize*: such is the *practical* advice of this paper. Let us add a specimen of its doctrines:

'When kings or rulers become blasphemers of God, oppressors and murderers of their subjects, they ought no more to be accounted kings or lawful magistrates, but, as private men, to be examined, accused, and *condemned and punished by that law of God*, and, being convicted and punished by that law, *it is not man's, but God's doing*.

And again,

'The PEOPLE may kill wicked princes as monsters and cruel beasts.'

The effect which such exhortations and such doctrines must have on an ignorant—and, if they can read such poison, worse than ignorant—population, might be easily imagined *à priori*, but we have unfortunately a practical and touching example of its deplorable effects. We extract the case from the report of the inquiry before the magistrates at Newport:—

'Shell, the Pontypool leader, who was killed by the soldiery in the passage

passage of the Westgate Inn, in the very act of thrusting his pike at the breast of the mayor, evidences the traitorous objects [of the insurgents] in the following letter, written to his father, having, it appears, a melancholy presentiment of his coming death:—

' Pontypool, Sunday Night, Nov. 4, 1839.

' Dear Parents,—I hope this will find you well, as I am myself at present. I shall this night be engaged in a struggle for freedom, and should it please God to spare my life, I shall see you soon; but if not, grieve not for me—I shall have fallen in a noble cause. My tools are at Mr. Cecil's, and likewise my clothes.

' Farewell, dear parents.

' Your's truly,

' GEORGE SHELL.

' This young man, endowed with a courage and devotion worthy of a better cause, *was, up to May, 1839, a special constable, universally respected, and possessing the confidence of the magistracy.* He then, unfortunately, listened to the fallacious reasonings of Frost and Jones, and the melancholy result has been a traitor's death at the early age of 19. I have been informed by the bereaved parent of this youth that he ascribes *his ruin to the scandalous publications of the day, and to the "Vindicator," edited by the notorious Henry Vincent.*'—*Times*, 18 Nov.

And, after all this, will it be believed that the unstamped and seditious 'Vindicator' was still allowed to diffuse its poison with impunity, until the Mayor of Cardiff in the name of the magistrates of the county and borough, was driven, so late as the 5th of December, to remonstrate with the Secretary of State on its uninterrupted publication, to which they attribute the rebellious spirit in those districts? This appears so incredible, that we insert the representations of the magistrates:—

' TO THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

' Cardiff, Dec. 5, 1839.

' My Lord Marquis,—The county and borough magistrates, who have this day met at the Town Hall here, for the purpose of investigating charges against persons connected with the late outrages at Newport, being fully persuaded that a paper called *The Western Vindicator*, published for Henry Vincent (now a prisoner in Monmouth gaol) by Francis Hill, of No. 14, Northumberland-place, Bath, has been *one of the principal causes of such outrage*, have caused to be intercepted a packet of these papers, of the date of the 30th November, directed to Mr. Davis, Newbridge, Glamorganshire (12 miles from Cardiff), a district in which *Chartism has very widely spread*, earnestly beg leave to call your lordship's attention to the *extensive circulation and mischievous tendency* of the said paper, and herewith transmit to your lordship the intercepted packet; and I am authorised by John Bruce Price, Esq., and the Rev. George Thomas, county magistrates, and Charles Crofts Williams, Esq.,
late

late Mayor of Cardiff, to add their names to mine in making this communication to your lordship.

‘I have the honour to be, &c.,

‘R. REECE, *Mayor of Cardiff.*’

We now appeal to the country at large, whether—taking the whole of this case of the illegal and seditious press into one view,—the original reduction of the stamp duty on the pretence of extinguishing ‘*smuggling*,’ the subsequent impunity and hundred-fold growth of that same ‘*smuggling*,’ the uninterrupted continuance of this ‘*smuggling*,’ by a prisoner in Monmouth gaol, its certain connexion with the fatal insurrection in Wales, and its natural effect in perverting, possibly thousands, of honest and loyal and respectable men, like poor George Shell, into traitors thirsting for the lives of others and prodigal of their own—whether, we say, such a case, beginning in fraud and ending in blood, ever before stained the annals of a civilised government? And what answer will the ministers under whose misrule these facts occurred—what answer can they give concerning their respective shares in these lamentable transactions? We cannot doubt that some explanation will be wrung from them on the *very first* day of the meeting of parliament. ’Tis not by the imprisonment of one victim or the execution of another that these questions can be answered. Unhappy men! whose fate will be a new exemplification of the melancholy observation of the Roman moralist—

Multi

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato:—

ILLE *crucem*, pretium sceleris tulit, HIC *diadema*.

One is rewarded with the *gallows*, and ANOTHER with a *coronet*!

But it is not by mere connivance alone that the government appears to encourage the abuses of the press. We believe that the present is the first ministry that ever permitted itself to be publicly identified with *any* newspaper, except the *London Gazette*. All governments have occasionally given more or less of their confidence to a particular paper, but even this to a very limited extent, and never avowedly: indeed, the prudence of governments and the independence of editors have alike disclaimed any such copartnership. As to the personal countenance and interference of the *Sovereign* in any such matters, we will venture to say that no man ever imagined anything so wild and so indecorous—never—before the present hour. ‘The Observer,’ Sunday newspaper, has of late been a kind of accredited organ of the ministry: of that, however blameable particular articles may have been, no complaint is to be made; but for some time past it has publicly assumed a new and absolutely unprecedented

precedented character. It now dignifies its columns by the following programme, which we copy exactly :

THE "OBSERVER" IS PATRONISED BY HER
MAJESTY, AND ALL THE ROYAL FAMILY.



This is sufficiently unusual, and, we think, indecent ; but what can we say when we find, as the *leading article* of this very same newspaper, the following abominable libel, which also we copy exactly :—

LONDON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Great secrecy has been observed by the Conservative Journals respecting the mission of Lord Stuart de Rothsay to the King of Hanover. His Lordship has returned ; and, although his report is kept secret, we hear, from good authority, that no direct attempt to dethrone her Majesty will be sanctioned by Sir R. Peel, notwithstanding the traitorous declarations of his agents at Canterbury and Ashton.

We will not throw away a word in exposing the flagrant falsehoods, monstrous absurdity, and infamous calumnies, accumulated in these half-dozen lines of the leading paragraph of a paper '*patronised by the QUEEN.*' We will only say, that if it be not '*imagining*' and imputing high treason, we know not what is ; and that in all the annals of *libel* we do not recollect so foul a one. We admit that, as against the personages whom it *intends* to vilify, it is wholly innocuous—to them it can do no harm—the real insult is to her Majesty, whose name is thus abused, and to her ministers, who permit it. But this indecency is rendered, if possible, still more contemptible by the bungling folly with which it is executed : for, first, this libel on the second member of the
Royal

Royal House is said to be 'under the patronage,' not only 'of the Queen,' but 'of ALL the Royal Family,' as if that member of the royal family patronised these libels on himself, and that his illustrious *brothers* and *sisters*, *nephews* and *nieces*, all concurred in the calumny; but, secondly, that the graphic illustration should be equally asinine with the text—the *royal arms* affixed to this announcement of the 'Queen's patronage' happen to be, NOT *her Majesty's* distinctive *arms*, but those of the *King of Hanover*, if he were to become *King of England*! The blunder is much more *piquant* than the libel.

It is one of the specious sophisms of the day to charge tumults and sedition, as well as all other crimes, to the *ignorance* of the people; and this has been, and is now, and will be again, used as an argument in favour of the government and other sectarian schemes of public education. This is not an occasion in which we could enter at large into that important question;—but so much we will say, that, although *ignorance* in the more extended meaning of the term is indeed the prolific parent of crime, it is not by *such* ignorance as can be cured by a poor smattering of what my Lord Lansdowne calls *secular instruction*—that riots and other political offences are excited; on the contrary, it has been proved in every case in which the fact could be tested, and most fully in all the late disturbances, that the low degree of education—not, indeed, deserving that name—which teaches the poor to read without accompanying that gift with such moral and religious instruction as may regulate and purify the use of it, is an infliction worse than ignorance; it is like giving children razors for playthings, and arsenic in sugar-plums. It was not the being unable to read that made poor Shell a traitor, but the unfortunate capacity of reading those infamous and seditious publications which are everywhere corrupting our population; and against which there can be no guard or barrier, but by inseparably combining the rudiments of *secular* education with the great and vital—but easily taught and easily learned—lessons of morality and religion. The author of a work whose title we have prefixed to this article seems to attribute 'popular tumults' to *social ignorance*. But that is only an *ad captandum* title: he does not mean, so much, ignorance in the ordinary sense of the word, as *anti-philosophical prejudices*, *ignorance of political economy*, and so forth—a species of *ignorance* which may certainly be said to produce popular tumults of one class, such as burning corn-stores, breaking machinery, and so forth: but long before the people can be taught right principles on these subjects they will have learned other things, which, we repeat, without the inseparable combination of moral and religious instruction, will be infinitely worse for themselves

themselves and society than even ignorance itself. And we are sorry to say that, not only by their scheme of national education (*which, after all, is nothing but a device to gratify the enemies of the church, and should never be discussed in any other sense*), but by many incidental circumstances, the government shows itself to be either very ignorant or very careless of the moral and religious interests of the people; and this ignorance or inattention has contributed in no small degree to the deplorable disorders of the times.

Lord Melbourne himself—*pollicitus meliora*—besides his general and paramount share in the measures of every department of his government, has, we are sorry to say, personally aided and assisted in this general system of disorganisation. It is the *curious infelicity* of this government, that, in their hands, the merest trifles become serious mischiefs—*nuxæ seria ducunt in mala*—scratches turn to cancers. The innocent indisposition of a lady in waiting becomes a public scandal and a fatal tragedy—death to her, and obloquy to others—no one of whom would, we firmly believe, have been subjected to the slightest criticism or reproach, had the minister who chose to meddle with the matter looked at it in its true light, and treated it with either feeling or sagacity, or even with common sense.

In the same way he has contrived to make of the most futile of all ceremonies, a presentation at Court, an occasion of disrespect to the Sovereign—of insult to the moral and religious feelings of the country—and of menace to all our institutions. These may, at first sight, seem exaggerated results to be attributed to so slight a cause—but hear us out:—the subject will soon show itself to be one of the utmost gravity and importance.

There is a certain Robert Owen, notorious to the public for several extraordinary speculations, but principally for a theory of political and moral government, which he calls *Socialism*, and of which the main features are Atheism and the prohibition of all religion, especially the Christian—the irresponsibility of man—appetite and self-indulgence the only rational rule of human conduct—a community of goods—and—we hardly know how, with decency, to express the monstrous proposition—the abolition of that restrictive engagement which we call *marriage*, but which Mr. Owen stigmatises as ‘an accursed thing,’ ‘an unnatural crime,’ ‘a satanic device.’*

We had long known that Mr. Owen professed these and similar doctrines—but we hoped, and indeed believed, that the man who could even imagine, and, still worse, publish such abominations, must be insane, and that we should next hear

* See Owen's *Marriage System of the New Moral World*, p. 17.

of him in *Bedlam*. - In this latter surmise, at least, we were mistaken: we have next heard of him—at *Court*—presented to the unsuspecting purity of a Virgin Queen—by no random Lord in Waiting, but, to give the astonishing proceeding its full effect and solemnity, by the Prime Minister himself!

Of 194 presentations to the Queen on the same day, 26th June, 1839, the Prime Minister did but *three* persons the distinguished honour of personally introducing them to Her Majesty—the Earl of Scarborough—Lord Methuen, his creation—and *Robert Owen!*

But this is not all—madmen and bad men have been heretofore seen at court—to the regret of those who knew their characters—but with, comparatively, little public scandal: the madness or the wickedness of such men was either not notorious, or, at least, they had some *other* claim to appear in the royal circle. And moreover, we may ask, whether the presence of a young and female sovereign ought not to be more carefully guarded against the intrusion of any shade of impurity than might, in former courts, have been rigorously necessary?

But these personal considerations—though, under the circumstances, very serious—are not our motive for alluding to the affair on this occasion.

We have said that we hoped and believed that Owen himself was insane; but we had, till lately, no idea that there could have been any one else mad enough to adopt his doctrines even as speculative theories: it turns out however that—under the general relaxation of all public discipline—under the general contempt for all authority, and the general enmity to all our institutions—under the general arrogance of self-judgment, self-indulgence and self-sufficiency—all of which have been growing up for many years, but particularly since the unfortunate Reform Bill, and, most of all, under the Melbourne Ministry—Robert Owen has made numerous practical proselytes—that he is at the head of a great and spreading sect, calling themselves *Socialists*, and professing his doctrines just mentioned, which are not only incompatible with *our* political constitution, moral obligations and religious duties, but, we will boldly assert, wholly irreconcilable with *any* system whatsoever of human society. We are not informed of the full extent to which this miserable delusion may have spread, but we have abundant evidence that it has become so formidable by its numbers, and other elements of power, as well as by its doctrines, as to have of late excited the apprehensions, not merely of Churchmen and Methodists, but even of others who are little likely to be startled at any form of sectarianism short of absolute extravagance.

The evil in fact has grown to be of such magnitude, and has created so much alarm, that the '*Christian Advocate*,' in the University of Cambridge, however reluctant to notice such abominations as long as 'they were confined in their circulation, and not calculated to do extensive mischief,' at length felt it to be the duty of his office to endeavour to arrest and expose the progress and tendencies of this profligate system,—a task which he has performed with great ability and effect. It is not our present intention to enter into the argumentative part of the subject, or to show in any detail the wickedness and folly of Socialism, but merely to state some general facts as to the existence, progress, and public professions of the sect, with immediate reference to the extraordinary presentation of Robert Owen to the Queen by the hands of the Prime Minister. But for this purpose it is necessary to impress on our readers' minds the general tenets of this sect, of which we have already given a summary, but which we think it right to reproduce in the more authoritative words of Mr. Pearson :—

'It would not have been justifiable to allude thus publicly to these opinions, unless they had been propagated with a mischievous activity in those districts of the country to which allusion has just been made, and unfortunately with too much success; and unless their promoters were making great efforts to extend their influence more generally through the land. It will be possible only just to *allude* to the leading features of this infidel creed—which indeed amounts to nothing less than *the absolute rejection of Christianity altogether!* The first and leading principle of this scheme is that of *practical atheism*; and consists in the assertion, that "it is *irrational* to believe the existence of a God, who made and who governs the universe;" and maintains that "to worship such a Being is opposed to the rational conviction of every conscientious and intelligent mind." Its votaries are instructed to disbelieve the existence of a future life and a future judgment; and, consequently, they maintain *that man is not responsible for his actions*. They are taught that the Bible rests on no better authority than that of the Koran, and the pretensions of Jesus Christ on no better grounds than those of Mahomet. They are instructed that "no one (to use their own language) shall be responsible for his physical, moral, or intellectual organization," or "for the sensations made on that organization by external circumstances;" and therefore that man is at liberty to give full scope to the indulgence of the sensual passions;—and, lastly, with regard to the sacred institution of *Marriage*, it is treated by them with open ridicule; and they propose to substitute for it a licensed system of adultery, such as even the worst and most corrupt ages of heathen antiquity never knew."—pp. 21, 22.

Mr. Pearson most truly states that—

'the promulgation of these opinions in so many districts of the country can be no longer regarded as a matter of indifference, when it is stated that

that there is at this time a public *Institute* for the purpose of giving lectures, and of other objects connected with the propagation of these opinions, in the course of erection at Manchester, and that persons were found to guarantee the architect in the sum of 5000*l.*; and that buildings devoted to the same purposes have been opened in other populous cities in the manufacturing districts.'—p. 8.

And he gives us the following statement from their own reports of the growth of the *Society*, if we may call by that name that which is in fact subversive of the very foundations of all society:—

'In the proceedings of the last Congress of this Society, [*we beg our readers to bear in mind this CONGRESS, and its TITLE,*] which is denominated "THE UNIVERSAL COMMUNITY SOCIETY OF RATIONAL RELIGIONISTS," held at Birmingham in May [last], there is an account of fifty places, comprehending the most populous towns in England and Scotland, at which branches have been formed; and at this meeting the following reports were made:—"Mr. James Campbell reported the state of the Salford branch. With respect to Lecture-rooms, many present were aware that they had taken the Joiners' Hall, Manchester, capable of containing 2000 persons, and which was generally well filled. The Social Institution, Salford, was also well filled, and attended by persons of a superior class. Mr. Murphy, of Birmingham, said, that the branch had two meeting-places, one in Well-lane, Alison-street, holding about 350 persons, the other in Lawrence-street Chapel, capable of holding 500; both were usually crowded. Mr. Finch, delegate from Liverpool, stated, that the audiences in Liverpool were generally between five and seven hundred in number. The branch had established a Sunday School, conducted by several male and female teachers. A library of 350 volumes had also been formed."—p. 31.

Then follow reports to the CONGRESS of the prosperous proceedings of the Socialist missionaries at Coventry (17th January, 1839), at Warwick, at Salford (4th February), at Yarmouth (13th February), at Leeds (3rd March), at Manchester (3rd June), &c.; and after giving a summary of these reports, Mr. Pearson adds—

'The preceding extracts, which have been made from a considerable number of documents relating to the same subject, will serve to give an idea of the manner in which this infidel agitation is carried on in the principal manufacturing and mining districts of the country, of Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Durham, &c.'

But, as we have said, it is not Churchmen alone who are alarmed and scandalised at these proceedings. We have before us two lectures (the third has not yet reached us), delivered by Mr. John Eustace Giles, minister of a Baptist congregation at Leeds, and we appeal to his evidence the rather because nobody who knows anything either of the general character of his sect, or

of Mr. Giles individually, will suspect him of any undue bias towards establishments, nor of any prejudice against sectaries. Mr. Giles states that his attention having been drawn to *Socialism* by the great increase of the sect in his own immediate neighbourhood, he felt it his duty to examine their tenets—he accordingly procured Mr. Owen's publications—indeed they were furnished to him by the Socialists themselves, in the hope, it would seem, of making a proselyte. These he proceeded to read—

‘with the prepossession in their favour that they were the productions of a mind [Robert Owen's] somewhat sceptical and visionary, yet incapable of malignant hatred to religion, and by no means unfriendly to good morals. The perusal soon convinced him of his mistake, and unfolded so many *impious and licentious* principles; so many hypocritical pretences, notwithstanding, to virtue and philanthropy; so many *apologies for crime*; so much *inveterate hatred to civil government*; so many *artful contrivances to ensnare the superficial* by crude metaphysical subtleties, the indolent by promises of luxury without labour, and the sensual by a *perpetual eulogy of the animal appetites*, and the prospect of a *Mahomedan Paradise*, as awakened in his mind a detestation of the system to which he was previously a stranger. With these altered impressions, the writer, after further delay elsewhere explained, felt bound to caution the public against the *folly, wickedness, and mischievous tendency* of a system, *which he saw propagated with an industry worthy of a better cause.*’—Giles, 1st Lect., Pref. †

The justice of this indignation against Mr. Owen, Mr. Giles proceeds to justify by numerous and *frightful* quotations from his works, and by able and acute commentaries on them—of which, as of Mr. Pearson's discourse, we should, at first have said that their only fault was that they took superfluous pains to refute fallacies and follies by which no sane mind could be led astray; but the recent spread of the system quite justifies the zeal both of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Giles in its refutation. We have already stated that we should not enter into the details of the controversy; but we shall venture to lay before our readers, in corroboration of what we have quoted from Mr. Pearson a single passage of Mr. Giles's general exposition (*Giles's 1st Lect.* pp. 1 and 2) of Mr. Owen's doctrine:—

‘Though many have smiled at the presumption of their wild and visionary projects for a new arrangement of society, only few have suspected them of aiming at nothing less than the subversion of religion. To prevent unfavourable impressions, the Founder of the System carefully concealed at first his infidelity from the world; while, under promise of great advantages to the working classes, he drew attention to his plans and experiments for social improvement. Thus having gained, to a considerable extent, the public ear, he deemed it no longer necessary entirely to withhold his daring speculations on morality and religion; though, in making them known, he has proceeded in a manner

o gradual, and under such pretences of reason and virtue, as were least likely to "shock the prejudices" of mankind: while many of his associates have practised the more impudent fraud of endeavouring to shelter their designs under the name of Christianity.

' In his recent publications, however, he has exercised less caution, and laid himself open to the public view as the undisguised enemy of revelation. "Theology," he affirms, "when stripped of useless words, founded in a simple dogma," which, with another afterwards examined, "is the evil genius of the world—the Devil of the Christians, and the real and sole cause of all lies and hypocrisy." "Religions," he observes in another place, "founded under the name of *Jewish, Hindu, Jehovah, God or Christ, Mahomet, or any other*, are all commenced of human laws in opposition to Nature's eternal laws; and when these laws are analysed they amount only to *three absurdities, three gross impositions upon the ignorance or inexperience of mankind.*" To which I may add, that, in a publication yet more recent, he not only repeats the same sentiments, but hoping, at a blow, to destroy both virtue and religion, denounces the *Christian law of marriage* as "a satanic institution," "an accursed thing;" and deliberately proposes *that men, like other animals, should be left to the inclinations of nature*, and proceeds to ask—
—what we dare not venture to copy!—

And this is the man whom Lord Melbourne went out of his way to present to a royal Virgin!—and the time he chose for doing so was that precisely when the growth of the pestilence had alarmed every one who had ever heard of Mr. Owen, and when the solemn and unusual presentation of this wretched man by the Prime Minister seemed as if it was *prepensely calculated and aimed* to give the greatest and most opportune encouragement to his profligate votaries, and to excite the greatest alarm and indignation throughout all the loyal and Christian community!

But we hear some angry Ministerialists exclaim, in affected derision, 'What a fuss is here!—just because Lord Melbourne's careless good-nature consented to indulge the vanity of a foolish fellow who wanted to be seen at court!'

We do not question Lord Melbourne's careless good-nature, nor that ministers may inadvertently commit mistakes in small matters of Court ceremonies as well as in weightier affairs, and it is certainly not the habit of our publication to give undue importance to such trifles—*quas incuria fudit*:—but this is no such case.

Will Lord Melbourne say that he knew nothing of Robert Owen?—Then he should not have presented him to the Queen.

Will he say that he had indeed heard of him as a harmless visionary?—What business had such a visionary, however harmless, at Court?

But having heard that he was a visionary, ought not Lord Melbourne

Melbourne to have at least satisfied himself that he *was* harmless? Had his lordship never heard of *Socialism*? Did he never converse with his Secretary for the Home Department, on the state of the country? Did he never hear of the Socialist meetings in all the great towns of the north, between the months of January and June? Have the 'Christian Advocate' at Cambridge, and the dissenting minister at Leeds, been forced reluctantly into conflict with a wide-spreading moral plague, of which the Prime Minister had never so much as heard?

But monstrous as such a supposition may seem, the real fact is still more monstrous.

Our readers will recollect that Mr. Pearson founds many of his statements on the report of 'the Congress of the Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists.' This Congress was held in May; and we find by the 'Court Circular' that the introduction, on the 26th June, of Robert Owen to the Queen, by Lord Melbourne, was to present a petition

'from the CONGRESS of the Delegates of the UNIVERSAL COMMUNITY SOCIETY OF RATIONAL RELIGIONISTS, soliciting the Government to investigate measures which the Congress proposes to ameliorate the condition of society.'—*Times*, 27th June.

Thus, then, this presentation was not an accidental slip of Lord Melbourne's careless good-nature. Mr. Owen was not a mere commonplace intruder: he came for an object, an avowed object, and, we boldly assert, an illegal object; an immoral, indecent, and disgusting object. Every one who ever heard of Mr. Owen knew that the most remarkable of his tenets was the abolition of marriage; and his petition was to solicit the patronage of the Queen to the tenets of his society, at which the very title of the petition pointed in significant terms. It was the petition of the UNIVERSAL COMMUNITY SOCIETY; that is, a society for *universal community—a community in all things*; with whom *all things—WOMEN* not excepted—shall be *in common*! And this a petition to a maiden Queen, who had just turned her twentieth year, in presence of her whole court, and by the introduction of the First Minister!

But this, as to our understanding it seems, gross insult to her Majesty's feelings, person, and authority is still more remarkable and abominable, because it was, as far as appears on the face of it, utterly gratuitous and wanton: for the petition did not even pretend to ask anything of the Queen herself. It professes only to solicit 'the Government to investigate certain measures,' an object for which a presentation to her Majesty was wholly unnecessary; and Mr. Owen need have gone no farther than to Lord Melbourne himself: but no! Owen wanted to obtain for himself

himself and his 'universal community' doctrines some pretence and colour of royal sanction: it would legalise, he thought, his CONGRESS to have its acts recognised and accepted by the Queen, under the immediate advice of the First Minister; and the very fact that such a petition had been placed by their founder and under in the Queen's own hands would excite and bewilder the imaginations of his ignorant proselytes into some idea of royal patronage and approbation.

And here it cannot escape observation that while Lord John Russell—the avowed friend and encourager of popular meetings—ought it necessary to censure and finally to dismiss a magistrate for his own creating for attending a 'CONVENTION of delegates,' Lord Melbourne had no scruples in presenting at Her Majesty's levee Robert Owen, who had no other business or character there but as representative of a 'CONGRESS of delegates' quite as illegal and much more dangerous than that which had so lately excited the severity of Lord John Russell.

But what did Lord Melbourne mean, by lending himself to these proceedings?—We cannot tell: we do not suppose that he meant to express any approbation of the doctrines of Socialism; whatever he might think of *one* part of the system, we cannot suspect him of any wish to share his estates in Herts or Derbyshire with Robert Owen. Seriously, we believe and admit that he is not aware, to its full extent at least, of what he was doing. He probably did not—as however he should have done—look even the title of the petition—much less make any enquiries as to its purpose—but he assuredly never contemplated anything like the covert insult to the Queen's sex and station which it involved. The presenting Owen and his petition he thought—if he thought about it at all—a matter of course; and that he was doing no more than his daily task of upholding his government by its ordinary and indeed only means of existence—the crouching (most reluctantly, we cannot doubt) to every vulgar agitator, demagogue, or fanatic, who can raise himself into notice by audacity, however foolish or however wicked, to the established order in politics, morals, or religion.

But then if such be the case—if such be the dire and irresistible necessity of Lord Melbourne's position—if such be the empty phantom that would pass itself off on us for a *government*—where is there any permanent safety for the country—if a ruffian is to be made a magistrate in one year with no other apparent aim than the profession of principles which next year bring him to the gallows—if a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to induce the legislature to remit an important branch of revenue on the promise and pledge that certain illegal, immoral, and incendiary publications should thereupon be prosecuted and suppressed, and

if

if such publications are nevertheless allowed to proceed with increasing scandal and uninterrupted impunity—if the minister especially charged with the preservation of the public peace is so blind or so wilful as to volunteer a public panegyric on popular meetings at a moment when popular meetings were everywhere threatening the public tranquillity—if a *pococurante* Premier can, from carelessness or from weakness, be drawn into giving to the brutal and abominable tenets of *universal community* the appearance, however false or flimsy, of Royal and ministerial sanction—if, we say, we are to be exposed to such an unnatural perversion, or such a miserable abandonment, of the powers and duties of a government—who or what shall be safe or sacred? where will there be any security for property or for life—for the honour of men or for the chastity of women—for the existence of religion—for the authority of law—for any bond of human society—nay, for the very acknowledgment of a God?

We believe that there is not a department in the state, nor a part or province of the empire, from which we could not produce analogous instances of the truckling of the *pseudo-government* to every species and degree of agitation, high and low, and of countenance and preference given to persons who are or have been notorious in their several localities as busy leaders of that already too powerful party that ‘*would not have things so* ;’ and we could prove—if common sense did not of itself sufficiently establish it—how much this gross misapplication of the influence of a government has tended, and necessarily must have done so, to produce that general spirit of insubordination and disorder which every honest and benevolent mind must deplore, and at which the boldest look with dismay, and the most sagacious almost without hope.

And where is this to end?—and whence can we expect such a happy change of circumstances as shall restore the government to a healthy, constitutional, and *governing* condition? During the existence of the present ministry it is manifestly impossible; and it would be a gross injustice to them, and an equally gross delusion of ourselves, to imagine that the dangers of our present situation arise so much from any mischievous intentions in the individual ministers as in their lamentable weakness and utter inability to resist the torrent which—while they seem to careless observers to rule and direct it—is in truth sweeping them on, involuntary victims, to destruction.

We do not mean to palliate their errors—their ambition, their selfishness, their folly, their party spite—which drove them to employ as agents evil spirits which are now become their masters. When they found they could not command the support of the more legitimate foundation of governments—property and intelligence—

gence—they looked for help to physical force, agitation, and disorganization :

‘Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.’

Lord Melbourne had neither by his private nor political inclinations any tendency towards Robert Owen, whom he presented to the Queen ;—nor Mr. Spring Rice for Mr. Vincent, at whose unstamped periodical he connived ;—nor even Lord John Russell, with his all natural and hereditary Whiggism, any violent affection for Mr. Frost, whom he exalted,—any more than Lord Normanby for Mr. O’Connell, or Lord Glenelg for Mr. M’Kenzie : but, like Shakspeare’s wretched apothecary, it was their poverty rather than their will which reduced them to deal in these poisonous combinations.

But they have gone so far that, for them, there is no extrication—they are at a dead lock ; of victory over the Conservatives there is no hope ; of retreat from the Radicals there is no possibility. The more respectable members of their party, or rather of what *was* their party, exhibit increasing uneasiness and dissatisfaction. Some of them are already dropping off ; and we can have no doubt that but for the foolish and unconstitutional engagements with the *Court* in which they have involved themselves, every man who has any share of talents or character amongst them would be glad to get safely out of a boat which they feel is rapidly approaching the *falls* ! Lord John Russell can have no desire to face a motion for *English inquiry* similar to that which Lord Roden carried last session for Ireland.

But whatever becomes of *them*, the gigantic engines of turbulence and demoralization which their original indiscretion set in motion, and which their subsequent weakness has rendered so formidable, will remain, we fear, for a time at least, in full activity, and will impose on whoever is to succeed to the management of affairs a task—not, we trust in divine Providence, wholly impracticable, but one of the most awful difficulty ; one which undoubtedly can have no chance of success, but by the happiest combination of vigour and discretion—the soberest, and, at the same time, the highest views—and the most indefatigable patience, united with the most intrepid firmness, in those who are to govern ; but even all this will not suffice without the most disinterested indulgence—the most generous confidence and the most zealous co-operation, and, we may say, *partnership*, in their labours and responsibilities, on the part of every man who has any spark of true patriotism, or any regard for the ancient institutions and constitution of his country.

There is one strong gleam of hope—not naturally a bright one, but cheering in the surrounding darkness. It is the intrinsic misfortune of popular constituencies to be easily led astray : it is

a compensating advantage that they are also susceptible of being, though certainly not so easily, reclaimed to the right way; and already we can see amongst the more numerous classes a strong disposition to *conservative*—that is, to constitutional feelings. The total failure of all the political changes miscalled reforms, either to accomplish their own promised objects, or to better in any degree the social condition of the people—the flagrant insincerity of professing patriots—the awful and exemplary lessons so widely inflicted by the recent riots and rebellions, and, in short, the tardy wisdom, which even the least cultivated intellects must gather from a series of unsuccessful experiments, will, we trust, have their due effect on the popular mind, and dispose that portion of it which has been the most disturbed, to be willing to return to a state of constitutional order. It is only in such a state that industry—the real and only permanent wealth of the masses of mankind—can develop itself and produce the fruits of public prosperity, by the individual ease, comfort, and happiness of the laborious classes. They, after all, must raise and earn the bread they are to eat, and never can do so plentifully, cheaply, and constantly, except under the shelter of public tranquillity. As the products of nature are deteriorated, diminished, or even destroyed by unseasonable vicissitudes and inclemencies of weather, by floods and by storms,—so the working classes will find—we believe, indeed, that to a vast extent they are already convinced—that the necessities, comforts, and enjoyments of their existence are rendered scanty and precarious by discontent, agitation, and disorder—which are the blights, floods, and tempests of the social and political world.

‘Order,’ says the philosophic poet, ‘is Heaven’s first law;’ and the apparently *accidental* distinctions of birth, rank, or riches, like the not more *natural* differences of strength, stature, or talents, are inseparable parts of the general design of Providence, which the turbulence of man may for a moment disarrange, but which he never can permanently destroy.

We cannot better conclude these observations than with the same poet’s beautiful adaptation of the whole system of the universe to the social state of man:—

‘Such is the World’s great Harmony—that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great—where weak and mighty—made
To serve, not suffer—strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel—servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest,
That which is best administer’d is best.’

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Medical Notes and Reflections.* By Henry Holland, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c. &c. London. 8vo. 1839.

THIS book is one of a class extremely puzzling to us reviewers. It is, in fact, a collection of thirty-five reviews, many of them capital ones, upon as many topics, almost all of them exceedingly important and interesting. Such chapters, being already the summaries of subjects, are found to trench on our craft, rendering an analysis of the essence of an essence not unlikely to end in the conversion of substantial fact and vigorous reasoning into thin and airy speculation.

The accomplished author informs us that he has been accustomed, during twenty years of practice in London, to preserve not merely memoranda of particular cases, but also of such general reflections as were suggested to him by actual observation. Twenty years is indeed a large portion of that span of existence over which we are all hastening; but twenty years of sight and insight expended on society, in all its multifarious working, as exhibited in this huge metropolis, is a privilege of which few can boast;—and woe to him who, possessing so precious a talent, shall have let the winged hours speed away, leaving no permanent fruits of benefit for mankind!

Dr. Holland appears to have so conducted his methods of inquiry as to keep out of view the tedious apparatus of minute facts, from which he has deduced the principles with which his work is filled; and this, perhaps, constitutes no small part of its worth; for while the examples quoted are salient, and to the point, all that a well-educated physician may be supposed to know is not ostentatiously dragged forth. So far the volume is strictly addressed to the profession; but the subjects discussed are in many instances such as appeal to the curiosity of all intelligent persons and, for the most part, merely technical phraseology has been abstained from. For the reader who delights to fathom the '*mare magnum*' of metaphysics there is scope enough in the essays 'On Time as an Element of Thought in mental Functions,'—'On the Nervous System,'—'On Phrenology,'—'On Sleep,'—'On Dreaming, Insanity, and Intoxication,'—'On the Brain as a

double Organ,'—'On the Effects of mental Attention on bodily Organs.' The valetudinarian, or the medical dilettante, may see, in the chapter 'On the Abuse of Purgative Medicines,' some of the risks he runs; or he may fortify his privilege of hampering his doctor by adding to the judicious enumeration of the essay 'On Points where a Patient may judge for himself,' all the points where he ought not. Much curious information he may cull from the discussion 'On the Influence of Weather in relation to Disease.' Both patients and physicians will find an abundant supply of material for thought in the masterly chapter on Gout. Scarcely less excellent are those entitled 'Bleeding in Affections of the Brain,'—'The Connexion of certain Diseases,'—'The Use of Opiates,'—'Of Diluents,'—'Of Emetics.' Such is the variety of subjects handled with more or less of detail, that few readers, professional or non-professional, can fail to be arrested by trains of observation and reflection which they will be happy to pursue under the guidance of so full and able a master as Dr. Holland. Throughout, we may add, they will find a high tone of moral sentiment, worthy of his noble profession—a generous contempt of all mean practices and compliances—the dignity of a philosopher combined with the graceful illustration and extensive sympathy of a scholar and gentleman.

Not wishing to mock our readers with a *catalogue raisonné* of so many multifarious essays, we select for examination that entitled 'Diet and Disorders of Digestion,'—the rather because many of the topics, to which the author has allotted a separate head of discussion, readily find a place under the one we have chosen. There are few faculties of body or mind on which the influence of the nutritive process is not marked and incessant.

We are well pleased to quote in the outset such a passage as the following:—

* The habits of society among the higher classes, and the influence of dyspeptic complaints on the mind, render the treatment of such disorders a matter of great interest, even in a moral point of view. They unhappily furnish an arena on which all the worst parts of medical practice find their readiest display. Fraud, intrepid in its ignorance, here wins an easy triumph. Seconded on every side by prejudices, fashions, and foibles, and taking advantage of the mind and body in their weakest mood, it deals out precepts and drugs with a pernicious facility; sometimes altogether at random; sometimes, and even more injuriously, with one common scheme of treatment applied to the most variable and incongruous symptoms.

* These abuses indeed, in their worst form, exist only on the outskirts of the profession. But it will be admitted by all who have candour and experience, that there is no part of medical practice where knowledge
and

and good faith are put to equal trial as in the management of dyspeptic complaints. Even the effect of the disorder in obscuring the judgment, and rendering impotent the will of the patient, becomes an embarrassment to the physician. If his own judgment be slow and wavering, he is deprived of aid ; if hasty and rash, of that control from the opinion of his patient which is frequently needful. The mind of the dyspeptic is uncertain and fickle. He interprets falsely his own sensations, and the effects of the treatment employed ; is unduly confident at one moment and under a new remedy ; at another time as irrationally desponding : prone, moreover, to change his medical adviser, and to resort to any person or remedy where there is largest profession of relief.

‘ All these things, familiar in practice in this country, make the situation and conduct of the physician in cases of dyspepsia hardly less difficult than in acute and dangerous diseases. Though the symptoms before him are not so critical in kind, they need sound moral management, as well as discreet methods of medical treatment. Forbearance and firmness are both required ; and, together with these, integrity and good faith. The admirable precepts as to uprightness in practice, which came down to us under the great name of Hippocrates, obtain here their closest application ; and may well be impressed upon all who are entering on a medical life. The mind must be fashioned early and strongly in these professional principles, as they are rarely attained afterwards, and even with difficulty preserved, amidst the many difficulties which beset the conduct of the physician.’—pp. 340, 341.

The father of dyspeptic medicine is undoubtedly John Abernethy ; for, prior to his time, the cure of local disease by constitutional, that is, general treatment, was either little understood or little regarded. He professed, however, to derive all his principles from his master and idol, the great John Hunter. The singular felicity possessed by the pupil, of bringing to light all the treasures which lay hidden in the obscure depths of such an intellect as that of his early instructor, soon rendered the system of dyspeptic medicine so popular, as to put aside almost every other mode of medical investigation. The principles which Abernethy brought into vogue were so simple, that few could fail in comprehending them ; they were so universal, as to be shut out, in their application, from no disease, whether mental or corporeal, hereditary or accidental. And lastly, they were enforced by a sum of personal qualities which carried away all who had the happiness of hearing this most original of lecturers. He awakened attention by the flow and breadth of the richest *Doric*, and he fixed it not more by the intrinsic worth of his statement than by his very uncommon dramatic and mimetic powers. His illustrations were never trivial ; often profound, yet without ostentation or mysticism. The anecdotes with which his

lectures abound (he almost always educed his principles from examples) were usually not only very appropriate but exceedingly picturesque, for he was a great master of the art of 'word-painting.' They teemed with knowledge of the heart; so that besides the point of scientific interest which was prominently set forth, there was a large margin for thought in his comments on human character and opinions, as seen in action or recorded in books; to three or four of which, and those of the highest order, he confined his reading. 'I go to Sterne,' he used to say, 'for the feelings of human nature, Fielding for its vices, Johnson for a knowledge of the workings of its powers, and Shakspeare for everything.' Though a keen observer on the humorous side of our foibles, which, however, he set down with nought of malice, he possessed, like most men of a similar cast of mind, much of the pathos, as well as the irritable humour of that species of muser, of which Jaques is the ideal.*

This rare union of qualities gave weight to opinions, which it would appear Abernethy had formed very early in his professional life, and which he retained without much addition or diminution to its end. These were one-sided and exclusive in this respect, that he did not himself follow up the improvements of his age—while his dicta, in as far as they made practical medicine dependent on a few simple physiological principles, and blue-pill—

* Lawrence's portrait gives one phasis of Abernethy's aspect very happily; but who can paint anything of the *manner* which set off such a seemingly common little matter-of-fact as that told in these words?—'Local injury or irritation frequently produces a state of delirium, in which a man is utterly unconscious of his situation; he goes on imagining things, as in a dream, and acting in consequence of such imaginations. Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind; it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which I described to you in the last lecture, and which is often the "last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him; but, as I said before, he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. People who are delirious and suffer pain have generally uneasy dreams; but delirious patients seem often to have undisturbed and even pleasant dreams. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing, and who had delirium in this state. I have roused him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye, nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another. I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams; people whom he remembered "*lang syne*;" his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then, "That's a good one," "Well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance, that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of Nature's operations, that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote.'—*Abernethy's Lectures*, p. 20.

and inquiry in others. But his success in tracing the influence of disordered digestive functions on all diseases produced a host of works, and a host of imitators; some of whom forgot to his sense, when they affected his singularities; while others they were adding to the value and number of his principles by reducing them to vulgar fractions. It is not very long since the minutest trifles were gravely expected to be written under the guidance of those who seemed to have lost, with the power of digestion, every faculty of mind. The result was, that it became a fine field for all who knew and could take advantage of the feverish state of alarm induced by undue attention to trivial bodily sensations. To those who would trace the effect of undue attention on the bodily organs, we recommend the 5th volume of Dr. Holland, where they will not only find the rationale, but an example of this pernicious habit, as affecting most of the organs of our frame, one and all of which will soon transmit their sensations to that brain, which is predetermined to harp

on the direction of consciousness to the region of the stomach creates in this part a sense of weight, oppression, or other less definite sensations; and, when the stomach is full, appears greatly to disturb the digestion of the food. It is remarkable how instantly, under certain circumstances, the effect comes on; a fact readily attested by experience, which every one may make for himself. The symptoms of a dyspeptic patient are doubtless much aggravated by the constant directing of the mind to the digestive organs, and the going on in them. Feelings of nausea may be produced, or increased, in this way; and are often suddenly relieved by the mind being diverted to other objects.'—p. 66.

To avoid the injurious effects of incessant watching over the symptoms, that Dr. Holland advises the dyspeptic to dine at a simple and discreet table at regular hours; but he well says that 'if this rule should bring him to a solitary meal set for himself, more of ill than of good results.' When the stomach is full, the less the mind has to do with it the better—on which all who endeavour to digest at the same time with the body, on both physical and mental food of equal resistance, in the shape of legal and parliamentary, should ponder. There are few persons more dyspeptic than those who pursue day after day the same regimen, and fewer who are not surprised at the effect of two mutton chops and regular hours.

In the guidance of patients themselves, those rules of course are which are most promptly and safely applied; neither harassing the mind by anxieties of choice, nor the body by encouraging wayward fancies

fancies as to methods of prevention or cure. If, for example, I were to specify any general maxims as to food, preferable to others from distinctness and easy application, and serving as a foundation for lesser injunctions, they would be the following:—

'*First*, that the stomach should never be filled to a sense of uneasy repletion. *Secondly*, that the rate of eating should always be slow enough to allow thorough mastication, and to obviate that uneasiness which follows food hastily swallowed. *Thirdly*, that there should be no urgent exercise, either of body or mind, immediately after a full meal.

'The simplicity and familiarity of these rules may lessen their seeming value; but in practice they will be found to include, directly or indirectly, a great proportion of the cases and questions which come before us. And many such questions, as, for example, those which relate to different qualities of food, would lose great part of their difficulty were these maxims successfully enforced. When the quantity taken does not exceed the just limit; when it comes to the stomach rightly prepared by mastication, and by admixture with the secretions of the glands which aid the first stage of digestion; and when no extraneous interruption exists to the proper functions of the stomach in this stage; the capacity of digestion is really extended as respects varieties of food, and tables of relative digestibility lose much of their value.'—p. 344.

Latterly, a very remarkable opportunity has been afforded of verifying on the human subject much that was conjectural or incomplete in the doctrines and facts relative to digestion; and as we shall have to refer more than once to the results, we may as well sketch the extraordinary story of Alexis St. Martin.

Dr. Beaumont, a physician in the army of the United States, while serving in the Michigan territory, was called to see a robust youth of eighteen, who half-an-hour before had been desperately wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun, the contents of which entered the chest and passed in an oblique direction into the stomach, and out through the neighbouring integuments. There were therefore two perforations; an upper, from which a portion of the lung, and a lower, from which a part of the stomach, protruded. The cure was protracted during a year, at the end of which time the orifice in the chest was completely cicatrised, while that in the stomach remained open to the extent of two and a half inches in circumference, permitting the food to escape unless prevented from so doing by the application of a pad and bandage. In another year (the spring of 1824), nature remedied this defect by a species of valve formed of the inner lining of the stomach itself, which, by jutting over the aperture, closed it, by simple apposition without adhesion; so that it could be readily pushed aside whenever Dr. Beaumont wished to have ocular demonstration of the process of digestion in a living man,

or when he chose to insert directly into the stomach any of the articles of food.

In 1825 experiments were commenced; but as St. Martin decamped without his master's leave or knowledge, we must suppose that they were, we will not say unpalatable, but not agreeable, to St. Martin. Four years elapsed ere he was heard of, during which period he had laboured hard for his livelihood, had married, and become the father of two children. It being by chance ascertained that he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. Beaumont, with most laudable zeal, succeeded, at great expense, in having the man and his family transported to him a distance of 2000 miles. St. Martin's health was perfectly good, although the aperture into the stomach remained pervious. A series of experiments were now tried on him, from August, 1829, to March, 1831, during the whole of which time he continued to perform the duties of a common servant in Dr. Beaumont's family. He then asked and obtained leave to go back to Canada, but once more returned in 1832, under the express stipulation of twelve months' further experimentation. The details have now been published by Beaumont, and commented on, among others, by Dr. Holland.

On pressing back the valve over the orifice into the stomach, the internal surface of that organ could be seen for the space of six inches, and the food could be perceived not only at the moment of its entrance, but during the whole period that it remained there; so that all the mechanism of a vital action hitherto known by indirect means alone was exposed to the senses. The time and circumstances under which the secretion of gastric juice took place, the motion of the stomach, the temperature necessary for the digestive process, the appearance in health and in disease of the mucous membrane lining the organ, and many other states and facts, were definitely made out by the accident of which Dr. Beaumont made such good use. His experiments were painless, and we add with much pleasure that they appear to have been conducted with a discretion which does not always accord with the zeal displayed in the pursuit of knowledge. In no instance do we find that he infringed on the ties of humanity, or subjected his patient to any trials which could have impaired his frame. In this respect the man himself, by his excesses in drinking, his irregularities in diet, and his occasional ebullitions of temper, solved many a question, for the sake of which a conscientious inquirer would not have tempted his poverty.

Most physicians agree with Dr. Holland, that there is more danger in relation to the *quantity* than to the quality of the food,
in

in the former of which it is our author's opinion that the higher classes of this country, and perhaps of all highly-civilised countries, exceed. For example, Dr. Abercrombie, in his admirable work on the diseases of the stomach, says:—

‘Much certainly is to be done in dyspeptic cases by attention to the quality of the articles that are taken, but I am satisfied much more depends on the quantity; and I am even disposed to say that the dyspeptic might be almost independent of any attention to the quality of his diet, if he rigidly observed the necessary restrictions as to quantity.’

Baglivi, the celebrated Roman physician, mentions that in Italy an unusually large proportion of the sick recover during Lent, in consequence of the lower diet which is then observed as part of religious duty. We may take the liberty of adding that the discipline of our own church, were it inculcated and practised more strictly, would leave little for the fashionable physician to do. Scarcely any combination of circumstances can be conceived more unfavourable to general health than that afforded by the dissipations of a London life during the season least propitious to it, namely, Lent, or, as the word itself signifies, the spring.

Many dietists have attempted to fix the quantity which may be consumed with benefit. Cornaro took twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of (*Italian*) wine daily. Dr. Cheyne states, that for a healthy man following a laborious employment, eight ounces of meat, twelve of bread and vegetables, and a pint of wine in the twenty-four hours is the just allowance; but that a reduction in this quantity must be resorted to by those who are sedentary or engaged in intellectual pursuits. For this latter class, Sir John Sinclair proposes the following dietary:—for breakfast, four ounces of bread and eight of tea; for dinner, four ounces of bread, eight of meat, as much of water, and twelve of wine; and for supper, eight ounces of liquid food, making in all three pounds four ounces per diem. This quantity may, he adds, be increased one-third for those who take moderate, and one-half for those who take violent exercise. Thus Captain Barclay, when engaged in his great feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, took daily from five to six pounds of animal food alone, besides bread and vegetables, while the proportion of liquids, such as porter, wine, tea, and ale, was not less abundant. But we are of opinion that both Sinclair and Cheyne's rules are applicable to those only who go on the ‘generous moderation’ system, which differs from excess as a chronic malady does from an acute—it is too full, and moreover, too unvaried. Moderation and monotony should not be confounded. Of the two modes of injurious living, namely, the irregular, consisting of excessive feasting and fasting,

fasting; and the regular, or sustained and full, though not excessive feeding, we suspect the latter to be the most hurtful.

A keen observer of society has some apt observations on the habits of those engaged in political life.

‘It has been observed that men of great abilities are generally of a large and vigorous animal nature. I have heard it remarked by a statesman of high reputation that most great men have died of over-eating themselves; and without absolutely subscribing to this remark, I would say that it points to a principal peril in the life of such men, namely, the violent craving for one kind of excitement which is left as in a void by the flames of another. If a statesman would live long, he must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet. A patient in the fever-ward of an hospital scarcely requires to be more carefully regulated in this particular; and he should observe that there are two false appetites to which he is liable—the one an appetite resulting from intellectual labour, which though not altogether morbid is not to be relied upon for digestion in the same degree as that which results from bodily exercise; the other, proceeding from nervous irritability, which is purely fallacious. Those to whom public speaking is much of an effort (and it tries the nerves of most men even after they have been accustomed to it for years) should, if possible, dine lightly at least an hour before they are called upon to speak, and should resist the propensity which they will feel to eat soon after they have spoken.’—*The Statesman*, by Henry Taylor, Esq., p. 280.

There is little to be added to these remarks. A long and tranquil life is scarcely to be expected as the result of political agonistics, in which intellect and passion are alike overtaxed, and which require some more natural sources of repose than are to be found in debates lengthened through the nights of a six months’ session, or in the pure air of St. Stephen’s, or the round of party and cabinet feasting.

Contrasted with those classes supplied with too abundant nourishment are the poor, who, in most countries, are overtaxed and underfed.

There is a curious essay of M. Villermé, published in the ‘*Annales d’Hygiène*,’ where that gentleman endeavours to investigate the mortality among the various classes of Paris, and the broad result he obtains is, that neither air, nor space, nor water, nor density of population, nor elevation, nor any appreciable condition of a similar kind, influences it so much as ‘easy circumstances.’ In many of the poorer districts the mortality was double that of the richer. Taking the whole of France, he found that the expectation of life for a child born of rich parents was 42½ years, while that for one born of poor parents was only 30.

Over or under-feeding, it would appear then, are equally injurious;

jurious; and most modern dietitians have given over the attempt to measure moderation by scales and weights, investing, however, the stomach itself with certain sensations which they would rank as a corporal conscience and sufficient guide. Thus Dr. Beaumont says:—

‘There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to the encephalic centre, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment (responding to the sense of hunger, and its due satisfaction) is naturally required for the purposes of life, and which, if noticed and properly attended to, would prove the most salutary monitor of health, and effectual preventive of and restorative from disease. It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of *healthful* indulgence, and is nature's earliest indication of an *abuse* and *overburthen* of her powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of *perfect satisfaction, ease, and quiescence of body and mind*. It is when the stomach says *enough*, and is distinguished from satiety by the difference of the sensations—the former feeling *enough*, the latter *too much*. The first is produced by the timely reception into the stomach of proper aliment in exact proportion to the requirements of nature, for the perfect digestion of which a definite quantity of gastric juice is furnished by the proper gastric apparatus. But to effect this most agreeable of all sensations and conditions—the real Elysian satisfaction of the *reasonable* epicure—timely attention must be paid to the preliminary processes, such as thorough mastication, and moderate or slow deglutition. These are indispensable to the due and natural supply of the stomach at the stated periods of alimentation; for if food be swallowed too fast, and pass into the stomach imperfectly masticated, too much is received in a short time and in too imperfect a state of preparation to be disposed of by the gastric juice.’

Dr. Beaumont, as we see, believes that only a definite quantity of the gastric juice, exactly apportioned to the actual wants of the body, is furnished; so that if more food is thrust into the stomach than the juice can solve, the surplus remains as an irritant; and then to the unhappy gourmand will apply Abernethy's lashing description:—

‘Suppose a glutton to overcharge his stomach with all the cursed mixtures which a vitiated appetite can invent, what can he expect but the constant production of an irritable material from the fermentation of the vegetable matter, and from the animal matter becoming rancid?’

In fevers, and febrile illnesses, it not only is a vulgar error, but a dangerous one, to endeavour to restore health by nourishment. Beaumont remarked that in similar predicaments no gastric juice was furnished by the stomach, the inner coat of which was dry, red, and readily ulcerable. It is evident that the instinctive loathing against all aliment entertained by the fever patient for

days,

days, nay weeks, is his safeguard against the officiousness of nurses and housekeepers; while the craving for fluids is as excessive as the coolness of the beverage is wholesome and refreshing. Dr. Beaumont remarks that the western Indian, after long fasting, will devour not only without injury, but with benefit, enough to have gorged any civilised being to death. After the emaciation of fever, especially in the advancing stage of convalescence, the appetite is much increased: so, also, is it greater in childhood than in after life, where no demands exist for material to build up the frame. But finally, to come to actual experiment, Dr. Beaumont found, that if he wanted to obtain from St. Martin much gastric juice, he had only to enjoin a severe fast; he then, by gently rubbing the inner membrane of the stomach with the smooth bulb of a thermometer, could obtain a larger quantity than when the patient had been allowed to have his ordinary meals. In these experiments it was curious to remark that those sensations so well known to the dyspeptic, namely, the sense of sinking, heart-burn, head-ache, vertigo, and many others, depended on the various conditions of the stomach, and could be produced at the will of the manipulator.

Another important fact was observed by Dr. Beaumont. He remarked that the gastric juice was not contained ready effused in the stomach, as in a reservoir; consequently, that the popular notion of the sense of hunger being dependent on the actual presence of this irritating fluid is erroneous. He examined the coats of the living stomach with a lens, and actually saw the gastric juice exude from innumerable small points scattered over the surface of the organ, when solicited by the contact of food, or by other stimuli. When St. Martin was in health, the liquid was clear, inodorous, and contained muriatic acid. It is probable that a little acetic acid enters into its composition, together with slight portions of the phosphates and muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash. This fluid is an almost universal solvent of animal matter, though incapable of acting, except in a very slight degree, on inorganic substances. Whatever be the kind of food, various as it is in the various countries inhabited by man, still, through the agency of this solvent, a simple milk-like nutriment, devoid of all the peculiarities of the ingesta, is ultimately extracted for the wants of the frame. The antiseptic powers of the juice are very great, so that the process of putrefaction is speedily stopped by it; thus permitting the well-cased epicure to indulge in game in which the *'haut gout'* has reached the verge of toleration. The quantity given out at each meal varies, but probably is, like that of all other secretions, more dependent on the nature of its stimulus than on any exact law such as that assumed by Dr. Beaumont, for

* Increase

'Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on.'

And it is certain that Wordsworth's—

'Rosy man of purple cheer,
An oily man right plump to see,'

elaborates gastric juice enough to chymify food very little demanded by 'the wants of his system.'

The quantity is probably always considerable. Beaumont often extracted one or two ounces for the purpose of testing its solvent powers out of the body. And in one instance, where St. Martin had taken no fluid with his meal, still, the stomach appeared as full of liquid as if he had drunk his usual quantum. When thus exuded it penetrates every portion of the food; hence, the absolute necessity of due mastication, it having been ascertained that large lumps of food, by affording much less surface for action, are much less quickly digested. Various kinds of substances have different degrees of digestibility, and though they may be all under the influence of the gastric fluid at the same time, those which are termed most digestible are the quickest to disappear. The devotees of venison will rejoice to hear that they have been eating up to the principles of the latest scientific discoveries. The worshippers of game, with its full aroma, may also plead in their favour the tenderness and consequent digestibility of the fibre. The 'haut gout,' however, must not be excessive, as in some instances it has been known to produce disease. Soups are, on the whole, much less digestible than solids; and, indeed, to digest them at all, the stomach is compelled to solidify their contents by an absorption of the fluid part. But we are anticipating.

It would seem that the food is not kept in the stomach until all parts of it are reduced to the pulpy state called, technically, 'chyme,' but that portions soonest fitted for the body find their way first to the upper part of the intestinal canal, where, with the assistance of the secretions of the liver and pancreas, that milk-like fluid to which we alluded, termed *chyle*, is separated and conveyed speedily into the veins. Besides the solvent powers of gastric juice, chymification is furthered by a churning motion given to the contents of the stomach by its fibres, and this is again aided by the temperature of that organ which, during digestion, is 100° Fah. Thus the nutritive function is at once chemical, mechanical, and *vital*—for no subtle process, chemical or mechanical, but of the living body, can elaborate a simple fluid like chyle, from such a variety of ingredients as form the food of man, especially a Frenchman.

Various accessories have been gravely signalled by the learned as furthering digestion. Thus, Hufeland lauds the wisdom of

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our forefathers in patronizing the 'fool,' whose quips and cranks were wont to keep the table in a roar; for, adds the expositor of the art of prolonging life, 'Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good blood;' and Combe, who makes the quotation, expatiates on the text, as to the effect of agitation of the diaphragm, in laughter, on the trituration of the food, and the diminution of the vivacity and extent of the respiratory movement which always attends despondency and grief, as one source of enfeebled digestion.

Dr. Caldwell, in his *Thoughts on Physical Education*, says that dyspepsia commences as often in the brain as in the stomach, probably oftener. According to this gentleman, among the husbandmen of England who steadily pursue 'their tranquil mode of life, regardless of the fluctuations of stock, the fate of political measures, the bickerings of party, dyspepsia is almost a stranger. Merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, who are engaged in a regular and well-established business, have good digestions and bear the marks of it.' On the other hand, 'dyspepsia is the torment of literary men, officers of state, dealers in scrip, daring adventurers, anxious and ambitious projectors of improvements; they exhibit deep traces of it in their haggard countenances.' Dr. Combe appends to this, 'that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle.'

Dr. Caldwell's able division of the human species into fat and lean may, perhaps, be cavilled at by many officers of state, and dealers of scrip, and daring adventurers, as too exclusive, since just claims may be made by several such to the laudable obesity with which the doctor endows the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman. We rejoice, however, at this well marked division of the 'genus homo,' and no less at the exposition of the scientific uses of laughter and 'small talk,' as furnished by Hufeland and Combe. The value of the intellectual play of ancient and modern symposiasts will now have received the sanction of science by a process of subtle inquiry, which Horatio stamped as too curious, when Hamlet traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a beer-barrel.

The sum of all these erudite lucubrations is, that the nervous system has great influence on the process of digestion; so great that Abernethy resolved all of what he termed the 'complicated madness of the human race,' into 'gormandising, and fidgeting about what cannot be helped.' Dr. Beaumont repeatedly observes that digestion was impeded, and the stomach disordered, by the ebullitions of temper which overcame St. Martin.

The

The following extracts will give to the reader a vivid picture of what he may make his organs suffer by infringing the golden rule of moderation :—

'*July 14, nine o'clock P.M.*—Temperature of stomach 102°. St. Martin has been in the woods all day, picking whortleberries, and has eaten no food since seven o'clock in the morning till eight at evening. Stomach full of berries and chymifying aliment, frothing and foaming like fermenting beer or cider: appears to have been drinking liquors too freely.'

'*July 28, nine o'clock P.M.*—Stomach empty—not healthy—some erythema and aphthous patches on the mucous surface. St. Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past—complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of any general indisposition—says he feels well, and has a good appetite.'

'*Aug. 2, eight o'clock A.M.*—Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids, consisting of unusual proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, or even of impaired appetite. Temperature of stomach 101°.'

'*Aug. 3, seven o'clock A.M.*—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid; the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood; the aphthous patches larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable muco-purulent matter, slightly tinged with blood. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision in stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish-brown coat on his tongue, and his countenance is rather sallow; pulse uniform and regular; appetite good; rests quietly, and sleeps as well as usual.*'

Now, let those who tax their stomachs at the commands of an insatiable appetite, ponder well on these facts of Beaumont, from which it is evident that our sensations are but poor criteria of the presence of disease in this the most important organ of the animal economy. The surface of this viscus may be inflamed, nay, even ulcerated, without influencing perceptibly our feelings as to general health; nevertheless the secretions become altered, not only in the stomach, but in other organs. If this be sudden

* 'Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c. By Wm. Beaumont, M.D. Boston, 1834.'—pp. 236-238.

and excessive, the usual signs of acute dyspepsia are manifested ; but if, as is generally the case, the stomach is constantly over-stimulated in a slight degree, a chronic ailment is produced by the sustained effects of moderate excess, and the foundations of impaired general health are inevitably and firmly fixed. From this prolific source spring gout, the tendency to rheumatism, gravel and dyspeptic phthisis, not to mention that distressing host of ailments and illnesses which arise from over-excited vessels and irritated nerves,—hypochondria and determination of blood to the head. Overcharged as the picture may seem, it is, nevertheless, under the mark, as those who suffer from dyspepsia well know, or as those who wish to trace out the ramifications of malady may learn, by a perusal of the works especially devoted to this subject by Dr. James Johnson,* Dr. Paris, Mr. Abernethy, and others.

We have hitherto commented on some of the mere conditions of the function of digestion. We must not pass over the very profound work of Dr. Prout, which develops the doctrines of modern alimentary philosophy. Mankind may go on eating for ever ; but unless the third book of this distinguished author's *Bridgewater Treatise* be read, they will remain as ignorant of what they are daily doing, as M. Jourdain in the '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.' The mode, no doubt, in which the doctor has made use of his researches in illustration of the argument is often painfully startling ; and indeed we have some misgivings, whether, as a whole, the *Bridgewater Treatises* have not lowered the high and sacred theme handled with such consummate ability by Paley.

However, under the head of '*Alimentary Substances*,' Dr. Prout expatiates on what he terms, '*The system of universal voracity*' (p. 472) ; the existence of which as a phenomenon he makes use of as indicative of design. To render this intelligible, we must premise that the infinite diversity visible in the composition of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, is not owing to an infinite variety of different substances, but to the modifications of a few primary substances. Thus the chemist finds that the vegetable kingdom in general is composed especially of only three elements, namely, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon ; while animal bodies involve a fourth, azote. There are, however, many vegetable substances containing azote, while certain animal substances are devoid of it.

In addition to these '*essential principles*,' there are others

* Dr. Holland has mentioned with praise the works of these gentlemen among others. Dr. James Johnson's have been long before the public ; and have had very considerable favour, as repeated editions testify. He is a quaint humorist, but has nevertheless set down a great number of valuable facts and hints.

entering into the composition of organised bodies in very minute quantities, and these are termed by Dr. Prout 'incidental.' They are, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, fluorine, iron, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and probably a few more. These, according to this author, play a most important part in modifying structure; for it is they which are the chief instruments, producing those remarkable differences observed in bodies having the same essential composition; a theory which is illustrated by many striking facts and very original views.

The combination of these ultimate elements with one another, according to certain laws, produces what the chemist terms the immediate or proximate elements of living bodies, such as sugar, oil, albumen, &c., which themselves are readily modified, and assume the different aspects of organic life. As an instance of what an extreme change is made by a simple alteration of the proportions of the same ingredients, we may notice, that the antagonism between sweet and sour, as observed in sugar and vinegar, is owing only to a little more or a little less of carbon and water. Thus, if in one hundred parts about forty-two be carbon, and the rest be water, we shall have sugar; but if forty-seven parts be carbon, and the rest water, we shall have vinegar.

The essence of Dr. Prout's 'system of universal voracity' therefore is this: the lower organisms convert those elements denominated by him 'essential,' into certain substances which, however various in appearance and in accidental qualities, are reducible to a few 'proximate principles.' The organisms higher than these, by preying on those below them in the scale of life, find a material already assimilated to that of their own structure, and are therefore saved the trouble of forming these proximate principles out of the elemental. There results, therefore, a great saving in the machinery of digestion. The more perfect animals, being exonerated from the toil of initial assimilation of the material composing their frames, do not require that complicated apparatus which those below them needed—the elements on which they feed being already in the order which is best adapted to fill up the waste of their bodies. 'We could form,' says Dr. Prout, 'some conception of the complication that would be required, if such an animal as man were destined, like a plant, to feed on carbonic acid gas.' In this view, or, as it is called, 'this beautiful arrangement in the mode of nutrition,' the lower animals must be looked on as a *cuisine obligée* for the wants of the higher—which, Dr. Prout adds, 'almost invariably prey on those that are inferior to themselves in magnitude, in organization, or intelligence.'—(p. 470.) But 'almost invariably' is scarcely a sufficient qualification of his bold theory of the final cause of the

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system of universal voracity.' Other generalisers, with scarcely a boldness, have asserted that the final object of this very system is the development of intellect! since it is only by the exhibition of the most curious stratagems that most animals can obtain their prey. We confess that we have some misgivings about the security of the higher organisms from the rapacity of the lower, and doubt much whether the lion does not consider man as his natural food. At all events, the question may admit of litigation to the negro, who in Southern Africa leaves the field and the forest to his lordly opponent, while he betakes himself to his hut, perched on the tall bole of some tree, whence he can view the glaring eyes moving like meteors in the darkness, and hear the interrupted thunder of that voice break up the silence of the wilderness. The sagacious elephant seems to have a very serious dread of the stupid tiger; and we believe the crocodile—one of the lower organisms—appears to pay very little deference to the higher orders which come to slake their thirst in the stream on those oozy banks he lies concealed. In short, this system of universal voracity is a very obscure one in the economy of nature; and though its final cause is probably inscrutable, we thankfully acknowledge that no one has exemplified some of its uses more ably than the gifted author of the eighth Bridgewater treatise.

However varied the sensible qualities of food may be, there are, according to Dr. Prout, but three 'great staminal principles from which all organised bodies are essentially constituted:' viz., the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous. The first is the special characteristic of plants; the second exists both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the albuminous exists in the flesh and blood of animals, and, in a modified form, in all other structures. These three staminal principles are capable of passing into, and combining with, each other. Further, they are transmutable into new principles under certain laws: thus the saccharine principle is readily convertible, as we have seen, into acidified oxalic; or, under certain circumstances, into a modification of the oleaginous principle—alcohol. The consequence of the higher animal feeding on the lower is therefore that their food must consist of one or more of the above staminal principles. A diet, to be complete, must contain more or less of all the three.—(p. 477.)

Dr. Prout was led to take this comprehensive view of the presence of aliment by reflecting that the only substance actually prepared by Nature herself for food, and for nothing else, is milk. In this, then, he thought we must expect to find a model
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'Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on.'

And it is certain that Wordsworth's—

'Rosy man of purple cheer,
An oily man right plump to see,'

elaborates gastric juice enough to chymify food very little demanded by 'the wants of his system.'

The quantity is probably always considerable. Beaumont often extracted one or two ounces for the purpose of testing its solvent powers out of the body. And in one instance, where St. Martin had taken no fluid with his meal, still, the stomach appeared as full of liquid as if he had drunk his usual quantum. When thus exuded it penetrates every portion of the food; hence, the absolute necessity of due mastication, it having been ascertained that large lumps of food, by affording much less surface for action, are much less quickly digested. Various kinds of substances have different degrees of digestibility, and though they may be all under the influence of the gastric fluid at the same time, those which are termed most digestible are the quickest to disappear. The devotees of venison will rejoice to hear that they have been eating up to the principles of the latest scientific discoveries. The worshippers of game, with its full aroma, may also plead in their favour the tenderness and consequent digestibility of the fibre. The 'haut gout,' however, must not be excessive, as in some instances it has been known to produce disease. Soups are, on the whole, much less digestible than solids; and, indeed, to digest them at all, the stomach is compelled to solidify their contents by an absorption of the fluid part. But we are anticipating.

It would seem that the food is not kept in the stomach until all parts of it are reduced to the pulpy state called, technically, 'chyme,' but that portions soonest fitted for the body find their way first to the upper part of the intestinal canal, where, with the assistance of the secretions of the liver and pancreas, that milk-like fluid to which we alluded, termed *chyle*, is separated and conveyed speedily into the veins. Besides the solvent powers of gastric juice, chymification is furthered by a churning motion given to the contents of the stomach by its fibres, and this is again aided by the temperature of that organ which, during digestion, is 100° Fah. Thus the nutritive function is at once chemical, mechanical, and *vital*—for no subtle process, chemical or mechanical, but of the living body, can elaborate a simple fluid like chyle, from such a variety of ingredients as form the food of man, especially a Frenchman.

Various accessories have been gravely signalled by the learned as furthering digestion. Thus, Hufeland lauds the wisdom of
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our forefathers in patronizing the 'fool,' whose quips and cranks were wont to keep the table in a roar; for, adds the expositor of the art of prolonging life, 'Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good blood;' and Combe, who makes the quotation, expatiates on the text, as to the effect of agitation of the diaphragm, in laughter, on the trituration of the food, and the diminution of the vivacity and extent of the respiratory movement which always attends despondency and grief, as one source of enfeebled digestion.

Dr. Caldwell, in his *Thoughts on Physical Education*, says that dyspepsia commences as often in the brain as in the stomach, probably oftener. According to this gentleman, among the husbandmen of England who steadily pursue 'their tranquil mode of life, regardless of the fluctuations of stock, the fate of political measures, the bickerings of party, dyspepsia is almost a stranger. Merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, who are engaged in a regular and well-established business, have good digestions and bear the marks of it.' On the other hand, 'dyspepsia is the torment of literary men, officers of state, dealers in scrip, daring adventurers, anxious and ambitious projectors of improvements; they exhibit deep traces of it in their haggard countenances.' Dr. Combe appends to this, 'that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle.'

Dr. Caldwell's able division of the human species into fat and lean may, perhaps, be cavilled at by many officers of state, and dealers of scrip, and daring adventurers, as too exclusive, since just claims may be made by several such to the laudable obesity with which the doctor endows the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman. We rejoice, however, at this well marked division of the 'genus homo,' and no less at the exposition of the scientific uses of laughter and 'small talk,' as furnished by Hufeland and Combe. The value of the intellectual play of ancient and modern symposiasts will now have received the sanction of science by a process of subtle inquiry, which Horatio stamped as too curious, when Hamlet traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a beer-barrel.

The sum of all these erudite lucubrations is, that the nervous system has great influence on the process of digestion; so great that Abernethy resolved all of what he termed the 'complicated madness of the human race,' into 'gormandising, and fidgeting about what cannot be helped.' Dr. Beaumont repeatedly observes that digestion was impeded, and the stomach disordered, by the ebullitions of temper which overcame St. Martin.

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The following extracts will give to the reader a vivid picture of what he may make his organs suffer by infringing the golden rule of moderation :—

'*July 14, nine o'clock P.M.*—Temperature of stomach 102° . St. Martin has been in the woods all day, picking whortleberries, and has eaten no food since seven o'clock in the morning till eight at evening. Stomach full of berries and chymifying aliment, frothing and foaming like fermenting beer or cider: appears to have been drinking liquors too freely.'

'*July 28, nine o'clock P.M.*—Stomach empty—not healthy—some erythema and aphthous patches on the mucous surface. St. Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past—complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of any general indisposition—says he feels well, and has a good appetite.'

'*Aug. 2, eight o'clock A.M.*—Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids, consisting of unusual proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, or even of impaired appetite. Temperature of stomach 101° .'

'*Aug. 3, seven o'clock A.M.*—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid; the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood; the aphthous patches larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable muco-purulent matter, slightly tinged with blood. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision in stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish-brown coat on his tongue, and his countenance is rather sallow; pulse uniform and regular; appetite good; rests quietly, and sleeps as well as usual.'*

Now, let those who tax their stomachs at the commands of an insatiable appetite, ponder well on these facts of Beaumont, from which it is evident that our sensations are but poor criteria of the presence of disease in this the most important organ of the animal economy. The surface of this viscus may be inflamed, nay, even ulcerated, without influencing perceptibly our feelings as to general health; nevertheless the secretions become altered, not only in the stomach, but in other organs. If this be sudden

* 'Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c. By Wm. Beaumont, M.D. Boston, 1834.'—pp. 236-238.

and excessive, the usual signs of acute dyspepsia are manifested; but if, as is generally the case, the stomach is constantly overstimulated in a slight degree, a chronic ailment is produced by the sustained effects of moderate excess, and the foundations of impaired general health are inevitably and firmly fixed. From this prolific source spring gout, the tendency to rheumatism, gravel and dyspeptic phthisis, not to mention that distressing host of ailments and illnesses which arise from over-excited vessels and irritated nerves,—hypochondria and determination of blood to the head. Overcharged as the picture may seem, it is, nevertheless, under the mark, as those who suffer from dyspepsia well know, or as those who wish to trace out the ramifications of malady may learn, by a perusal of the works especially devoted to this subject by Dr. James Johnson,* Dr. Paris, Mr. Abernethy, and others.

We have hitherto commented on some of the mere conditions of the function of digestion. We must not pass over the very profound work of Dr. Prout, which develops the doctrines of modern alimentary philosophy. Mankind may go on eating for ever; but unless the third book of this distinguished author's *Bridgewater Treatise* be read, they will remain as ignorant of what they are daily doing, as M. Jourdain in the '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.' The mode, no doubt, in which the doctor has made use of his researches in illustration of the argument is often painfully startling; and indeed we have some misgivings, whether, as a whole, the *Bridgewater Treatises* have not lowered the high and sacred theme handled with such consummate ability by Paley.

However, under the head of '*Alimentary Substances*,' Dr. Prout expatiates on what he terms, '*The system of universal voracity*' (p. 472); the existence of which as a phenomenon he makes use of as indicative of design. To render this intelligible, we must premise that the infinite diversity visible in the composition of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, is not owing to an infinite variety of different substances, but to the modifications of a few primary substances. Thus the chemist finds that the vegetable kingdom in general is composed especially of only three elements, namely, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon; while animal bodies involve a fourth, azote. There are, however, many vegetable substances containing azote, while certain animal substances are devoid of it.

In addition to these '*essential principles*,' there are others

* Dr. Holland has mentioned with praise the works of these gentlemen among others. Dr. James Johnson's have been long before the public; and have had very considerable favour, as repeated editions testify. He is a quaint humorist, but has nevertheless set down a great number of valuable facts and hints.

entering into the composition of organised bodies in very minute quantities, and these are termed by Dr. Prout 'incidental.' They are, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, fluorine, iron, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and probably a few more. These, according to this author, play a most important part in modifying structure; for it is they which are the chief instruments, producing those remarkable differences observed in bodies having the same essential composition; a theory which is illustrated by many striking facts and very original views.

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Dr. Prout was led to take this comprehensive view of the essence of aliment by reflecting that the only substance actually prepared by Nature herself for food, and for nothing else, is *milk*. In this, then, he thought we must expect to find a model

of what a true alimentary substance should be—a sort of prototype or pattern of nutritive material; and accordingly the analysis of every known kind of milk discovers it to be a compound of the three staminal principles enumerated, in admixture of various proportions. Hence, then, we fairly come to this conclusion, that eat what we may, we but consume the ‘saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous principles;’ and that the art of cookery, however it may impose on the palate in disguising or in varying them, does not long delude the archæus presiding over the digestive functions.

The contrast presented between the poetical and the philosophical description of a banquet is a psychological curiosity:—

‘In ample space, under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour: beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed: all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, or shell, or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric coast.
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas: distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana’s train, and Naiades,
With fruits and flowers from Amalthæa’s horn;
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora’s earliest smells.’*

Alas! this exquisite variety of sensuous impression—this quintessence of the material eliminated by poetical alchemy—is, by a process scarcely less subtle, crystallised into three staminal principles! Hear Dr. Prout—

‘With regard to the nature and the choice of aliments, and the modes of their culinary preparation, it follows from the observations we have offered, that, under similar circumstances, those articles of food which are the least organized must be the most difficult to be assimilated, consequently that the assimilation of crystallised, or very pure substances, must be more difficult than the assimilation of any others. Thus, pure sugar, pure alcohol, and pure oil, are much less easy to be assimilated than substances purely amylaceous; or than that peculiar condition or

* *Paradise Regained*, b. ii.

mixture of alcohol existing in natural wines, or than butter. In these forms, the assimilation of the saccharine and the oleaginous principles is comparatively easy. Of all crystallised matters, pure sugar is perhaps the most easily assimilated; but every one is taught by experience, that much less can be eaten of articles composed of sugar than of those composed of amylaceous matters. In some forms of dyspepsia, the effect of pure sugar is most pernicious—perhaps fully as pernicious as that of pure alcohol.

‘Nature has not furnished either pure sugar or pure starch; and these substances are always the results of artificial processes more or less elaborate, in which, as in many of the processes of cookery, man has been over-officious, and has studied the gratification of his palate rather than followed the dictates of his reason. In many dyspeptic individuals, the assimilating and preservative powers of the system are already so much weakened as to be unable to resist the crystallisation of a portion of their fluids. Thus in gouty invalids, how often do we see chalk-stones formed in every joint? Now, with so little control over their own fluids, how can they reasonably hope to assimilate extraneous crystallisations? If, therefore, such an invalid, on sitting down to a luxurious modern banquet, composed of sugar, and oil, and albumen, in every state and combination, except those best adapted for food, would pause a moment, and ask himself the question, “Is this debilitated and troublesome stomach of mine endowed with the alchemy requisite for the conversion of all these things into wholesome flesh and blood?” he would probably adopt a simpler repast, and would thus save himself from much uneasiness. The truth is, that many of the elaborate dishes of our ingenious continental neighbours are scarcely nutritious, or designed to be so. They are mere vehicles for different stimuli—different ways, in short, of gratifying that low animal propensity by which so many are urged to the use of ardent spirits, or of various narcotics. In one respect, indeed—namely, that of reducing to a state of pulp those refractory substances which we have before mentioned—the culinary processes of our neighbours are much superior to ours; but in nearly every other respect, and most of all in the general use of pure sugar and pure oil, their cookery is eminently injurious to all persons who have weak digestion. On the other hand, in this country, we do not in general pay sufficient attention to the reducing processes of the culinary art. Everything is firm and crude; and though the mode of preparation be less captivating, the quantity of indigestible aliment is quite as great in our culinary productions as in those of France.

‘Providence has gifted man with reason; to his reason, therefore, is left the choice of food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals. It thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to that object; to shun excess in quantity, and what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural, among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection, and beyond which, if he deviates, sooner or later he will suffer the penalty.’—*Prout*, pp. 507-510.

Nevertheless, it would be a sad blunder to suppose that variety is unwholesome; and that any, or all, of the staminal principles, in their concentrated form, ought to be the daily food of man. So far from this, it is proved, beyond a doubt, that nothing can be more pernicious than highly nutritious matters compressed in a small bulk. Majendie fed dogs on broths, sugar, or gum; they at first thrived, but soon perished. Dr. Paris observes, that the Kamtschadales, in order to make their fish-oil digestible, mix it into a paste with sawdust. Dr. Stark's experiments on himself, coarse as they are, prove—if they prove anything—how soon a diet of an unmixed kind, or of a highly nutritious nature, will put an end to 'a person six feet high, twenty-eight years old,' previously in perfect health; for, in the short space of seven months, he appears to have brought on a scorbutic state of blood, and ulceration of the bowels.

The stomach requires, therefore, the stimulus of variety, though not a variety of stimulants—a certain dilution, if we may so express ourselves, of concentrated nourishment, and great care in what Dr. Holland has termed the manner of taking food, viz., in duly masticating it. Beaumont saw the stomach close on the bolus of food as each mouthful descended, and about fifty to eighty seconds elapsed before it relaxed its hold to admit a second portion. At least this time, then, should be given to the due breaking up of the food to fit it for infiltration by the gastric juice. Beaumont seems to despise, however, Dr. Paris's dictum, 'that insalivation is as essential as mastication,' fortifying his dissent by facts, of which he, of course, must have had ample experience:—

'I have known,' he says, 'many persons spit freely and constantly, whose appetites and digestions were perfect. They who smoke tobacco are constantly discharging large quantities of saliva, and yet I am not aware that dyspepsia is more common with them than with others.'

We now present Dr. Beaumont's elaborate table of digestibility; premising, however, that wholesomeness of any article of food has a double reference, first to the thing itself, and secondly to the person; and that the latter is influenced by a hundred causes—by weather, by passion, by intemperance, by exhaustion,—&c. &c. &c. &c.

e showing the Mean Time of Digestion of the different articles of Diet.

Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.		Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.	
		H.	M.			H.	M.
.	Boiled	1		Pork, recently salted	Stewed	3	
.	Do.	1	45	Mutton, fresh . .	Roasted	3	15
.	Do.	2		Do. do. . .	Boiled	3	
.	Do.	2		Do. do. . .	Boiled	3	
.	Do.	2		Veal, fresh . . .	Boiled	4	
.	Raw	2	15	Do. do. . .	Fried	4	30
e	Boiled	2	30	Fowls, domestic . .	Boiled	4	
st, soured . .	Do.	1		Do. do. . .	Roasted	4	
oused	Do.	1		Ducks, do. . .	Do.	4	
.	Do.	1	45	Do. wild . . .	Do.	4	30
steak	Boiled	1	35	Suet, beef, fresh .	Boiled	5	3
narrow	Boiled	2	40	Do. mutton . .	Do.	4	30
, domestic . .	Roasted	2	30	Butter	Melted	3	30
do.	Boiled	2	25	Cheese, old, strong.	Raw	3	30
, wild	Roasted	2	18	Soup, beef, vegeta-			
.	Do.	2	30	bles, and bread .	Boiled	4	
king	Do.	2	30	Soup, marrow bones	Do.	4	15
eeff's, fresh .	Boiled	2		Do. beans . . .	Do.	3	
fresh	Boiled	2	30	Do. barley . . .	Boiled	1	30
, full grown .	Fricassee	2	45	Do. mutton . .	Do.	3	30
esh	Hard boiled	3	30	Green corn and beans	Do.	3	45
o.	Soft do.	3		Chicken soup . .	Do.	3	
o.	Fried	3	30	Oyster soup . . .	Do.	3	30
o.	Roasted	2	15	Hash, meat and vege-			
o.	Raw			tables	Warmed	2	30
hipped	Do.	1	30	Sausage, fresh . .	Boiled	3	20
.	Baked	2	45	Heart, animal . .	Fried	4	
, cured, dry .	Boiled	2		Tendon	Boiled	5	30
Salmon, fresh	Do.	1	30	Cartilage	Do.	4	15
. do.	Fried	1	30	Aponeurosis. . .	Do.	3	
ripped, fresh .	Boiled	3		Beans, pod . . .	Do.	2	30
er do.	Fried	3	30	Bread, wheaten, fresh	Baked	3	30
do.	Do.	3	30	Do. corn . . .	Do.	3	15
, salted . . .	Boiled	4		Cake do. . . .	Do.		
, fresh	Raw	2	55	Do. sponge . . .	Do.	2	30
do.	Roasted	3	15	Dumpling, apple .	Boiled	3	
do.	Stewed	3	30	Apples, sour and hard	Raw	2	-50
esh, lean, rare	Roasted	3		Do. do. mellow	Do.	2	
o. dry	Do.	3	30	Do. sweet do.	Do.	1	30
reak	Boiled	3		Parsnips	Boiled	2	30
ith salt only	Boiled	2	45	Carrot, orange . .	Do.	3	15
h mustard, &c.	Do.	3	30	Beet	Do.	3	45
esh, lean . . .	Fried	4		Turnips, flat . .	Do.	3	30
ld, hard, salted	Boiled	4	15	Potatoes, Irish . .	Do.	3	30
reak	Boiled	3	15	Do. do. . . .	Roasted	2	30
st and lean . .	Roasted	5	15	Do. do. . . .	Baked	2	30
recently salted	Boiled	4	30	Cabbage, head . .	Raw	2	30
do.	Fried	4	15	Do. with vinegar	Do.	2	
do.	Boiled	3	15	Do. do. . . .	Boiled	4	30
do.	Raw	3					

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The American physician draws from these details fifty-one 'inferences,' some of which we have anticipated, and others are not exactly suited to this place. Among the most important are these:—

'That stimulating *condiments* are injurious to the healthy stomach.

'That the use of *ardent spirits* always produces disease of the stomach, if persevered in.

'That the *quantity* of food generally taken is more than the wants of the system require; and that such excess, if persevered in, generally produces not only functional aberration, but disease of the coats of the stomach.

'That *bulk* as well as *nutriment* is necessary to the articles of diet.

'That the *digestibility* of aliment does not depend upon the *quantity* of nutrient principles that it contains.

'That *gentle exercise* facilitates the digestion of food.

'That the time required for that purpose is various, depending upon the quantity and quality of the food, state of the stomach, &c.; but that the time ordinarily required for the disposal of a moderate meal of the fibrous parts of meat, with bread, &c., is from three to three and a half hours.'—*Observations, &c.*, p. 173.

The reader will now appreciate the third rule of Dr. Holland, thus clearly and elegantly illustrated:—

'There should be no sudden or urgent exertion soon after a full meal, nor immediately before it; for the same general reason applies to both cases. The stomach requires (as does every organ) for its appropriate function a sufficient supply of nervous power whencesoever derived, and a proportionate increase of blood in its circulation, to minister to the actions of which digestion is the result. It may be a physiological fact that these two conditions are identical, or that one involves the other. But whether so or not, it is equally certain that both the nervous power, and the blood needful to digestion, are diminished and disturbed by strong exercise immediately before or after a meal; and this, independently of the effects of mechanical agitation in the latter case, which is no doubt often concerned in disturbing the process. The proofs of these facts are furnished by constant experience, and are familiar to us amongst other animals; yet is attention not sufficiently given to them either in the habitual directions of physicians, or in the rules which men apply themselves to the management of their diet. Hard exercise and fatigue are often understood as a sanction for immediate and ample food, without regard to the expenditure of power that has taken place, or to the direction which the circulation has got towards the muscles and capillaries of the skin. Those who are exposed to the necessity of long and fatiguing journeys speedily learn the error of this. But experience of such kind is generally needed to teach it; nor is this always sufficient against the force of early impressions and the faulty habits of society.'—*Notes, &c.*, pp. 349-351.

We wish we could enter more largely into the value and use of exercise for the feeble of all ages, or could trace out the great benefits

benefits which a judicious training of the muscular system has, not only on general health, but on the brain and nervous system. It is not to the games and gambols of childhood, but to gymnastics as a regimen that we allude; the object of which is to bring out the defective portions to a level with the symmetry of other parts. A narrow chest is soon expanded, and, with the increased play for the lungs thus acquired, a more efficient vitalisation of the blood is produced, which speedily tells both on the bulk and the energy of the higher organs. This kind of exercise requires, however, judgment both as to the when and the how far it should be used, and cannot be confided to the ordinary professors of fencing and gymnastics. To one, however, M. Hamon, of Jermyn Street, we make an exception. The series of safe and judicious exercises introduced by that gentleman have, we know, been of great utility to weakly children, and even to sedentary dyspeptics of all ages.

Our limits do not permit our discussing the regimen fittest for the various stages of life; we must specially refer the reader, however, to Dr. Holland's chapter 'On the Medical Treatment of Old Age.' We are compelled also to avoid all but the slightest comment on the regulation of Dr. Caldwell's two divisions of man—the fat and the lean. The *juste milieu*, it is confessed, being the most difficult of all points to hit—we fear, nay, we know, that few troubled with obesity will do anything to disencumber themselves of the load, although we would greatly relax for their sakes Abernethy's stoical cure of 'living on sixpence a-day and earning it.' Of the three essentials, moderation in eating, moderation in sleeping, and vigorous exercise, rarely more than two are ever complied with. In vain are sundry 'stout gentlemen' seen steaming round the parks on a summer's morning, qualifying themselves by thus casting off the fumes of the *hesterna cæna* for a repetition of the excess to-day. All that can possibly be gained by this deceptive toil is a few years respite from the ills that *flesh* is heir to—the apoplexies, wheezing, asthma, dropsies, and ulcerated leg; while that darling aspiration of middle-aged, middle-sized Conservatives, who have turned twelve stone, of limiting the figure within the seemly lines of the majestic, must be *ex cathedra* pronounced chimerical.

Men who have a constitutional tendency to obesity, and are tied to a sedentary profession, should exercise stern watch over appetite and sleep. They should learn by observation and meditation what substances create bulk; and should shun all which are highly oleaginous, or saccharine, or farinaceous, but especially such as unite these three conditions. It is not easy to fatten the
carnivora

carnivora even in captivity, nor even herbivorous animals, unless they are nourished by oil-cake, or other mixture of farina and oil. Excess, therefore, in all farinaceous substances—bread, potato, pastry of all kinds, and puddings, which unite the oily egg with sugar and farina, are to be most sedulously shunned. Beer, too, which, as to its incassating powers, must be looked on as a liquid farina, should be banished. All rich thick soups and *purées*, and many other compounds, are to be excluded by those who are penetrated with the importance of the anti-obesic principles laid down. With all these omissions, enough and more will be left in the animal and vegetable kingdom, to satisfy even a luxurious palate. While we throw out these hints, we at the same time warn those who will listen to them not to tamper with such an instrument of health and disease as is diet, without the sanction of some better opinion than their own. It will be sufficient to state, that as obesity clings to two opposite kinds of constitution, the weak and sluggish, and the robust and plethoric, so two opposite modes of treatment are required, and of either of these the patient himself is no judge. We believe that many states of ill health are induced by the selection of, and a forced adherence to, certain kinds of diet. Every habit of the body has attached to it peculiar maladies; and it is a question the uninitiated cannot resolve, whether the tendencies they would counteract on their own theories by their new regimen are indeed worse than those they may superinduce.

Fashion has interfered in many cases with the doctrines as to the preservation of health, and Dr. Holland has done wisely in selecting some of these for animadversion:—

‘Of late years, for example, this fashion has directed itself against vegetable food—an erroneous prejudice in many, perhaps in the majority of cases. Allowing, what is partly proved, that vegetable matters are carried indigested to a lower part of the alimentary canal than animal food, and admitting that more flatulence is usually produced from them, it still is the fact that a feeble digestion suffers no less, though it may be in different ways, from an exclusively animal diet. Morbid products are alike evolved; and some of these affecting not only the alimentary canal, but disturbing other organs and functions through changes produced in the blood.

‘I know the case of a gentleman, having the calculous diathesis strongly marked, in whom animal food, taken for three or four days, even in moderate quantity, invariably brings on discharge of lithic acid, as sand or gravel; suspended upon return to vegetable diet. This is a particular instance; but experience in gouty cases furnishes frequent and striking notices of the same general fact; thus indicating a large class of disorders, having much kindred with dyspepsia, in which excess in animal food rapidly becomes a source of mischief not merely by overloading

overloading the alimentary canal, but by introducing morbid matters into the system at large. A persevering abstinence from any such excess may be reckoned among the most effectual preventives of gout in all its forms.

'The rule of health being obviously that of blending the two kinds of food, I believe the exception more frequently required to be that of limiting the animal part in proportion to the other. The fashion of the day sets it down otherwise; and this is one of the subjects where loose or partial opinions easily get the force of precepts with the world at large.'—p. 353.

It is especially with regard to gout that these observations are of weight; and we may once more say, that the author's separate Chapter on 'Gout and the Use of Colchicum,' is of very high value. Indeed we do not know any treatise in which so enlarged a view of this important subject has been taken. The reader will gather from its perusal what every practical physician well knows, that gout is not a local, but a general or constitutional malady; that the external swelling and redness are but the outworks of a disease pervading the blood, and often giving, during a life-time, a peculiar character to the habits, feelings, and ailments of those whom it affects: thus many forms of dyspepsia are simply gout; many disorders of the chest also are derivatives of gouty irritation; and not a few asthmas and diseases of the heart, bleedings from the lungs, &c. &c., are better treated by attention to the general than to the local state.

Dr. Holland has some excellent observations as to the use and abuse of wine (pp. 358, &c.). He concurs in the maxim of Celsus, so far as wine is concerned, that intemperance in eating is generally more noxious than excess in drinking.* He seems to lean to the opinion that the immediate symptoms of excess in wine are excitement of the brain, or a tendency to somnolence and stupor, according as in particular frames the action of the *renes* is or is not quickened by the indulgence. He appears to treat as of no significance the results of all attempts to classify different wines in a sanatory point of view, and hints at the self-delusion of *bon vivants* who think that by abstaining from a glass or two of champagne they purchase a right to an extra bottle of sherry or claret. We advise all wine-bibbers on whatever scale to meditate his various statements and reflections, and last, not least, this parting prescription:—

'It is the part of every wise man, once at least in life, to make trial of the effects of leaving off wine altogether, and this even without the suggestion of actual malady. The point is one of interest enough in the economy of health to call for such an experiment; and

* 'Sæpe, si quâ intemperantia subest, tutior est in potione quam in escâ.'

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the results can seldom be so wholly negative as to render it a fruitless one. To obtain them fairly, however, the abandonment must be complete for a time; a measure of no risk, even where the change is greatest; and illustrating, moreover, other points of temperament and particular function, which it is important to every man to know, for the right guidance of his habits of life.³

ART. II.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, &c.* By Henry Hallam, Esq. Vols. ii. iii. iv. London, 1839.

MR. Hallam has completed his work with the same industry, the same solid and masculine good sense, which distinguished his first volume. There is an obvious objection to the successful execution of such an undertaking as a general and comprehensive view of literature, during two or three of its most fertile centuries, by a single writer; that it would have been better to have left each department of science and letters to some individual who has made it his especial study. This, however, is met, we conceive, and counterbalanced, by some important advantages. Unless we are prepared to encounter the utmost length and minuteness, to which the ardent and exclusive votary might be disposed to follow out his own science or branch of literature, there must at last have been some supreme and dictatorial power to compress the whole into a limited space—to retrench, to re-cast, to re-model, to decide summarily on the jealousies and conflicting claims of each contributor, as to the importance of his favourite subject; to proscribe the invasion of a neighbouring province; and above all, to trace the mutual relation which the various branches of intellectual study bear to each other. On this plan we might have had several useful works, with some sort of mutual connexion; but we should have had no whole, no general and harmonious summary of the proceedings of the human intellect during a definite period. The example of the Bridgewater Treatises is not without significance. Though we might be disinclined to submit the volumes of Whewell or Buckland to the supremacy of some one perhaps far less profoundly versed in astronomy or geology; though the more minute and subtle investigations of Roget might lose much, both of interest and usefulness, by compression or retrenchment; yet who, on surveying the long array of volumes on this high and solemn, yet after all simple, argument, does not wish that some strong and masterly hand had been employed to mould them into one great 'Natural Theology,' with a separate chapter, by Mr. Babbage's liberal permission, for the ninth? So in the literary history

history of these centuries, if we should gain in fulness and in authority by this division of literary labour, there is much, on the other hand, in its unity and coherence—in its being woven, as it were, in one woof, or cast in one mould, by the finest and most complicated piece of mechanism which nature, or rather the God of Nature, has wrought in his omnific bounty,—a commanding and comprehensive understanding.

Mr. Hallam, like Kehama, treads with firm step and secure footing at once his various paths of literature; and it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this work, that the most elaborate, and, as we are of opinion, most successful passages, treat about writers on such various subjects, and of such different character. We would instance the view of the philosophy of Descartes, of Spinoza, and of Hobbes, and in general the progress of metaphysical inquiry; as contrasted with the unaffected originality and acuteness of some of the observations on what might be considered the exhausted merits of Shakspeare and Cervantes.

While we survey, in Mr. Hallam's pages, the literary history of a period, so long, so prolific, and so various, we cannot but yield to the temptation of inquiring whether we can trace any primary and simple laws of the intellectual development of man; whether there are any conditions of our religious, political, or social being peculiarly favourable, or strikingly adverse, to letters in general, or to any particular branch of letters; under what circumstances the imagination pours forth her richest treasures, or severe reason unfolds the mysteries of the external world, and of the human mind; where poetry is best quickened into life, or oratory endowed with the power of agitating the soul; where history registers, in undying language, the acts of men and the events of the world; where political science sheds its brightest light on human affairs, or philosophy either stoops to our practical duties, or soars to the first principles of things; or even where religion, or religious literature, exalts and purifies the heart, while it disdains not the alliance of man's highest reason. In a word, is there any uniformity or regularity in the progress of mental improvement?—or do great intellects break out casually, and, if we may so say, accidentally triumph, by the force of genius and intellectual energy, over all impediments and difficulties, and force an unprepared and uncongenial age to their acceptance, and to admiration?

At first sight, on these points, all is perplexity, confusion, and contradiction. Dante is born amid the fierce conflicts and the civil animosities of the free Italian republics; Ariosto and Tasso flourish at the courts of petty princes, or under the magnificent despotism of the Papacy during that glorious age of art and letters. The Reformation appears either to exhaust or to blast the intellect

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of Germany to barrenness, or at least to extinguish her vernacular literature—(from Luther's Bible to Lessing and Herder there is little more than a dull blank),—while it seems to summon into life our Elizabethan poets and philosophers—our Spensers, Shakspeares, Hookers, Bacons. The revival of Roman Catholicism is almost contemporaneous, and no doubt part of the inspiration of the splendid, though brief period of Spanish literature, the age of Lope, Cervantes, and Calderon: it produced its vivifying effects on Italy; but southern Germany remained lifeless and unawakened. Free institutions have in general fostered the noblest products of the mind: but for her more perfect prose and her best poetry, France must yet look back to the gorgeous days of the court of Louis XIV., to Bossuet, Pascal, Corneille, and Racine. While the literature of some countries springs up at once to full height and stature—a Minerva from the head of Jove—in others it is slowly and progressively matured; while in some lands it seems to exhaust all its creative energies in one brilliant summer, in others it has a succession of productive seasons, and its prolific power seems to increase with the richness of its produce. One language seems destined to succeed in one branch of intellectual study: its poetical style, for instance, is perfect—while it never, or rarely, attains to eloquent or harmonious prose: in another, the higher poetry seems to want congenial words to express its thoughts. Here letters, arts, and philosophy seem to prosper from the concentration, as it were, of the nation in one large capital; there by its diffusion among a number of smaller and rival cities.

All this is unquestionable; and it may be safely assumed, that no age, no combination of political or social circumstances, no particular state of the human mind, will, of itself, call forth a great poet or a great philosopher. True genius springs up we know not from what quarter, what station, what parentage; it is heaven's lightning, which shines from the east to the west, yet no one knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth. In Tasso it may be considered (but how rare is this,) in some degree an hereditary appanage. Torquato may be considered as cradled in poetry, by the example of his father Bernardo, who, however, did not much encourage the child that was so completely to eclipse his own name. It suddenly breaks out in one of a parcel of deer-stealing youths, of undistinguished name and parentage, in a rural county in England: it seizes on Burns at his plough. Philosophy emerges from the cell of a monk—descends from the woosack of Great Britain—visits with its subtlest, if not its soundest, spirit of inquiry, the humble dwelling of a Jew of Amsterdam—or works itself into fame and usefulness, from the cottage of a poor
artisan.

artisan. Yet it is remarkable how admirably timed almost every great writer appears to be; the man is born who is wanted for his age; in general, exactly the circumstances congenial to his peculiar genius conspire to develop his powers. Had Shakespeare been born before the stage had taken its form under Elizabeth, what would he have been? If Roger Bacon, or even the Marquis of Worcester, had been reserved for a later period, might they not have contributed most effectively and usefully to the advancement of science—have vied with the Newtons, Cuviers, or Watts?

There can be no doubt that there are many premature births in the mental world; and Gray is not far wrong when he thinks that many mute inglorious Miltons may have been buried in village obscurity. Nature, no doubt, in her boundless and untraceable prodigality, allows much of her noblest creation—the inventive and intelligent mind of man—to run to waste. The whole analogy of created things indicates this. The most powerful intellect, just as it arrives at maturity, sinks into the grave; and the baffled hopes of those who have watched the precocious promise of genius and wisdom are surely not always fond illusions. But it should seem, on the other hand, that, if we may so speak, there is always a vast floating capital of invention and intellect, which only requires to be directed into the proper channels to multiply a hundred fold. Great occasions seem always to call forth great minds; and that great mind which is best adapted to the necessities and to the character of the age springs at once to the first rank. Wherever any important question has arisen, some bold intellect has arisen to grapple with it; and it is this happy coincidence between the character and powers of the commanding mind, and the intellectual or social necessities of the time, which brings to maturity all the noblest and the sempiternal works of human genius. Here and there some solitary individual may be discovered,

‘Whose soul is like a star, and dwells apart,’

who is far in advance—an unintelligible mystery to his own times, but whose prophetic oracles are read with wonder and reverence by late posterity. But these exceptions prove rather than call in question the general law; and the fact, that they were perfectly obscure to their own generation, and are read not without difficulty, as is almost always the case, by later ages, shows that there has been still something wanting to their full and perfect development.

Nothing, perhaps (excepting of course the invention of printing), has so powerfully contributed to the richness of modern literature as the infinite variety, the constant vicissitudes in the political

political and social state of the different nations of Europe. In the literature of each land, as in a mirror, we behold these perpetual changes—the intervals of excitement and repose—of restless activity, and torpid stagnation—of vigorous exertion, and the lassitude of exhaustion—the succession of more imaginative or more severely-reasoning periods. As one nation, or one language, after maintaining the lead for a short time, drops behind in the glorious race, another starts to the front, sometimes springs far a-head of its wondering contemporaries, or, severely pressed by the emulation of others, hardly keeps its ground.

In general, we think it may be assumed, not indeed as a universal law, but as the usual course of things, that it is *after* the first violent impulse produced by the introduction of a new tone of opinion and sentiment; *after* a period of agitation and excitement, from a sudden or gradual change in the political or social state of the country, that the individual arises who, in poetry or prose, in imaginative excellence or in philosophy, becomes the organ and the representative of the new state of things. There is a scattering of the clouds, a stirring of the stagnant waters, a manifest yearning after something undefined; many unsuccessful efforts to satisfy the cravings of the human mind; failures which show the way to success, imperfect outlines and rude designs, the pangs and throes of a great but yet immature birth. At length, the individual appears who comprehends at once his own power and the character of his times, or at least intuitively feels himself in harmony with the demands of the stirring and yet dissatisfied age; and in one great work, or series of works, concentrates the invention, the knowledge, the poetry, sometimes not of one nation alone, but of the republic of letters. He feels his divine mission, and his mission is acknowledged.

At the period at which Mr. Hallam's second volume commences, the latter half of the sixteenth century, the strong and governing impulses of the European intellect were the yet imperfect, or at least far from general, revival of classical learning, the Reformation, and the vigorous reaction of Roman Catholicism in southern Europe. Italy was the acknowledged parent both of the poetry and the general literature of Christendom; Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, stood almost alone as the vernacular poets of Europe—the Nibelungen of the Germans, and the Cid of Spain, belonged to a passed age, and our own Chaucer, with all his imitable humour, invention, and sweetness, was fettered in his influence by the yet rude and imperfect state of the English language). In the revival of letters, Italy had asserted the same priority, if not pre-eminence, with her Ficinus, Politian, and

other

well-known names. But in this latter department, the polished, and gradually servilising Italy began to shrink her bold Platonic reveries, and that ardent homage to cal literature, which for a short period was her religion, in fact, set itself above her Christianity; she began to to the cultivation of mere style, to limit her timid ambition rity of diction, and harmony of Latin period. In the mean the more masculine and independent transalpine mind fol- l up the study of the classics with unwearied industry. in Latin style, perhaps, after all, Muretus, and the other ed scholars of this period in Italy, never reached the ease idiomatic, if perhaps less rigidly correct, flow of Erasmus; e, in the more solid attainments of scholarship, they fall far y the Casaubons and Scaligers of northern Europe.

is remarkable that, while thus in the vain cultivation of a Latin style, Italy was retiring from the foremost rank of pean scholars, from the loss of her independence, the enforced mission to petty domestic or to mightier foreign tyrannies, growth of her vernacular prose seemed stifled in its birth. it ever, even in later times, equalled the nerve, the precise- the perspicuity of Machiavelli? Excellent as are some of istorians in many of the highest qualifications of their calling hough we cannot read Davila, Guicciardini, or even, perhaps est in style, Sarpi; in later days Giannone, and we are dis- l to add Galluzzi, without the highest admiration of their rs—yet more or less the same interminable and intricate city of sentence, the same want of vivid perspicuity, of ease, tural pause and emphasis, the same elaborately unfinished inharmonious periods, chill our delight in reading them into y and a task. Many of their admirable political and philo- cal treatises labour under the same defect. Galileo stands st alone, not merely in the matter, but in the manner of his osition. We should at once decide that political independ- with its constant practical intercourse of man and man, its ions of intellect, and its absolute necessity of commanding opular mind by clear, and intelligible, and striking language, absolutely indispensable to the formation of a good prose if we were not suddenly arrested in our sentence by the ght of the great writers of France under Louis XIV. But, abstanding the enormous pedantry of her lawyers, and the want of taste in the more formal and elaborate writings of period, we are inclined to think that the more terse and anid and perspicuous form of French prose was at least com- ed in the previous time of political faction and tumult. y of the pamphlets addressed to the people speak a rude perhaps,

perhaps, but popular, and therefore direct and intelligible style. Montaigne, no doubt, with his unwrought, yet lucid language, contributed greatly to this result. And, as we shall hereafter attempt to show, the concentration of France in the capital; the manners of the court, profound in nothing, but aspiring to be brilliant in everything; the pulpit, which to its kingly or aristocratical audience could not speak but in a pure and polished diction, accomplished that which in many other countries has not yet come to maturity, in our own has been formed no doubt by the concurrent influences of parliamentary speaking, the bar, and the periodical press.

But Italy had not completed her triumvirate, if we include Petrarch, her great quaternion of poets. Tasso was yet to fulfil his mission, and take his place in the highest constellation of modern poetic literature. We have just received a very pleasing and judicious essay by Ranke, the historian of the Popes, on the history of Italian poetry ('Zur Geschichte der Italienischen Poesie'), in which we rejoice to find a close coincidence with our own views of the influence which gave its peculiar form and character to the '*Jerusalem Delivered*.' Though Mr. Hallam has not looked upon it quite from the same point of view, his general sentiment is to a great degree in accordance with our own and with that of Ranke.

'The *Jerusalem*,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'is the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times. It was justly observed by Voltaire, that in the choice of his subject Tasso is superior to Homer. Whatever interest tradition might have attached among the Greeks to the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector, was slight to those genuine recollections which were associated with the first crusade. It was not the theme of a single people, but of Europe; not a fluctuating tradition, but certain history; yet history so far remote from the poet's time, as to adapt itself to his purpose with almost the flexibility of fable. Nor could the subject have been chosen so well in another age or country; it was still the holy war, and the sympathies of his readers were easily excited for religious chivalry; but, in Italy, this was no longer an absorbing sentiment; and the stern tone of bigotry, which perhaps might still have been required from a Castilian poet, would have been dissonant amidst the soft notes that charmed the court of Ferrara.'—vol. ii. pp. 268, 269.

This great poem arose from the union of the dominant classical taste with the lingering love of romance or chivalry, blended, as it were, and harmonised by the strong religious feeling which had arisen out of the reviving Roman Catholicism. Tasso himself is the irrefragable authority for his own design of harmonising in one poem the nobler characteristics of the modern romance and the ancient epic; the richness and variety of the one, with the symmetry

symmetry and unity of the other. Mr. Hallam has not noticed (we think they deserve a place in the history of literature) either the prose works, or the very sweet and graceful minor poems of Tasso. In his prose writings, the author of the *Jerusalem* has himself explained the philosophy of his poem. The tender and sensitive temperament of Tasso, which turned away in unconquerable repugnance from the study of the law, applied itself with the severest study to the principles of poetical criticism. An epic poet at the age of eighteen; his *Rinaldo* had already something of the union of chivalrous interest and adventure with a simpler fable. But in his discourse on heroic poetry, which M. Ranke assigns to the twenty-first year of his age (A.D. 1564),* Tasso developed the whole theory of his poetical design. After an eloquent description of the variety and unity of the world, he proceeds, 'So do I conceive that by an excellent poet, who is called *divine* for no reason but because he resembles in his work the Supreme Artificer, a poem might be formed, in which, as in a little world, might be read, here the array of armies; here battles by land and sea, sieges, skirmishes, single combats, joustings; here descriptions of famine and of drought, tempests, conflagrations, prodigies; there might be found the councils of celestial and infernal beings, seditions, wanderings, chances, enchantments; there deeds of cruelty, of daring, of courtesy, of generosity; there love-adventures, happy or unhappy, joyous or melancholy; yet, nevertheless, the poem which comprehends this variety might be one, one in form and spirit; and that all these things should be arranged in such a manner as to have a mutual relation and correspondence, a dependence either of necessity or of verisimilitude upon each other, so that one part either taken away, or changed in its position, would destroy the unity of the whole.' Throughout this discourse and the next, on the art of poetry, the two standing examples, to which Tasso appeals, are the *Orlando* of Ariosto and the *Italia Liberata* of Trissino; and he constantly argues that it is not the irregularity of the former, but its inexhaustible interest, its vivid delineation of character, its unfailing poetry, that forms its lasting and irresistible charm—while the total failure of the other is attributable to the ill-chosen subject, the servile imitation of Homer, the want of life, originality, and truth, not to the more simple and classical construction of the fable.

* There appears to us some difficulty as to the date of the 'Discorso.' M. Ranke observes, that Tasso was the first productive genius who set out from a mature and perfect theory to its accomplishment in a great poem. Yet there are some expressions at the beginning of the 'Discorso' which appear to intimate that it was written after the poem had been begun. It was published much later, but Tasso asserts that he had made few additions to his original treatise:—'*Laquale io composi in pochi giorni—e molti anni prima che io ripigliassi il poema tralasciato nel terzo o nel quarto canto*' (*Opere di Tasso*, t. xii. p. 8, edit. 1823).

The subject chosen by Tasso for his great poem, combined with singular felicity the truth of history with the richest fiction. It lay in a period in which history itself was romance; in which the wildest adventures of chivalry mingled with the vivid realities of life; its scene was placed in that marvellous East, independent of its sacred associations, so fertile in wonder—in which the imagination of Europe had long wandered—among the courts of gorgeous satraps and sultans—in battle-fields where the turbaned and misbelieving hosts swarmed in myriads—the realms of boundless wealth, of pride, of magic, of seductive beauty, and of valour which made its chieftains worthy antagonists of the noblest chivalry: above all, it was a war of religion, it was Christendom arrayed against Mohammedanism, the cross against the crescent, the worshipper of Christ against, as he was strangely called, the heathen and idolatrous Saracen. It was in this severe and solemn spirit, which the revival of Roman Catholicism had spread almost throughout Italy, that Tasso conceived and accomplished his poem. The age would no longer have endured, the strengthened Church would have sternly proscribed, had it not already been in possession of the popular mind, the free and mocking irony of Pulci—or even that from which it was too late to disenchant the enamoured ear, the gayer, more voluptuous Ariosto. It was, in fact, this earnest religious feeling which was the inspiration of Tasso, and working to excess upon his morbid and distempered spirit, darkened the noonday of his life with the deepest misery. Tasso had been educated in a school of the Jesuits, that order which was now in the first outbreak of its fervent piety and zealous intolerance. He had received the sacrament at nine years old, and though comprehending little of the mystic significance of that holy rite, his heart had been profoundly impressed by the majesty of the scene and of the place, the preparation, the visible emotion of the communicants, who stood around with deep suppressed murmurs, or beating their breasts with their hands. The hatred of unbelief and heresy, mingled up with all this deep religious sentiment, found its free vent in a holy war against the infidels: while the exquisite tenderness of Tasso's own disposition, his amorous sensibilities, which—however we dismiss the tale of his passionate and fatal attachment to the royal Leonora—* breathe throughout his youthful sonnets and madrigals, constantly relieved the ferocity of barbarous war, and the terrors of diabolic enchantment, by gentle and pathetic touches. The Sophronia,

* There is a *Saggio sugli Amori di Torquato Tasso, e sulle cause della sua Prigionia*, by G. Rosini, in the recent Pisa edition of his works. It revives the theory of the passion for the Princess Eleanora: we have read it, we confess, without conviction, and with serious doubts of the authenticity of certain poems, which have recently appeared as from the pen of Tasso.

the Erminia, the Gildippe, and even Clorinda in her last hours, are the creations of a mind sensitively awake to all that is pure, gentle, and exquisite in woman; even over Armida herself, before he parts with her, the tender spirit of Tasso cannot help throwing some pathetic interest. It is this earnest religious sentiment which appears to harmonise the wild and incongruous materials, assembled by Tasso in his poem. No great poet, perhaps scarcely Virgil himself, has imitated so copiously as Tasso: M. Ranke has indicated the original of Armida in a continuation of the romance of Amadis. The classical reader is perpetually awakened to reminiscences of the whole cycle of the Latin poets; but it is all blended and fused together; it is become completely his own; his sustained style, of which almost the sole variation is from stately dignity to, sometimes perhaps luscious, sweetness—in which the grandeur not seldom soars into pomp, the softness melts into conceit—nevertheless appropriates, as it were, and incorporates all these foreign thoughts, images, and sentiments.

That which was the inspiration of his poem, this high-wrought religious feeling, was fatal to his peace. It is clear that it was no hopeless passion, but a morbid dread of religious error, which is the key to his domestic tragedy. He was haunted with the consciousness that his mind was constantly dallying with unlawful thoughts and proscribed opinions. His terror, as was the natural consequence, deepened his doubts—his doubts aggravated his terror. The Jesuit vigilance, he was aware, was prying into the secrets of all hearts; the Inquisition was tracing the very thoughts, the unuttered, the rejected, yet still present thoughts, to their inmost sanctuary. Self-convicted he offered himself in his agony to their scrutiny; he subjected himself to their inquiries, and their solemn acquittal could alone give rest to his perturbed spirit. 'First,' as M. Ranke truly states the distressing case, 'he appeared voluntarily before the inquisitor at Bologna, who dismissed him with good advice. Soon after he presented himself before the inquisitor at Ferrara; he too gave him absolution. Yet even this did not content him. It appeared to him that the investigation had not been sufficiently searching, and that the absolution was not sufficiently full and authoritative: he wrote letters to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, to the great inquisitor himself, to obtain a more ample absolution.' All this with the degrading sense of his servile and dependent state at the court of Ferrara, the consciousness of great powers and great poetic achievements, which seemed unrequited or unhonoured; the envy of his enemies, which appeared to justify his mistrust of

all mankind; his ill-judged, if not ill-intentioned treatment by his royal patrons, who, while they were proud of the fame which he reflected on their court, at one moment seem to have pampered him with misdirected kindness, the next irritated him by contemptuous harshness — all this, embittering and exasperating the religious doubts which he would shake off, but which clung to him — overthrew at length the beautiful harmony of his soul; and seemed to call for that restraint which, if he was not already mad, must inevitably make him so.

Mr. Hallam declines the personal history of Tasso as not belonging to his plan; we shall pursue it no farther than as thus inseparably connected with his great work. His poetic mind never recovered this fearful trial. In his more sober mood, he laid his desperate hands on his own immortal poem, which was happily already too deeply stamped on the hearts of the people; the music of its high-wrought stanzas was already on the lips of the peasant or the gondolier, where it is still heard; the poem had been far too widely disseminated to submit to the chilling process of reformation, to which he dedicated some unprofitable years. It is well for us that Tasso's youthful poetical sin (as he esteemed it) was irretrievable. It is curious to examine the cold and pedantic *Giudizio*, in which he establishes the principles on which he chilled down the bright and youthful *Gerusalemme Liberata* to the lifeless *Gerusalemme Conquistata*. All the romance has withered away; the variety, the grandeur, the tenderness, now find no responsive chord in his heart; the balance is destroyed; it drags down its heavy weight all on one side; the classical regularity and the historic truth of the fable, or the religious orthodoxy of the sentiments, are the exclusive points on which he dwells. He boasts that every one of the characters in the *Iliad* finds a parallel in his poem, and that almost all the incidents are counterparts of his great model. In all that relates to the Deity or the preterhuman world, it is his sole study to prove his rigid orthodoxy; he quotes the authority of St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and that strange work which exercised such unbounded influence on the imagination of the dark ages, and, attributed to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, became the indisputable authority with regard to the monarchy of heaven, the names, nature, and offices of all the hosts of the angels. If it could be read by any one familiar with the exquisite original, the '*Conquistata*' would be the most melancholy book in any language. We must pass away, however, from this inexhaustible subject of interest.

One thing was now indispensable to the originality and independence of European letters. The classical taste which had

reasserted

asserted its dominion had an insuperable tendency to degenerate into servile imitation of classical form, without regard to the primary principles of the noble and the beautiful, out of which those forms had arisen. The ecclesiastical spirit which was now embodied in the Jesuit system of education, while it seemed to enlarge, drew a more stern and impassable circle round the intellect of man. That which was wanting was the creation of a poetic and intellectually vigorous Teutonic literature. It has not been generally observed how completely the Reformation was a Teutonic movement; all the nations of Roman descent, or of which the Latin was the dominant element in the language, settled down under the Papal yoke. But though the renewed activity of the religious orders, especially the Jesuits, uniting with the unprincipled and sanguinary despotism of the government, won back southern Germany, the Austrian and Bavarian dominions, into allegiance to the see of Rome, almost all the rest of the Teutonic race remained faithful to Protestantism under some of its forms; while all the nations whose languages sprung from the Latin, reverted at the end to the supremacy of the Pope. Germany, however, was doomed to a long period of anarchy and desolation, to be succeeded, it should seem, by the lassitude of exhaustion. First, the wars of the peasants, and then the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein on one side, and Gustavus Adolphus on the other, laid waste her suffering provinces; her few brief intervals of repose were almost as unfavourable, from many circumstances, for literary activity, at least for the formation of a native literature, as those of war and confusion. There was no central point, no capital to encourage, no concentration of men of letters, or of those political employments which lead to the development of letters. There was no one dialect completely dominant; and either as cause or consequence, no *German* writers in the proper sense. All her great men, her Leibnitzes, even down to Mosheim, wrote in Latin. Since the bible of Luther, there was no vigorous impulse to her copious, pliant, and, as it has since proved, both imaginative and philosophical vernacular language, till very modern days.

England, on the other hand, appeared under circumstances singularly favourable for this great intellectual movement. From the accession of Elizabeth to the civil wars, England enjoyed a period of unbroken internal peace; but this peace had nothing of the languor of exhaustion or the dreary repose of a tyrannic rule. The spent wave of the Reformation had left a strong and tumultuous swell. The land had burst her bonds, and rejoiced in the fresh and conscious strength of her emancipation. There was a splendid court under a female sovereign, which could not but retain something of a chivalrous and romantic tone. There

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was a nobility, enriched with the spoils of the monasteries, with its adventurous spirit kept sufficiently alive by the still menaced feuds of foreign war and of Spanish invasion; yet with much idle time, some of which, among those of high attainments, could not but betake itself to the cultivation and patronage of letters. There was a Church, which still retained some magnificence, and, though triumphant, was yet in too unsafe and unsettled a state to sink into the torpor of an ancient establishment; it was rather in constant agitation, on one side, from the restless spirit of the Roman Catholics, with all their busy array of missionary priests and jesuits; on the other, against the brooding spirit of ecclesiastical democracy, among the Mar-prelates, the first religious ancestors of the puritans. There were the earliest efforts of our commerce; the wild and adventurous exploits of our Drakes and Frobishers in the Spanish main; the El Dorado fictions of Raleigh. Throughout the whole moral, social, intellectual, and religious being of man, there was a strong excitement, an intense agitation, but nothing of the confusion of disorder, the desolation of internal war, the furious and absorbing collision of hostile factions. It was, if we may use the expression, the motion of a creative spirit on stirring chaos; there was quiet enough to allow that which sprung to life to develop itself to its full maturity; and throughout this whole period, England, as it gradually advanced to that height of internal prosperity described by Clarendon in the first splendid pages of his history, developed with still more rapid and unchecked growth her intellectual energy and riches. It was natural that where so many poetic elements mingled themselves with human life, the first impulse should throw itself off, as it were, in poetic creation. The classical movement, the admiration of the writers of Greece and Rome, was not unfelt in England, but it was kept in subordination to the native, the Teutonic, according to the language of modern criticism, the *romantic* character of the new poetry. The poets, either in their happy ignorance, or in their disdainful freedom, paid no attention to the forms and rules of antiquity. They acted on their own intuitive perception of the forms which were adapted to their own unshackled inventions. Their own sense of the noble, the moving, the beautiful, was their law: where they borrowed and naturalised, they were the fair shapes and lofty impersonations, the mythologic fables of paganism, which they mingled up with the Christian imagery of the middle ages, so that the Grecian polytheism assumed with them a romantic character, and even the ancient history of Greece and Rome retained something of the legendary tone with which it had been invested during the dark ages.

Spenser, allowing all proper honour to the author of part of
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The Mirror for Magistrates, was the first creative spirit of this new Teutonic poetry. Mr. Hallam has dwelt with a profound feeling for his beauty, yet with something of rigid discrimination, of which we deny not the justice, on Spenser; in the first paragraph, which we extract, he has shown how strongly, even in the fanciful Spenser, the religious impressions of the age maintain their predominance.

‘The first book of the Faery Queen is a complete poem, and, far from requiring any continuation, is rather injured by the useless re-appearance of its hero in the second. It is generally admitted to be the finest of the six. In no other is the allegory so clearly conceived by the poet, or so steadily preserved, yet with a disguise so delicate, that no one is offended by that servile setting forth of a moral meaning we frequently meet with in allegorical poems; and the reader has the gratification that good writing in works of fiction always produces, that of exercising his own ingenuity without perplexing it. That the red cross knight, designates the militant Christian, whom Una, the true church, loves, whom Duessa, the type of popery, seduces, who is reduced almost to despair, but rescued by the intervention of Una, and the assistance of Faith, Hope, and Charity, is what no one feels any difficulty in acknowledging, but what every one may easily read the poem without perceiving or remembering. In an allegory conducted with such propriety, and concealed or revealed with so much art, there can surely be nothing to repel our taste; and those who read the first book of the Faery Queen without pleasure, must seek (what others perhaps will be at no loss to discover for them) a different cause for their indifference, than the tediousness or insipidity of allegorical poetry. Every canto of this book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout with an uniformity it does not always afterwards maintain, unsullied by flattery, unobstructed by pedantry, and unquenched by languor.’—vol. ii. p. 323, 324.

‘It has been justly observed by a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others almost as invidious to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, that “no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser.”* In Virgil and Tasso this was not less powerful; but even they, even the latter himself, do not hang with such a tenderness of delight, with such a forgetful delay, over the fair creations of their fancy. Spenser is not averse to images that jar on the mind by exciting horror or disgust, and sometimes his touches are rather too strong; but it is on love and beauty, on holiness and virtue, that he reposes with all the sympathy of his soul. The slowly sliding motion of his stanza, “with many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out,” beautifully corresponds to the dreamy enchantment of his

* Mr. Hallam alludes to a series of papers on Spenser in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ evidently from the pen of Professor Wilson.

description,

description, when Una, or Belphebe, or Florimel, or Amoret, are present to his mind. In this varied delineation of female perfection, no earlier poet had equalled him; nor, excepting Shakespeare, has he had, perhaps, any later rival.

Spenser is naturally compared with Ariosto. "Fierce wars and faithful loves did moralise the song" of both poets. But in the constitution of their minds, in the character of their poetry, they were almost the reverse of each other. The Italian is gay, rapid, ardent; his pictures shift like the hues of heaven; even while diffuse, he seems to leave in an instant what he touches, and is prolix by the number, not the duration, of his images. Spenser is habitually serious; his slow stanza seems to suit the temper of his genius; he loves to dwell on the sweetness and beauty which his fancy portrays. The ideal of chivalry, rather derived from its didactic theory, than from the precedents of romance, is always before him; his morality is pure and even stern, with nothing of the libertine tone of Ariosto. He worked with far worse tools than the bard of Ferrara, with a language not quite formed, and into which he rather injudiciously poured an unnecessary archaism, while the style of his contemporaries was undergoing a rapid change in the opposite direction. His stanza of nine lines is particularly inconvenient and languid in narration, where the Italian octave is sprightly and vigorous; though even this becomes ultimately monotonous by its regularity, a fault from which only the ancient hexameter and our blank verse are exempt.

Spenser may be justly said to excel Ariosto in originality of invention, in force and variety of character, in strength and vividness of conception, in depth of reflection, in fertility of imagination, and above all, in that exclusively poetical cast of feeling, which discerns in everything what common minds do not perceive. In the construction and arrangement of their fable neither deserved much praise; but the siege of Paris gives the Orlando Furioso, spite of its perpetual shiftings of the scene, rather more unity in the reader's apprehension than belongs to the Faery Queen. Spenser is, no doubt, decidedly inferior in ease and liveliness of narration, as well as clearness and felicity of language. But, upon thus comparing the two poets, we have little reason to blush for our countryman. Yet the fame of Ariosto is spread through Europe, while Spenser is almost unknown out of England; and even in this age, when much of our literature is so widely diffused, I have not observed proofs of much acquaintance with him on the continent.—vol. ii. pp. 325—328.

But that part of Spenser's poetic mission to which we would chiefly direct the reader's attention is his development of the capacities of the English language. Conceding to Mr. Hallam all the faults of his diction, his affectation of archaisms, his feeble expletives, and his alliterations; admitting that the peculiar form and complicated construction of his stanza is not well adapted for poetic narrative, yet to Spenser we are indebted for the first display of the latent riches and harmony of our native tongue.

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Though there is something singularly, if we may so say, prematurely English in Chaucer's painting of manners; though in this respect no later poet, not even Crabbe, has been more true, native, or vernacular, yet his language, it cannot be denied, was rude and imperfect, hovering between a Saxon and a Norman pronunciation. The other native poets, the authors of 'Piers Ploughman,' and Skelton, might show something of its nervous and homely power; but to unlock the hidden cells of its harmony, to show its infinite variety, picturesqueness, and flexibility, remained for the poet of the 'Faery Queen.' In all his fantastic prodigality of invention, Spenser is never restrained by the want of adequate language. His endless train of images array themselves instantaneously in varied and harmonious words; if his eye is sensitive to every form of beauty, so is his ear to every sound of music: the very difficulty and complexity of his stanza shows at once his unlimited command of poetic language, and that language falls at once, with rare instances of effort or artificial skill, into flowing and easy verse. His very faults seem to rise out of the wanton redundancy of power, rather than from the constraint of insufficient or inflexible diction. Whatever English poetic language may have gained in vigour, in perspicuity, or in precision, almost its earliest poet seems to have discovered and exhausted its fertility, its pliancy, and its melody.

Yet there might be some danger, lest, from the impulse of Spenser's exquisite fancy and music of diction, a peculiar and exclusive poetic dialect and tone of versification should be formed, as in Italy, which might refuse to approximate to real life, and to the common and familiar vocabulary of man. Lest this should be the case, lest poetry should cease to be popular, idiomatic, and vernacular, arose the Elizabethan drama. There appeared at once another form of this various art of poetry, which, however it might deal in bold and copious metaphor, and soar occasionally to the utmost height of invention, yet, as addressed to the general ear, must speak a language generally intelligible to the many. While Spenser, on the shores of Mulla, environed by a population which spoke another, and to his ears most barbarous and inharmonious language, far removed not merely from the capital, but from the shores of England, was, nevertheless, in this romantic seclusion, carrying the language to its height of perfection—Shakspeare and his brother dramatists, living with men of all ranks and degrees, from the Southamptons and Pembrokes, and the jovial crew at the Mitre, to the Clowns and the Dogberrys (too faithfully described not to have been drawn directly from real life), set our poetic language free again, and made it the living and variable expression of human life. The diction of Shakspeare's
juvenile

juvenile poems was imaginative, if we may so say, Spenserian; and in some of his early plays this over-fanciful, luscious, and unfamiliar tone is struggling, as it were, with the more vigorous vernacular of the comic and less poetic scenes: it is only in his later plays that he has those occasional passages of over-wrought metaphysical diction, which hardens into obscurity (on which Mr. Hallam animadvert with his usual fearless freedom, vol. ii. p. 577). It might almost seem that Shakspeare, astonished at his own wonderful success in embodying his conceptions in that language which started up unbidden to his lips, began to mistrust his own inexplicable facility, and to suppose that with strong effort he might attain even greater things. Shakspeare is now not great and happy except when he strives to be peculiarly so. But in his ordinary, in his happier vein, Shakspeare, independent of all his other unspeakable claims upon our admiration and gratitude, has that of showing that our language is not merely capable of supplying the retired and unworldly fancy of the poet, who stands aloof from common life, with an inexhaustible profusion of bright and harmonious words, but likewise of bringing poetry, as it were, into the busy stir of men, into courts and cities, into the agitated palaces of the great, and the humbler households of the poor; and in this respect, and in this alone, he is worthily followed, and almost rivalled, by his prolific school, by Fletcher, Massinger, and even some of the inferior dramatists. We should not do Mr. Hallam justice if we did not direct our readers' attention to some of his observations on Shakspeare, which appear to us both just and original. We must take for this purpose a desperate leap over more than half his third volume—an inconvenience, perhaps, inseparable from his arrangement of literary history into periods of half a century, but which interposes so long a space between the earlier and the later plays of Shakspeare:—

‘ If originality of invention did not so much stamp almost every play of Shakspeare that to name one as the most original seems a disparagement to others, we might say that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in *Lear*. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than *Macbeth* or *Othello*, and even more than *Hamlet*; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost super-human inspiration of the poet as the other two. *Lear* himself is, perhaps, the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions, ideal to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealised from the reality of nature. In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abases him to the ground; it is not *Œdipus*, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not *Orestes*, noble minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming

redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows, intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden, as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning power together give way one after the other in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out, more profound than Lear in his prosperous hour could ever have conceived; inconsequent, for such is the condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind.

Timon of Athens is cast, as it were, in the same mould as Lear; it is the same essential character, the same generosity, more from wanton ostentation than love of others, the same fierce rage under the smart of ingratitude, the same rousing up, in that tempest, of powers that had slumbered unsuspected in some deep recess of the soul; for had Timon or Lear known that philosophy of human nature in their calmer moments which fury brought forth, they would never have had such terrible occasion to display it. The thoughtless confidence of Lear in his children has something in it far more touching than the self-beggary of Timon; though both one and the other have prototypes enough in real life. And as we give the old king more of our pity, so a more intense abhorrence accompanies his daughters and the worse characters of that drama than we spare for the miserable sycophants of the Athenian. Their thanklessness is anticipated, and springs from the very nature of their calling; it verges on the beaten road of comedy. In this play there is neither a female personage, except two courtezans, who hardly speak, nor any prominent character (the honest steward is not such), redeemed by virtue enough to be estimable; for the cynic Apemantus is but a cynic, and ill replaces the noble Kent of the other drama. The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action, a fault of which Shakspeare is not guilty in any other instance, that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject. But there seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worsen nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer,

longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In *Lear* it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in *Timon* it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: As you Like It being usually referred to 1600, *Hamlet*, in its altered form, to about 1602, *Timon* to the same year, *Measure for Measure* to 1603, and *Lear* to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages. *Timon* is less read and less pleasing than the great majority of Shakspeare's plays; but it abounds with signs of his genius. Schlegel observes that of all his works it is that which has most satire; comic in representation of the parasites, indignant and Juvenalian in the bursts of *Timon* himself.—vol. iii. pp. 566-569.

We are inclined to add these observations on *Coriolanus*. 'This fault' (that of too close an adherence to history, or rather, perhaps, to Plutarch, which may be observed in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*)—

'is by no means discerned in the third Roman tragedy of Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*. He luckily found an intrinsic historical unity which he could not have destroyed, and which his magnificent delineation of the chief personage has thoroughly maintained. *Coriolanus* himself has the grandeur of sculpture; his proportions are colossal, nor would less than this transcendent superiority by which he towers over his fellow-citizens warrant, or seem for the moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity. The surprising judgment of Shakspeare is visible in this. A dramatist of the second class, a Corneille, a Schiller, or an Alfieri, would not have lost the occasion of representing the plebeian form of courage and patriotism. A tribune would have been made to utter noble speeches, and some critics would have extolled the balance and contrast of the antagonist principles. And this might have degenerated into the general saws of ethics and politics which philosophical tragedians love to pour forth. But Shakspeare instinctively perceived that to render the arrogance of *Coriolanus* endurable to the spectator, or dramatically probable, he must abase the plebeians to a contemptible populace. The sacrifice of historic truth is often necessary for the truth of poetry. The citizens of early Rome, "*rusticorum mascula militum proles*," are indeed calumniated in his scenes, and might almost pass for burgesses of Stratford; but the unity of emotion is not dissipated by contradictory energies. *Coriolanus* is less rich in poetical style than the other two, but the comic parts are full of humour. In these three tragedies it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest, something of a *grandiosity* in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakspeare had not read that history without entering into its spirit."—vol. iii. pp. 572, 573.

But it was not only the imagination of man, the creative poetic faculty,

ulty, which was thus set free, and, during this period, if we may say, of quiescent agitation, of general mental excitement, yet of repose, spoke to the awakened passions and stirring thoughts of men;—in England was first formed a vigorous and comprehensive Teutonic literature in prose. The first active and violent conflicts of the Reformation could scarcely perhaps be considered a literary strife; as far as it was promoted or retarded by published writings, it was a war of religious pamphlets, none of which can be adduced as a model of good English. However striking and pithy as are some of the rude and homely sentences of Latimer; however some of the earlier documents of the Church—the first set of homilies—are plain, perspicuous, and masculine in their diction, yet till the latter half of Elizabeth's reign we cannot date the development of anything like good English prose. There is one writer whom Mr. Hallam does not notice in this character, who, we think, deserves some mention,—Father Parsons, the Jesuit, whose religious, even more than his political writings, as to style, might find a place in a history of literature. Both Hooker and Bacon, as far as the latter ventured to deviate from the established usage of publishing philosophic disquisitions in Latin, were, in some degree, what Spenser and Shakspeare were to Teutonic poetry. The 'Ecclesiastical Polity' was the first great work which showed the depth, the fullness, the precision, to a certain point, the harmony of English prose composition. The nature of its subject, nevertheless, confined it to a peculiar and theological dialect, almost at times swelling out into poetry; and it was on the whole too solemn, as it were, for the practical and every-day business of life. The language of Bacon, particularly in his Essays, instinct as it is with imagery, delighting, and at times perplexing, the reader with the happiest and sometimes with remote and whimsical analogies, approaches more nearly to that of ordinary persons: it has still, even on the highest subjects, more of the tone of the man of the world than of the secluded and meditative divine. It gave a presage, at least, of what English might become as the language of a free, a reasoning, and a practical people.

The Reformation, or rather, perhaps, to ascend to the primary and moving cause of the Reformation itself, the invention of printing, had set loose all the great questions not merely of theological but of political science and speculative philosophy. Throughout Europe, wherever there was a period of cessation from actual war or civil contention, men of different degrees of strength, sagacity, and subtlety encountered those problems, some of which were within the sphere, some stretched far beyond the limits of human knowledge. At first the boundaries of the several

several branches of inquiry were vague and uncertain. Mr. Hallam must have experienced some difficulty in assigning the more distinguished and universal writers to their proper spheres. Speculative philosophy was straining to throw off the long-established yoke of theology; theology struggled to maintain its supremacy, not over metaphysics alone, but over physical sciences. In the south of Europe, the re-established power and vigilance of the church, the strict uniformity of the Jesuit system of education, though it could not entirely suppress the struggles of the rebellious intellect, yet succeeded in taming it to more complete, though not such manifest, subjection. Mr. Hallam, following M. Ranke (we venture to refer to our own articles on M. Ranke's history), has done ample justice to the influence of the Jesuit order. But the very merits of the Jesuit education were its most dangerous influences. It raised the general level of instruction, and thereby seemed to acquire a right to keep down everything which could aspire above it. Paradoxical as it may sound, we suspect that nothing would tend so much as a universal, regular, and uniform education to suppress genius, originality, and invention. What really great mind, which has advanced human knowledge in any one of its more important branches, arose out of the Jesuit schools, those schools which, no doubt, to a certain extent, encouraged and disseminated letters and philosophy? Descartes, it must be remembered, though educated in a Jesuit school, before he began to philosophise had retired beyond their influence, into the free atmosphere of Holland. In our admiration of Galileo, and our indignant sympathy in his persecution, we cannot but consider what Galileo might have been, if his lot had been cast in a northern country. It is impossible to calculate the unseen and impalpable weight of popish despotism in depressing the free and aspiring intellect. The consciousness of restraint, the constant balancing between the value and importance of a discovery, and the risk and odium of offending the established rule by publishing it, the natural desire of peace, which is so necessary to calm and meditative inquiry, hold down by their own imperceptible chains the strongest and most courageous spirit. The Italian mind seems never to have been wanting in philosophical invention and subtlety (the geologists, we believe, look to Italy for the legitimate parents of their science), but their motions have been too jealously watched, their progress so much impeded by the resistance of educational and ecclesiastical prejudices, that they have contributed in a less degree than might have been expected to the advancement of human knowledge. Even in letters, Sarpi was safe only under the protection of his Venetian countrymen who steadily maintained their independence against the papal see; but at a much later

period, the persecution of Giannone showed that history could speak with freedom on subjects connected with the conflicting interests of the church and the state. The natural consequence of this has been, that in Italy when bolder and more irregular minds burst their bondage, they have plunged desperately forward, and rushed into the most extreme opinions. In religion this was the case with those reformers who were prudent or fortunate enough to escape beyond the frontiers of Italy, the Socini, and, among others, Aconcio, the first writer, as Mr. Hallam justly observes, who limited the fundamental articles of Christianity to a small number (Aconcio himself was, probably, an Arian, and added the Trinity among the disputable points), and anticipated the broad principle of toleration, which was afterwards asserted by the Arminians of Holland, and by Jeremy Taylor, in his celebrated 'Treatise on the Liberty of Prophesying.' In speculative philosophy, they went wandering on, in the seclusion of their own souls, and might almost seem to take delight in tampering with forbidden thoughts. Mr. Hallam has given a very good view of the pantheistic tenets of Telesio, of Jordano Bruno, and, at a later period, of the singularly fanciful hypotheses of Campanella. On these writers, however, we must content ourselves with a reference to his volumes. The extreme political theories were in general the growth of countries, in which men's minds, as in France, been wrought up by fierce factions and civil wars to the most violent oppugnancy; or where on one side the reforming principle asserted the supremacy of the State, the living Roman Catholicism that of the Church, with the most uncompromising and unlimited vehemence. The oppressions of the governments, which were enough 'to drive a wise man mad' the classical studies, which offered the republics of Greece and Rome for models of public liberty—the fanaticism, which sought only precedents in the Jewish polity—the asserted power of the Church over heretical or apostate sovereigns—wrought together in strange accordance to develop and promulgate the doctrine of tyrannicide: the Scotch Republican, the English churchman, the French Leaguer, and the Spanish Jesuit—met either by different roads on this perilous point. Mr. Hallam, at the close of this part of his subject, introduces a luminous indication of the right of Bodin (the author of the 'Republic') in eminent rank among political writers. But the higher philosophy of the mind and of the material world required men of more commanding intellects, and placed in more favourable circumstances, to enable her to burst at once from the shackles of scholasticism, and of the great authority of scholasticism,

lasticism, Aristotle. It is obviously impossible for us to go farther the compressed summary, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hallam, of the weight and influence of the great lights of the mind of man, Bacon, Gassendi, and Descartes. Yet again, we find that the stirring repose of the later part of the sixteenth century, and the yet partially agitated commencement of the seventeenth, gave ample room for Bacon to construct his new system of philosophy; while Descartes might appear to retire, not from the all-watchful vigilance of the church, but likewise from the tumults which had scarcely ceased to desolate his country, to the peaceful dominion of Holland. In one respect, if solitude and meditative retirement, if repose, and freedom of thought and action were his objects, Descartes had mistaken the place chosen for his sanctuary. The dominant Calvinism of Holland was at that time jealous and searching in its vigilance, as narrow in its dictates, and as virulent in its hatred of enlarged philosophy as the Sorbonne or the severest school of the Jesuits. Descartes was happier in his position, and his philosophy came in less contact with theologic questions. We might indeed wish that his moral had been as much above suspicion as his religious seems to have been. Mr. Hallam's object throughout the work is found, and sometimes abstruse, discussions, appears to be awarded with rigid impartiality his fair meed of origin and invention to each of these great labourers in the fabric of human knowledge; he is strictly just, as well to those whose names are accustomed to be heard with reverence and gratitude, as to those who bear a much less popular sound, as Hobbes, and, in the next period, Spinoza. We extract a passage on the much discussed question of the popularity and influence of Bacon's writings.

‘What has been the fame of Bacon, “the wisest, greatest of his kind,” it is needless to say. What has been his real influence on mankind, how much of our enlarged and exact knowledge may be attributed to his inductive method, what of this again has been the result of a thorough study of his writings, and what to an indirect and acquaintance with them, are questions of another kind, and not yet solved. Stewart, the philosopher, who has dwelt most on the influence of Bacon, while he conceives him to have exercised a considerable influence over the English men of science in the seventeenth century, does not, on the authority of Montucla, that he did not “command the admiration of Europe,” till the publication of the preliminary to the French Encyclopædia by Diderot and D’Alembert. But, however, is by much too precipitate a conclusion. He became immediately known on the continent. Gassendi was one of his ardent admirers. Descartes mentions him, I believe, once in a letter to Mersenne in 1632; but he was of all men the most ready to praise a contemporary. It may be said that these were phi-

and that their testimony does not imply the admiration of mankind. At writers of a very different character mention him in a familiar manner. Richelieu is said to have highly esteemed Lord Bacon. And may in some measure be due to this, that in the *Sentimens de l'Académie Française sur le Cid*, he is alluded to, simply by the name of Bacon, as one well known. Voiture, in a letter to Costar, about the same time, bestows high eulogy on some passages of Bacon which his correspondent had sent to him, and observes that Horace would have been astonished to hear a barbarian Briton discourse in such a style. The treatise *De Augmentis* was republished in France in 1624, the year after its appearance in England. It was translated into French as early as 1632; no great proofs of neglect. Editions came out in Holland, 1645, 1652, and 1662. Even the *Novum Organum*, which, as has been said, never became so popular as his other writings, was twice printed in Holland, in 1645, 1650, and 1660. Leibnitz and Wolfenbützel are loud in their expressions of admiration, the former attributing to him the revival of true philosophy as fully as we can at present. I should be more inclined to doubt whether he were adequately valued by his countrymen in his own time, or in the immediately subsequent period. Under the first Stuarts, there was little taste among studious men but for theology, and chiefly for a theology which, proceeding with an extreme deference to authority, could not but generate a disposition of mind, even upon other subjects, alien to the progressive and inquisitive spirit of the inductive philosophy. The institution of the Royal Society, or, rather, the love of physical science out of which that institution arose, in the second part of the seventeenth century, made England resound with the name of her illustrious chancellor. Few now spoke of him without a kind of homage that only the greatest men receive. Yet still it was by natural philosophers alone that the writings of Bacon were much studied. The editions of his works, except the *Essays*, were few; the *Novum Organum* never came separately from the English press. They were not even much quoted; I believe it will be found that the fashion of referring to the brilliant passages of the *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum*, at least in books designed for the general reader, is not much older than the close of the last century. Scotland has the merit of having led the way; Reid, Stewart, Robison, and Playfair turned that which had been a blind veneration into a rational worship; and I should suspect that more have read Lord Bacon within these thirty years than in the two preceding centuries. It may be an usual consequence of the enthusiastic panegyrics lately poured upon his name, that a more positive efficacy has sometimes been attributed to his philosophical writings than they really possessed, and it might be asked whether Italy, where he is probably not much known, were not the true school of experimental philosophy in Europe, whether his methods of investigation were not chiefly such as men of sagacity and lovers of truth might simultaneously have devised. But, whatever may have been the case with respect to actual discoveries in science, we must give to written wisdom its proper due; no books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over

arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared with those liberators of nations, who have given them law by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude.'—vol. iii. pp. 223-228.

Yet, after all which has been written by eloquent men, in earlier or in modern days, especially by a living writer to whom Mr. Hallam alludes, is there anything so fine, so true, or so discriminating, as old Cowley's lines, which, though, as inscribed to the Royal Society, they may appear chiefly addressed to the natural philosophers of his day, yet, as poetry, may perhaps be considered the expression of a more general sentiment? The lines are well known, but will bear repeating:—

'Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
Whom a wise king and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils' cause.

Authority which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout,
With the plain magic of true Reason's light
He chased out of her sight. . . .

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts of but small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.

But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.

The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low afflictions and high happiness:
For who on things remote can fix his sight
Who's always in a triumph or a fight?''*

* As we may not have another opportunity of noticing Cowley in the course of a review, we would say that we fully agree with Mr. Hallam in his estimate of his *faults*; yet we appreciate, we think, rather more favourably his *beauties*. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hallam is right in preferring the *Complaint*, and, as we also think the *Elegy on Mr. Hervey* to that on *Crashaw* the poet, which Johnson considers his finest piece.

Though the resuscitation of Roman Catholicism, its vigorous organisation, as the dominant feeling or passion of southern Europe, and the authority which it assumed over the education of mankind, might restrain the intellectual advancement which was hastening onward to its more perfect development

Protestant countries, and to a certain extent in France, gave birth to a new outburst of poetry, as we have already observed, in Italy, but more manifestly in Spain. The age of literature in Spain was the shortest of any country which has attained to any distinction. It is almost comprehended in the period of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Calderon, which likewise includes its better historians. The religious excitement set with other causes which stirred the stately solemnity of the Spanish mind into activity. Her military glories, the adventurous conquests in America, the wars against the Moors, which, though they soon degenerated into fierce and intolerant persecutions, at first retained some tinge of romance and chivalry—all the best part of her drama, her *Don Quixote*, her historians, perhaps even the best of her ballads, belong to the century which passed between 1550 and 1650. Mr. Hallam speaks with less confidence, and leans more on the authority of others, in his survey of Spanish literature, than in any other part of his undertaking.

Some of their historians, many of whom have at least the spirit of great animation and picturesqueness, and a lofty Spanish dignity, not without some of the more solid qualifications of historic art, he takes, as far as we remember, no notice, except of Mariana, Mendoza, and De Solis. The Spaniards, in their lyric poetry, seemed at one time in danger of yielding to the dominant classical taste of Italy, of stooping to be imitative of an imitative school. Herrera and Luis de Leon, though Horatian, yet in a higher tone than mere copyists, and Villegas, not so much from the form and matter as from the exuberant life and playfulness of his poetry, asserted their title to originality. To us the great interest in the *Araucana* of Ercilla is that the author himself was engaged in the wild warfare which is the subject of the poem. Spain alone has her warrior poets. The adventures of Cervantes are well known; and however wearisome the episodes

of the *Araucana*—however we are perplexed by a sudden interpolation of our Indian war by a long vindication of the virtue of queen Dido against the slanderous anachronisms of Virgil—for the poetry seems to be heightened by an apparent accordance with historical truth; and there is an air of reality about the Caucasian and the Lautaro of the *Araucana* which compensates for the want of many higher poetic qualities. But the poetic fame of Spain rests upon her drama, from which the theatres of other

countries were long content to borrow, either in ungrateful silence, or with a kind of contemptuous gratitude. The imitators seemed to admit that the rude ore was dug from the mine of Spanish invention, but to imply that its whole value and beauty depended on the foreign workmanship. The German critics were the first discoverers of the real poetic merits, especially of Calderon, whom they sometimes place on the same level with Shakspeare; just as other discoverers, when a Tinian or Juan Fernandez has unexpectedly burst upon their sight, have heightened them into an earthly Paradise. Mr. Hallam has done us the honour of subscribing to our estimate of Calderon which appeared many years ago in this Journal, and which still appears to us to be just and true. However far the drama of Spain might recede from the pure morals of Christianity in its complicated amorous adventures, the tricks and subterfuges of its Graciosos, and in the general appeal to the laws of Castilian honour and ancestral pride, rather than to the simpler and more Christian precepts of right and wrong, there can be no doubt that its primary and indeed its unfailing inspiration was religion. Independent of the Autos Sacramentales, which form a class apart, of purely sacred dramas, represented in the festivals of the Church with the solemnities of religion, many of the nobler plays of Calderon, especially the celebrated *Devocion de la Cruz*, were strictly religious tragedies. And it was a religion still fertile in miracle, believing with fond fidelity every wild legend. The hagiography of the Church was to Lope and Calderon what the Grecian mythology was to Æschylus and Sophocles. It was a religion of which the first principle was hatred of the heretic and the infidel—a religion fortified in this fierce intolerance by the long wars with the Moors; which was in no fear of the Inquisition, so genially instinct was it with the same spirit, and, like the Inquisition, in strict accordance with the dominant sentiment. No wonder that where the *Auto de Fè* was a popular exhibition, the milder yet not less fervid fanaticism of Calderon should find the poet's strong encouragement, the response of the human heart to his language and to his opinions.

On one book, however, and that the most important in Spanish literature, our readers will have anticipated, *Don Quixote*, Mr. Hallam has some observations at the same time so original and so worthy of consideration, that we should neither do justice to our readers nor to our author if we should not invite their judgment.

Mr. Hallam first states the theory of '*Don Quixote*,' which has been adopted and followed out with great ingenuity by M. Sismondi.

* According to these writers, the primary idea is that of a "man of elevated

elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the absurd passion for reading old romances." * "The fundamental idea of *Don Quixote*," says Sismondi, "is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose. Men of an elevated soul propose to themselves as the object of life to be the defenders of the weak, the support of the oppressed, the champions of justice and innocence. Like *Don Quixote*, they find on every side the image of the virtues they worship; they believe that disinterestedness, nobleness, courage—in short, knight errantry—are still prevalent; and with no calculation of their own powers, they expose themselves for an ungrateful world, they offer themselves as a sacrifice to the laws and rules of an imaginary state of society." †—vol. iii. pp. 667, 668.

Hence the inference that '*Don Quixote*' is a most melancholy—some even have gone so far as to add, as destroying the generous poetry of life, a most immoral book. Mr. Hallam begins by observing, that as 'the mere enthusiasm of doing good if excited by vanity, and not accompanied by common sense, is seldom very serviceable to mankind ; or, as the world might be much the worse for such heroes, it might not be immoral, notwithstanding their benevolent enthusiasm, to put them out of countenance by a little ridicule.'

'This however is not, as I conceive, the primary aim of Cervantes; nor do I think that the exhibition of one great truth, as the predominant, but concealed, moral of a long work, is in the spirit of his age. He possessed a very thoughtful mind, and a profound knowledge of humanity; yet the generalization which the hypothesis of Bouterwek and Sismondi requires for the leading conception of *Don Quixote*, besides its being a little inconsistent with the valorous and romantic character of its author, belongs to a more advanced period of philosophy than his own.

'In the first chapter of this romance, Cervantes, with a few strokes of a great master, sets before us the pauper gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who, "when he was idle, which was most part of the year," gave himself up to reading books of chivalry till he lost his wits. The events that follow are in every one's recollection; his lunacy consists no doubt only in one idea, but this is so absorbing that it perverts the evidence of his senses, and predominates in all his language. It is to be observed, therefore, in relation to the nobleness of soul ascribed to *Don Quixote*, that every sentiment he utters is borrowed, with a punctilious rigour, from the romances of his library; he resorts to them on every occasion for precedents; if he is intrepidly brave, it is because his madness and vanity have made him believe himself unconquerable; if he bestows kingdoms, it is because *Amadis* would have

* Bouterwek, p. 334.

† *Littérature du Midi*, vol. iii. p. 339.

done the same; if he is honourable, courteous, a redresser of wrong, it is in pursuance of those prototypes from whom, except that he seems rather more scrupulous in chastity, it is his only boast not to diverge. Those who talk of the exalted character of Don Quixote seem really to forget that, on these subjects, he has no character at all; he is the echo of romance; and to praise him is merely to say that the tone of chivalry, which these productions studied to keep up, and, in the hands of inferior artists, foolishly exaggerated, was full of moral dignity, and has, in a subdued degree of force, modelled the character of a man of honour in the present day. But throughout the first two volumes of Don Quixote, though in a few unimportant passages he talks rationally, I cannot find more than two in which he displays any other knowledge or strength of mind than the original delineation of the character would lead us to expect.

'The case is much altered in the last two volumes. Cervantes had acquired an immense popularity, and perceived the opportunity, of which he had already availed himself, that this romance gave for displaying his own mind. He had become attached to a hero who had made him illustrious, and suffered himself to lose sight of the clear outline he had once traced for Quixote's personality. Hence we find, in all this second part, that although the lunacy as to knights errant remains unabated, he is, on all other subjects, not only rational in the low sense of the word, but clear, acute, profound, sarcastic, cool-headed. His philosophy is elevated, but not enthusiastic; his imagination is poetical, but it is restrained by strong sense. There are, in fact, two Don Quixotes: one, whom Cervantes first designed to draw, the foolish gentleman of La Mancha, whose foolishness had made him frantic; the other a highly-gifted, accomplished model of the best chivalry, trained in all the court, the camp, or the college could impart, but scathed in one portion of his mind by an inexplicable visitation of monomania. One is inclined to ask why this Don Quixote, who is Cervantes, should have been more likely to lose his intellects by reading romances than Cervantes himself. As a matter of bodily disease, such an event is doubtless possible; but nothing can be conceived more improper for fiction, nothing more incapable of affording a moral lesson, than the insanity which arises wholly from disease. Insanity is, in no point of view, a theme for ridicule; and this is an inherent fault of the romance (for those who have imagined that Cervantes has not rendered Quixote ridiculous have a strange notion of the word); but the thoughtlessness of mankind, rather than their insensibility, for they do not connect madness with misery, furnishes some apology for the first two volumes. In proportion as we perceive below the veil of mental delusion a noble intellect, we feel a painful sympathy with its humiliation; the character becomes more complicated and interesting, but has less truth and naturalness—an objection which might also be made, comparatively speaking, to the incidents in the latter volumes, wherein I do not find the admirable probability that reigns through the former. But this contrast of wisdom and virtue with insanity, in the same subject, would have been repulsive in the primary delineation, as I think any one may judge

judge by supposing that Cervantes had, in the first chapter, drawn such a picture of Quixote as Bouterwek and Sismondi have drawn for him.'—vol. iii. pp. 669-672.

Mr. Hallam adheres therefore to the judgment of two centuries as to the aim of Cervantes in 'Don Quixote,' and thus sums up his impartial testimony to the merit of this wonderful work:—

'Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding, to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott indeed he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.'—vol. iii. p. 674.

While Spain was thus, as it were, exhausting its whole intellect in one brief era of poetry, France was more gradually yet rapidly maturing at once her short age of poetic excellence, and that perfection of her prose which, if she has maintained, she has assuredly not surpassed. We are not very partial to the old and misapplied phrase, 'the Augustan era of letters;' but that of France—which began under the monarchy, we presume to say, of Richelieu, and reached its height under Louis XIV.—bears sufficient analogy, in its character and the principles of its formation, to that of imperial Rome, to justify its use. It seems to have arisen, like that of Virgil and Horace, out of the peace of despotism which followed and was still heaving, as it were, with the motion of the religious wars. Its marked characteristic was, that it was the literature of a court, the influence of which spread through a capital in which all France began to be concentrated. It was a literature of society, not in its narrow sense of a coterie, or even of an academy, but that of men constantly in contact with each other, exercising a perpetual—at times a refining and tasteful, at others a repressive and contracting—authority over its development. It fed on public applause; it lived on the immediate sympathy of those to whom it was addressed. Hence its purity, its perspicuity, its popularity, in the highest sense—an aristocratical popularity, indeed, but that of an aristocracy which comprehended the better part of France, or rather, we should say, of Paris. Montaigne, indeed, to whom France and Europe are indebted for bringing many difficult and abstruse subjects within the range of popular thought, happily for himself and for his name as an author, lived in his country retirement, and there followed out in peace all his desultory but delightful speculations on his own nature and on that of man. Even during the exclusive dominion over French literature, exercised by the court and the capital, some of the more profound thinkers of France dwelt aloof, either in foreign countries, like Descartes, or in the retired sanctuary

sanctuary of their own imagination, like Malebranche; or, like Pascal, if we may so say, in the gloomy hermitage of a melancholy mind. Yet though Pascal, when he brooded over his sublime 'Thoughts,' secluded himself, if not from the society, from the intellectual intercourse of men, when he would effect his great moral purpose, the extirpation of the low Jesuit morality—when he would expose that subtle casuistry which, working outward from the confessional, was perplexing the moral sense of man, and substituting captious and subtle rules for the broad and vigorous principles which can alone guide or satisfy the conscience—Pascal himself felt the necessity of becoming popular, if we may so say, Parisian. The French language had never been written in a higher style of refinement, or spoke so vividly to the general ear, as in the 'Provincial Letters.' The fine sarcasm, the subtle irony, the graceful turn of expression, the poignant hint which cannot be mistaken, the suggestion which reckons, in some degree, on the quickness of the reader, the simplicity of statement which makes every one suppose that they are at once at the bottom of the profoundest subject, the quiet coolness with which the most monstrous tenets of his adversaries are at times illustrated—these consummate arts of writing, in which the art is concealed, would have been addressed in vain to a ruder age, or a more agitated society. Whether Pascal is occasionally unfair in his quotations, or uncandidly general in his inferences from insulated sentences, was, we suspect, as little inquired by the readers of the 'Provincial Letters' in Paris as it is by posterity. The style, the inimitable style, carried all before it; the most fastidious taste might learn a lesson from the purity and clearness of Pascal; and even now, when the questions which they agitate, and the passions to which they appeal, are obsolete and dead, we revert to the 'Provincial Letters' as to the perfection of composition. How much Voltaire was indebted to this extraordinary work for his own brilliancy of style, he acknowledges as fully as could be expected from his vanity. The keen and furbished weapons which Pascal had forged with such skill for the defence of the best interests of religion, were turned against it in the next age. We do not make this observation, however, to the disparagement of Pascal: that evil lay deeper than in the influence, the adventitious and unintentional influence, of any one man.

As might be expected in the literature which adapted itself to such a state of things, many of its cleverest writers were writers for society—shrewd and brilliant painters of the manners around them—such as La Bruyère and Rochefoucault in prose, and that model of the light and graceful in verse—whose elegance, wit, and taste, compensate for all the higher qualities of poetry—

La

La Fontaine. But the two great spheres in which French poetry and French prose expanded themselves to maturity were those in which an idle, and, as it would be supposed, a cultivated aristocracy, whose atmosphere of life was public spectacle and amusement, were (let not our readers be shocked at the juxtaposition) the stage and the pulpit. No one will deny that there was something more than oratorical, something dramatic (we use the word in no invidious sense), in those splendid displays of eloquence which fell from the lips of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and, at a later period, of Massillon, and which powerfully contributed to form the vivid and numerous character of French prose. These sermons were by no means a part of a general system of instruction; they were great exhibitions, to which the king and all his nobles crowded at peculiar seasons of the year, in Advent and in Lent. Not merely a particular preacher, but a particular sermon, was commanded by royal authority. The funeral orations were more peculiarly a kind of aristocratical religious spectacle, accompanied with all the impressive circumstances so well understood by the Roman Catholic Church, and no doubt for a time producing strong religious impressions. The year might indeed appear divided—not, in truth, in equal portions—between these solemn religious exhibitions and the profaner diversions of the drama. In Lent the king turned off his mistresses, the theatres were closed, and nothing was seen but the outward signs of penitence, and humiliation, and propriety; nothing was listened to by the court but the grave arguments of Bourdaloue, or the magnificent rhetoric of Bossuet. But Lent gone by, the old familiarities were again renewed; all Paris, at least the court, streamed again to the doors of the theatre, and Corneille and Racine resumed their empire. At length, when the last (as the doating old monarch himself perhaps fondly supposed) more legitimate *liaison* with the devout Maintenon was established, a still closer approximation took place between the religious and the theatrical passion; and by his pleasing ‘*Esther*’ and his noble ‘*Athalie*,’ Racine blended, as it might seem to some, the two incongruous characters—that of a dramatic writer for public representation, and a religious teacher.

Mr. Hallam, though so ardent a Shaksperian, as we have already shown, does not think it necessary to deny himself the enjoyment of the excellencies of the French drama. Bigotry in taste, like bigotry in religion, is its own punishment; the victim of the one who from mistaken rigour forbids himself the free use of the lavish bounties of Divine Providence, and thus seals his heart against many of the most delightful and blameless enjoyments of life, is an object of compassion to the wise and charitable

ritable Christian; the rigorist in taste may in the same manner be pitted for the narrow spirit with which he proscribes many works of genius and beauty, because they are not in harmony with his established theories, and thus shuts himself out, as it were, from half the world of letters. The French drama certainly appears to arise out of two singularly incongruous elements, the classical form of the simple old Greek republics, and the gallantry, which descended from the chivalry of the middle ages upon the luxurious courts of modern Europe. Nothing in fact can be less classical, or less Grecian, in its tone of sentiment, which is almost the vital energy of the drama. Yet even these discordant elements are wrought up in the best of the French dramas with such singular felicity; the construction of the drama is sometimes so skilful, the diction so pure and noble, the whole effect so unbrokenly solemn, dignified, and impressive, that even as works of consummate art, if not of creative genius and of truth, they cannot but demand our high admiration. Even if the serious drama, the Roman and Grecian Tragedy of France, seems to belong to a peculiar state of society, and, after all, may seem domiciliated by a forcible transplantation, rather than native and congenial to the region, still a brilliant court, and an actively idle capital, was the soil, of all others, adapted to the comedy of character and manners. The great mistake in Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, the evidence that theory will mislead even a mind so sagacious, profound, and discriminating as his, appears to us his depreciation of Molière. That Molière has not the poetry of comedy which animates the gay and fantastic scenes of Aristophanes, is unquestionable; but of all forms of poetry, comedy, we should conceive, is least to be limited by abstract theory, and without abandoning any one of its essential principles, may approximate the most closely to real life. And though the best French comedy falls far short of the Shaksperian in variety and richness of humour, we can only express our unfeigned commiseration for those who are insensible to the fine wit, the delicate satire, the inimitable truth of its delineation of character in its higher department, and its broader but still easy and playful mirth, its inexhaustible gaiety, its brilliant epigram, the fun of its exposure of the lighter follies and pretensions in the *Precieuses Ridicules* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

We must not, however, linger on these points, nor extract, either for the purpose of expressing our difference, as we might in some cases, or, as would more often be the case, our accordance with Mr. Hallam, in the analysis which he has given of many of the best French dramas; we have dwelt so almost exclusively on questions of taste, that we are conscious that we should

ould do injustice to a work of such various and comprehensive character, if we did not likewise show the author's manner of treating more profound and solemn subjects. We are constrained to pass over, as less suited to the general reader, the chapters which trace the progress of classical learning and general scholarship, and those which follow out the discoveries of physical science; but we must not so hastily dismiss the abstruse indeed, but grave and interesting subjects of religion and speculative philosophy. France certainly owes, if not entirely, in great part, the brilliancy, ease and eloquence of her prose to her ecclesiastical writers. However Religion might seem to stoop in some degree from her exalted position to assume the theatric manner required by the state of society, yet from this condescension to popularity she unquestionably derived great and lasting advantages. Religion was at this period one of the great dominant impulses of the French mind; the wars of the League had left a violent agitation in the heart of man; a burning zeal, darkening into intolerance, which all the gentleness of Fenelon could not allay, and of which he himself was the victim, still actuated the courtly bishops, who administered religious flatteries, or at least condescended to make their solemn admonitions acceptable to the royal ear, by their dazzled and obsequious homage to his sovereignty. The unexhausted controversy with the protestants, which was terminated by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, fatally, indeed, for the Gallican church, by allowing it to relapse into indolent security, as well as for the faith, justice, and humanity of Louis XIV.; the strife with Jansenism, and even the controversy about Quietism, kept the intellect of the higher French clergy in a state of fertile excitement. Nor can it be doubted that their constant habit of preaching for effect acted with a powerful influence on their polemical writings. It was as the practised orator of the pulpit, addressing a refined and fastidious audience, that the greatest controversialist of modern times, Bossuet, acquired that force,regnancy and rapidity of style, that perspicuity when treating on the abstrusest topics—that power of sweeping the mind along with an irresistible torrent, as it seems, while we are borne away on it, of unanswerable argument; of awing and confounding the intellect till it dares not, or is almost too much paralysed to venture on examination. The training in this same school of popular eloquence enabled the eagle of Meaux to cast that far, and rapid, and comprehensive survey over ancient universal history. However, it may not satisfy either by its depth or accuracy the demands of philosophic history, though it is the work of a strictly Romish ecclesiastic, and clearly shows from what position it is taken; yet as a composition, this work of Bossuet's

Bossuet's may be considered among the imperishable records of human genius. We must return, however, to our author and will select his observations on another great, though unfinished, work of this period, the *Pensées*, which Mr. Hall criticises with the boldness of an independent mind, yet with the respect due to the character and genius of Pascal. We have already spoken of Pascal as a controversialist—it is curious to contrast him in this respect with Bossuet, and to remark what skill, or rather, perhaps, from what conscious congeniality to their own character with their style, these eloquent men use such different weapons, though in some degree forged in the same furnace, to encounter such different antagonists. They are alike, indeed, in purity and perspicuity of style;—while the overwhelming vehemence of Bossuet would have recoiled, if we suppose it employed against it, from the hard and impassive which had formed over the jesuit mind; on the other hand, fine and cutting irony, the latent sarcasm, the wit and the gance of the Provincial Letters, would have been repelled by the ruder yet severer reasonings of the Protestants, and produce no effect on their stubborn and earnest, if we may so say, homely piety. But we return to the Thoughts of Pascal. Having observed their unsystematic and fragmentary character Mr. Hallam proceeds:—

‘ Among those who sustained the truth of Christianity by argument rather than authority, the first place both in order of time and excellence is due to Pascal, though his Thoughts were not published till 1670, some years after his death, and, in the first edition, not without suppressions. They have been supposed to be fragments of a systematic work that he had planned, or perhaps only reflections committed to paper, with no design of publication in their actual form. But, as is generally the case with works of genius, we do not easily persuade ourselves that they could have been improved by any such revision as would have destroyed their type. They are at present gathered together by a real coherence through the predominant character of their reasonings and sentiments, and give us everything that we could wish in a more regular treatise without the tedious verbosity which religion is apt to produce. The style is not so polished as in the Provincial Letters, and the sentences are sometimes ill constructed and elliptical. Passages almost transcribed from Montaigne have been published by careless editors as Pascal's.

‘ But the Thoughts of Pascal are to be ranked, as a monument of genius, above the Provincial Letters, though some have asserted the contrary. They burn with an intense light; condensed in expression sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader till he is unable or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth they contain. For that many of them are incapable of bearing a calm scrutiny is manifest to those who apply such a test. The notes of Voltaire, the

ays intended to detract, are sometimes unanswerable ; but the splendor of Pascal's eloquence absolutely annihilates, in effect on the general reader, even this antagonist.

Pascal had probably not read very largely, which has given an unparalleled sweep to his genius. Except the Bible and the writings of Augustine, the book that seems most to have attracted him was the *Essays* of Montaigne. Yet no men could be more unlike in personal position and in the cast of their intellect. But Pascal, though horrified at the religious and moral carelessness of Montaigne, found much that fell in with his own reflections in the contempt of human opinions, the perpetual humbling of human reason, which he found through the bold and original work of his predecessor. He cites no book so frequently ; and indeed, except Epictetus, and once or twice Descartes, he hardly quotes any other at all. Pascal is too acute a geometer, and too sincere a lover of truth to countenance the sophisms of mere Pyrrhonism ; but like many theological writers, in exalting faith he does not always give Reason her value, and furnishes weapons which the sceptic might employ against himself. It has been said that he denies the validity of the proofs of natural religion. This seems to be in some measure an error, founded

on mistaking the objections he puts in the mouths of unbelievers for his own. But it must, I think, be admitted that his arguments for the being of a God are too often *à tuitiori*, that it is the safer side to take.

But the leading principle of Pascal's theology, that from which he deduces the necessary truth of revelation, is the fallen nature of mankind ; dwelling less upon scriptural proofs, which he takes for granted, than on the evidence which he supposes man himself to supply. Nothing, however, can be more dissimilar than his beautiful visions to the vulgar Calvinism of the pulpit. It is not the sordid, grovelling, degraded liban of that school, but the ruined archangel that he delights to paint. Man is so great, that his greatness is manifest, even in his knowledge of his own misery. A tree does not know itself to be miserable. It is true that to know we are miserable is misery ; but still it is greatness to know it. All his misery proves his greatness ; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king, dispossessed of their own. Man is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. He requires not the universe to crush him. He may be killed by a vapour, or a drop of water. But if the whole universe should crush him, he would be nobler than that which causes his death, because he knows that he is dying, and the universe would not know its power over him. His reasoning is very evidently sophistical and declamatory ; but it is the philosophy of a fine imagination. It would be easy, however, to find better passages. The dominant idea recurs in almost every page of Pascal. His melancholy genius plays in wild and rapid flashes, like lightning round the scathed oak, about the fallen greatness of man. He perceives every characteristic quality of his nature under these contradictions. They are the solution of every problem, the clearing up of every inconsistency that perplexes us. "Man," he says very finely, has a secret instinct that leads him to seek diversion and employment from

from without ; which springs from the sense of his continual misery. And he has another secret instinct, remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him that happiness can only exist in repose. And from these two contrary instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity, concealed in his soul, which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if by struggling yet a little longer he can open a door to rest."

"It can hardly be conceived that any one would think the worst of human nature or of himself by reading these magnificent lamentations of Pascal. He adorns and ennobles the degeneracy he exaggerates. The ruined aqueduct, the broken column, the desolated city, suggest no ideas but of dignity and reverence. No one is ashamed of a misery which bears witness to its grandeur. If we should persuade a labourer that the blood of princes flows in his veins, we might spoil his contentment with the only lot he has drawn, but scarcely kill in him the seeds of pride."—vol. iv. pp. 156—160.

We have no space for Mr. Hallam's observations on the profound and difficult problem which is here forced upon the consideration, the origin of evil in man, but we can recommend them as worthy the serious consideration of all who are disposed to such grave inquiries. To the Christian, after all, this must be a question of pure revelation. Experience, observation, reason, may show what man is, but whether man ever existed in a higher state can only be known, and, therefore, can only be communicated, by an intelligence anterior to, and cognisant of, that pre-existent or paradisaical state. All the noble contrasts between the dignity and insignificance, the power and weakness, the crimes and virtues of man prove nothing, beyond the actual condition of humanity, which, for aught we can know from reason, may have been created for wise purposes in this imperfect state; and genius, like Pascal's, ranging through creation, might, no doubt, find a close analogy, at least in the intervening links, if not through the whole infinite series of created things. All beyond our actual world, we repeat, must rest on revelation.

While France was thus proceeding undisturbed in her peculiar course of intellectual development, the civil wars made a violent breach and interruption in the literary progress of England. Not that there was any complete cessation of intellectual activity; as the collision arose out of the conflict of great religious and political principles, the warfare was waged by the pen as well as by the sword; the press poured forth its desultory myriads as the land its armed legions. Bear witness the huge tomes of Puritan divinity and the countless quartos of pamphlets; but, as is always the case, the publications were too hasty, too temporary, too much coloured by the violent passions of the time, to have any

lasting influence, as literary productions, on the history of the human mind. Poetry, indeed, shrunk into silence amid the poetic strife, the noise and agitation of actual war. Here and there romantic loyalty, or even stern republicanism struck out a few art notes, which rose above the tumult, and showed that poetry was not yet extinct in the heart of man; we allude to the two or three exquisite songs of Lovelace, and to some of Milton's sonnets. But, in general, verse aspired no higher than the political song, the roaring bacchanal of the cavalier, or the quaint rattle of the conventicler. The stage was proscribed; the Shaksperian drama had uttered her last strains in the feeblest though still lively, the comparatively unimpassioned though not imaginative plays, of Shirley. The sweet promise of George Herbert's early verse was soured into the acrid harshness of puritanical satire. With the few exceptions above alluded to, there was a comparatively dreary period of sublime, occasionally, but harsh, polemical, and political prose, which intervened between the unrivalled melody of Milton's youthful poems, the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' the 'Comus' and the 'Lycidas,' and the solemn, mature, meditative grandeur of the 'Paradise Lost.' In some, indeed, of the State Papers, those on the royal side which were written by Clarendon, and in some fragments which remain of the parliamentary and judicial eloquence, there is a noble dignity and force, as yet, perhaps, scarcely ever attained in English prose. For terseness, fine irony, and biting sarcasm, the singular pamphlet, 'Killing no Murder,' was unrivalled till the days of Junius. But our general literature must look back to the reign of Elizabeth and James, or forward beyond the Restoration, for any of the great productions of the human intellect. Never, perhaps, was a great cause more unworthily pleaded than in the 'Arraignment and Defence of the People of England for the Execution of Charles the First.' Milton could not write for a long time without flashes of his nobility of thought and language; but, in general, his victory over his antagonist Salmasius obtained solely by his more perfect command of Latin Billingsgate. The controversy is more like that of two schoolmasters quarrelling about points of grammar and expression, and lashing each other into the coarsest personalities, than the advocates of two great conflicting principles debating a solemn question before civilised Europe.

But when the fury of the storm was over, men's minds, more vigorously agitated, had leisure, and had still a strong impulse towards intellectual study and productiveness; as they gradually cooled down to more sober reasoning, without altogether quenching the vivifying fire within, they grappled with all the great questions which

which had been set afloat during the period of turbulence. In poverty, and neglect, and blindness, the fierce gladiator, who had struggled with stern energy against Prelacy and Monarchy, isolated from the world around in his religious no less than in his political sentiments, came forth the Poet of 'Paradise Lost.' The stage revived, but, unhappily, foreign influences had streamed in at the Restoration; our drama began to imitate the verifications of the French and the wild extravagance of the Spanish, without the dignity and elegance of the former, or the inexhaustible invention of the latter,—if not without a native vigour of language and much sparkling wit, with a deeply-rooted immorality of tone and profligacy of language entirely our own. The period of Charles the Second is that to which we may look with the greatest shame upon our more popular literature—the literature, that is, of our court and capital; and in no respect so much as in the comparative waste of him, whom we may yet call, 'Glorious John.' What might Dryden have been in better days? There are few lines to us more melancholy than those in which he deploras his fatal subservience to a 'lubricious and adulterous age.' Dryden was, perhaps, the first, and the greatest, of the writers for bread—the actors on the stage of literature, who, in old Johnson's phrase, 'as they live to please, must please to live.' We mean not those who, by partial compliance with the spirit of their age, command it; who, by seeming obedience, direct it to better things; but those who throw themselves headlong into the current, and yield to its impulse wherever it may bear them. To please the age of Dryden, unhappily, it was necessary to be pompous and inflated in tragedy, coarse and filthy in comedy, and, with a reluctant and mournful heart, Dryden stooped to the service by which he lived. Yet though we deplore the waste of high talents and of powers which, if they had girt themselves up to some great task, might have obtained a permanent rank in literature; perhaps those poets whose poverty, if not their will, consents to sacrifice lasting fame for ephemeral influence and popularity, are not without use in their generation. If they vulgarise they likewise popularise literature; they are constrained to speak in a more intelligible and colloquial tone (except in short periods where the fashion enforces some peculiar affectation), in order to address the many; they give a certain elevation to, even in some cases they scatter something like poetry over, the events of the day; they bring down literature from its heights they draw it forth from its meditative hermitage to converse with man, and thus, by a kind of self-sacrifice without dignity, by an unintentional assertion of their own superiority to the mass

y diffuse literary tastes, and extend the empire of mind
 classes which have been long excluded from its opera-
 . Except the 'Fables,' all Dryden's works may be con-
 sidered as written on occasional and temporary subjects. 'Alex-
 ander's Feast' was composed for music on St. Cecilia's day;
 'Salomon and Achitophel' is, as every one knows, a political
 e. The prefaces to his plays, and the 'Essay on Dramatic
 Criticism' were dashed off to serve immediate purposes;* and,
 perhaps, all their faults and some of their beauties arose from
 the circumstances of their composition. English prose, in the
 hands of Dryden, threw off that still somewhat scholastic and
 unfamiliar tone which it had retained even in the great writers
 of the former period. Hooker might still appear to address
 his readers, Bacon philosophers, at least, thinking and accomplished
 men; in Dryden, the literary language first approached to
 plain, the idiomatic, the vernacular. The pedantry of quo-
 tation, the endless illustration, the quaint metaphor seemed to fall
 as cumbersome or superfluous. It had all the faults, on the
 other hand, of haste. It was, doubtless, too frequently coarse, care-
 less, not merely unpolished, but unfinished; as it drew nearer to
 the conversation of educated and intelligent men, it was too apt to
 degenerate into the cant and fashionable terms and phrases which
 prevail at every period. The poetry of Dryden partook in these
 merits and defects. As it usually treated on subjects in them-
 selves less essentially poetical, so it could not speak in anything
 but a poetical vocabulary. Approaching nearer to common life,
 it used something far more like common language; it was dis-
 tinguished by its vigour, its pregnancy, its solidity, rather than by
 imaginative or suggestive richness and grace: it was language
 stripped of its rhyme and cadence, of its poetic form,
 but might have been employed at the bar or in the senate.
 But happily the Court circle, even London itself, was not
 so small. There were great minds far removed from the con-
 fusion of the metropolis, who, either in academic retirement, or in
 more favourable places to study, as well as to independent
 activity of intellect, maintained the native character of English
 literature, and employed themselves in the solution of those prob-
 lems on which the age required satisfaction. During the poli-
 tical and religious agitations of the civil wars, the mind of man
 broke loose from all its ancient moorings; every question of
 civil or spiritual interest was in a floating and unsettled state—

Cousin Swift' puts it coarsely :—

—' Merely writ at first for filling,
 To raise the volume's price a shilling.'

every established opinion had been rudely shaken, or torn up by the roots—men were wildly rushing from one extreme to another—the most opposite doctrines met and embraced;—servility in political theory reconciled itself to more than freedom in religious creed; while enthusiastic religion threw off, or attempted to supersede, all civil control. Profound and commanding minds were imperiously required to restore anything like peace to the intellect, as the Restoration had, to a certain extent, to the State of England: and they were not found wanting. The impulse of the great movement was still working, and with its most powerful influence, on minds which were either repelled by, or kept aloof from, the degrading intrigues and debauchery of the court. Clarendon, in exile, composed that immortal history, which, if written under great disadvantages, from memory alone, and at a distance from those documents, which can alone insure minute accuracy in the historian, had still a faithfulness more impressive and more valuable. If the memory of Clarendon had let fall some petty circumstances, dates and names, it had preserved the impressions, the actual being and presence of his times, as it appeared to, and left its indelible stamp upon, his mind. No one is better qualified to appreciate, and no one can praise, moreover, with greater freedom and justice, than Mr. Hallam, the consummate skill with which Clarendon draws the characters of men; but there has always appeared to us, besides this, to a peculiar degree, this faithfulness of impression—this power of realising the scenes and events of the period, with their workings on the minds of men, which is among the highest and rarest functions of a great historian. We read not merely the barren facts, and learn the names, and become acquainted with the characters, of the principal actors, but the whole tragic drama, with the emotions it excited, its fears, its hopes, its passions, its vicissitudes, passes before us, in all the energy and movement of life.

But History, however nobly written, still less History written by the acknowledged hand of a partisan, could not decide, even had it been published at that time, any of those solemn questions, of which the impatient mind of man demanded the settlement. The very depths of metaphysical, ethical, and theological speculation were to be sounded, not by men obstinately wedded to one theory, but by patient and impartial reasoners, still, in some cases, sufficiently impassioned to follow out their inquiries with unexhausted perseverance, and to present its results in a vivid and earnest tone, but with the passion subordinate to the reason, or lingering only in the more fervid or metaphoric diction. Some, indeed, were of still severer temperament. Neither the political

nor

nor the religious theories of Hobbes are likely to find too much favour with Mr. Hallam; but he does ample justice to the singular acuteness and metaphysical originality, to the yet unrivalled pregnancy, perspicuity, and precision of language, in the philosopher of Malmesbury. Chillingworth was likewise among the more austere and sternly logical writers. This great man, with Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophesying*, and the admirable John Hales of Eton, first established in this country that which had already been developed by the Arminians of Holland—the true principles of Protestant toleration. We must not venture at any length upon Taylor. This extraordinary man was endowed to excess with all the gifts of a great writer, but, instead of balancing and correcting each other, each seems to seize upon him in turn, and hurry him away in unresisted mastery. His consummate reasoning powers are perpetually betraying him into refinements and subtleties; he is not merely a casuist in his professed book on Casuistry, his *Ductor Dubitantium*, but in many other parts of his works. In the *Ductor* he is often cool, analytical, and runs as near the wind on moral points, as a Jesuit. Pascal, with but little unfairness, might have found rich scope, even in this last of the vast tomes of casuistry, for his satire. The inexhaustible learning of Taylor is uncritical beyond his time; passages from every quarter are heaped up with indiscriminate profusion—loose, fragmentary, of all ages, of every shade of authority. His poetic imagination is not merely redundant of the richest and most various imagery, but works out every image and illustration to the most remote and fanciful analogies. His very command of language seems to involve him in intricate and endless sentences, in order that he may show his wonderful power of evolving himself with apparent ease, and of giving a kind of rhythm and harmony, a cadence sometimes sweet to lusciousness, to this long drawn succession of words and images.* Even the virtues, which breathe throughout all his works, are of this exuberant character. His piety soars, at times, into mysticism; his practical earnestness becomes ascetic: even his charity—though, for our own parts, we find the excess of that virtue so rare, that

* We are rather surprised, in Mr. Hallam's comparison of Taylor and Bishop Hall, to read this sentence—'These two great divines resemble each other, on the whole, so much, that we might, for a short time, not discover which we were reading.'—Vol. iii. p. 127. They are like each other, to our judgment, only in the fervour of their devotion. The fancy of Hall is barren in comparison to that of Taylor. There is almost a perpetual quaintness; and in almost all his works he continues to affect a brevity of period, with which Milton taunted him in their controversy about Episcopacy:—'To be girded by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three inches long were confiscate.' This is very different from Taylor's redundant flow.

perhaps we had rather err with Taylor, than be right with some sterner dogmatists—has been thought, in its strong recoil from the harshness of Calvinism, to approximate to the other extreme. But, on the whole, Taylor was of inestimable service to the religion of England; he softened the asperity and mitigated the sternness which it had assumed during the long and angry strife; he showed that a more expansive and less rigidly dogmatic tone was consistent with the most angelic piety.

To the other great divine of this period, the greatest, we had almost ventured to say, of English divines, Mr. Hallam does not appear to us to have assigned quite his proper position. He has seized the main characteristics of Barrow's mind and manner, with his usual discrimination; but we should be inclined, both as to the actual merit of his writings and his influence on his age, to claim a more separate and elevated rank for this solid thinker and unrivalled master of the English language. The sermons of Barrow, with his Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy, include the whole domain of theology and of morals. There is scarcely a question which is not exhausted, and, by his inimitable copiousness of language, placed in every point of view, and examined with the most conscientious accuracy. Barrow is high above indifference or Pyrrhonism, but his commanding reason can venture to give every fair advantage to the arguments of his adversaries. He is not, indeed, so much a polemic writer as an honest, though devout, investigator of truth. With Barrow we are not haunted with the apprehension that we are following out a partial or imperfect theory; it is all before us in its boundless range and its infinite variety; and it is not till we have received the amplest satisfaction that our assent is demanded to the inevitable conclusion. For this, indeed, and the firm, we trust, inseparable reunion of religion and the highest morality, which had been forced asunder in the reckless contests of fanaticism in all its various forms, we are more indebted to this great divine than to any other single writer. Barrow gave its character of strong sense, solidity, and completeness to English theology. To some of us he will appear, no doubt, insufferably prolix, and unnecessarily multifarious in his divisions. The well-known speech of Charles II., that *he was not a fair man—he left nothing to be said by any one who came after him*, was no doubt true; and perhaps we, being accustomed to a more rapid and effective style, may feel some of the impatience of the merry monarch; yet we think the station to be adjudged both to his intellectual powers and the influence which those powers have exercised on English

English literature and English thinking, must set him far apart from most of the writers either of his own or of any other period.

In our examination of Mr. Hallam's work, we are conscious that we have dwelt almost exclusively on what may be called the high places of literature, while much of the merit of such a summary must depend on the judgment with which the inferior writers are admitted into the company of the 'gods and demigods,' and the skill with which the more feeble and undistinguished lineaments of their literary character are caught and painted. We might, no doubt, if captiously disposed, have found much debatable matter on these minor subjects; we might have complained of the exclusion of some, and protested against the freedom of the literary republic being granted to others. The bibliographers, again, who are apt to judge of the merits of a writer from the rarity of his book, will complain, that volumes over which the hammer of Mr. Evans has been suspended for many minutes of breathless anxiety, have received no more notice from Mr. Hallam than from their own age, which allowed them to sink into undisturbed obscurity; but bibliography, we apprehend, was not the object of our author. The searchers of the recondite treasures of the Bodleian and British Museum will look in vain, perhaps, to this work for its guidance in unearthing or undusting writers, not without merit or influence in their day, who were either unknown, or have been forgotten or disregarded by Mr. Hallam. But neither was this case, we conceive, contemplated in his design. We must remember that this is the first great general map or chart of the intellectual world attempted in this country. To all lovers of literature it will be acceptable; to the young, we conceive, invaluable. We almost wish that we could renew our own youth, in order to profit by its instructions; it would have prevented us from reading a vast number of very bad books, and induced us, perhaps, to read some good ones. The more extensive the surface of literature, the more we are inclined not to rest in the narrow circle of our native libraries, but to consider Europe as one literary republic; the greater therefore becomes the necessity of introductions to literary history. We have dwelt much on the adaptation of intellectual studies to the necessities of each age; nothing was perhaps more imperatively demanded by our own than that which we now possess in the work of Mr. Hallam—a systematic, comprehensive, and trustworthy Retrospective Review.

- ART. III.—1. *Catlin's Indian Gallery, containing Portraits, Landscapes, Costumes, &c., and Representations of the Manners and Customs of the North American Indians.* Egyptian Hall. London. 1840.
2. *A Report to the Secretary of War of the United States on Indian Affairs, comprising a Narrative of a Tour performed in the Summer of 1820, under a Commission from the President of the United States, for the purpose of ascertaining for the use of the Government the actual state of the Indian Tribes in our Country.* By the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D. 8vo. pp. 496. Newhaven. 1822.
3. *Life of Thayendanegea.* By William L. Stone. 8vo. pp. 1142. 2 vols. New York. 1838.

THERE exists no trait more characteristic of that innate generosity which has always distinguished the British nation, than the support which an individual, in proportion as he is weak, friendless, and indeed notwithstanding his faults, has invariably received from it whenever he has been seen, under any circumstances, ruined and overwhelmed in a collision with superior strength. It little matters whether it be the Poles overpowered by the Russians, or merely a school-boy fighting with a man, for, without the slightest inquiry into the justice of the quarrel, the English public are always prone to declare themselves in favour of the 'little one;' and this assistance is so confidently relied upon, that it is well known the basest publishers, when they find they can attract nothing but contempt, as a last resource wilfully incur a *government prosecution*.

Yet, while this has been the case among us at home, the aborigines of America in both hemispheres have been constantly fading before our eyes; and this annihilation of the real proprietors of the New World has excited no more sympathy than has been felt for the snow of their country which every year has rapidly melted under the bright sun of heaven! Sovereigns from time immemorial of the vast territory bestowed upon them by the Almighty, they have gradually been superseded by the usurpers of their soil, until thousands of miles have been so completely dispeopled, that there does not remain a solitary survivor to guard the revered tombs of his ancestors, or to stand among them, the mourner and representative of an extinguished race! By an act of barbarism unexampled in history, their title of '*Americans*' has even been usurped by the progeny of Europe, and, as if to perpetuate the ignorance which existed at the period of their discovery, we continue, in the illiterate jargon of that day, to call them '*Indians*,'

'Indians,' although the designation is as preposterous as if we were to persist in nick-naming them 'Persians' or 'Chinese.'

If the annihilation of our red brethren had been completed, it might be declared to be now as useless, as it certainly would be unpopular, to enter into any painful speculation on the subject; but a portion of their race still exists. By the bayonet, by the diseases we bring among them, by the introduction of spirituous liquors, by our vices, and last, though not least, by our proffered friendship, the work of destruction is still progressing; and if, in addition to all this, it be true, as in documentary evidence it has confidently been asserted, that every day throughout the year the sun sets upon 1000 negroes, who in anguish of mind, and under sea-sickness, sail as slaves from the coast of Africa—*nunquam redituri*—surely the civilised world is bound to pause ere it be too late, in an equally merciless course of conduct towards the 'Indians,' which must sooner or later bring upon us a day of retribution, the justice of which we shall not be able to deny. But even dismissing from our minds the flagrant immorality of such conduct, as well as its possible results, it certainly appears unaccountable that we should have interested ourselves so little in the philosophical consideration of the condition of man in that unlettered, simple state, in which only a few centuries ago we found him on the two continents of America.

If a flock of wild grey geese following their leader in the form of the letter >, and flying high over our heads at the rate of 1000 miles a day, be compared with the string of birds of the same species which at the same moment are seen in single file waddling across their 'short commons' to their parish puddle;—if a flight of widgeon, hundreds of miles from land, and skimming like the shadow of a small cloud over the glassy surface of the boundless ocean, be compared with a brood of 'lily-white ducks' luxuriously dabbling in a horse-pond;—if the wild boars, which with their progeny are roaming through the forests of Europe and Asia in quest of food, be compared to our sty-fed domestic animals which, with every want supplied, lie with twinkling eyes grunting in idle extacy as the florid bacon-fed attendant scratches their hides with the prongs of his pitchfork;—if a herd of buffalo with extended tails, retreating across their plains at their utmost speed from that malignant speck on the horizon which proclaims to them the fearful outline of the human form, be compared with a Devonshire cow chewing the cud before a barn-door, while at every stroke of John's flail honest Susan, leaning her blooming cheek against her favourite's side, with her bright tin milk-pail at her feet, pulls, pulls, pulls, so long as she can say, as John Bunyan said of his book,

'still

'still as I pull'd it came;'—if the foregoing, as well as many similar comparisons which might be brought before the mind, were duly considered, it would probably be declared that there does not exist in the moral world, and that there can scarcely exist in the physical, a more striking contrast than that which distinguishes the condition and character of birds and animals in a wild and in an artificial condition.

But there is a contrast in nature even stronger than any we have mentioned—we mean that which exists between man in his civilised and uncivilised (or, as we term the latter), his 'savage' state; and, great as the contrast is, and self-interesting as it undoubtedly ought to be, it is, nevertheless, most strange how small a proportion of our curiosity has been attracted by it. The scientific world has waged civil war in its geological discussions on the Huttonian and Wernerian theories. In exploring the source of the Nile—in seeking for the course of the Niger—in making voyages of discovery, in order triumphantly 'to plant the British flag on the North Pole of the earth,' man has not been wanting in enterprise. In his endeavours to obtain the most accurate knowledge of every ocean, sea, or river—of every country—of every great range of mountains—of every cataract, or even volcano—and of every extraordinary feature of the globe;—in the prosecution of these and of similar inquiries he has not been wanting in curiosity or courage. Into the natural history of almost every animal, and even of insects, he has microscopically inquired. To every plant and little flower he has prescribed a name. He has dissected the rays of light, and has analysed and weighed even the air he breathes: and yet, with volumes of information on all these subjects, it is astonishing to reflect how little correct philosophical knowledge we possess of the real condition of man in a state of nature.

The rich mine which contained this knowledge has always been before us, but, because its wealth was not absolutely lying on the surface, we have been too indolent to dig for it. In short, between the civilised and uncivilised world a barrier exists, which neither party is very desirous to cross; for the wild man is as much oppressed by the warm houses, by the short tether, and by the minute regulations of civilised men, as they suffer from sleeping with him under the canopy of heaven, or from following him over the surface of his trackless and townless territory; besides which, if we reflect for a moment how grotesque the powdered hair, pig-tails, and whole costume of our fathers and forefathers now appear to our eyes, and how soon the dress we wear will, by our own children, be alike condemned; we need not be surprised at the fact, which all travellers have experienced,

namely,

menely, that on the first introduction to uncivilised tribes, the judgment is too apt to set down as utterly and merely ridiculous, customs, habits, and customs, which on a longer acquaintance it cannot be denied, are not more contemptible than many of our own; in fact, in the great case of 'civilisation *versus* the savage' we are but bad judges in our own cause.

But even supposing that our travellers had been determined to suspend their opinions and to prosecute their inquiries, in spite of hardships and unsavory food, yet when the barrier has apparently been crossed, the evidence which first presents itself bears falseness in the case;—for just as the richest lodes are covered over their surface with a glittering substance (termed by miners 'pandic'), resembling metal, but which on being smelted flies away in poisonous fumes of arsenic—so is that portion of the uncivilised world which borders upon civilisation always found to be contaminated, or, in other words, to have lost its own good qualities without having received in return anything but the vices of the neighbouring race.

It is from the operation of these two causes, that so many of our travellers in both continents of America, mistaking the 'pandic' for the metal, have overlooked the real Indian character, first, from a disinclination to encounter the question; and, secondly, having attempted to encounter it, from having been at once, and at the outset, disgusted with the task. In order, therefore, to take a fair view of the Indian, it is evidently necessary that we should overleap the barrier we have described, and thus visit him either in the vast interminable plains,—in the lofty and most inaccessible mountains,—or in the lonely interior of the immense wilderness in which he resides.—In each of these three situations we have had a very transient opportunity of viewing him, but it will be on the more ample experience of others that we shall mainly rely in the following sketches and observations.

It is a singular fact, that while in Europe, Asia, and Africa, there exist races of men whose complexion and countenances are almost strongly contrasted with each other as are animals of different species, the aborigines of both continents of America everywhere appear like children of the same race; indeed the ocean itself under the same latitudes does scarcely preserve a more equable colour than the red man of America in every situation in which he is found.

Wherever he has been unruffled by injustice, his reception of a white brother is an affecting example of that genuine hospitality which is only to be met with in savage tribes. However inferior the stranger may be to him in stature or in physical strength, he once treats him as a superior being. He is proud to serve him: it is his highest pleasure to conduct him—to protect him—
and

five. In many parts of America, where the country, according to the season of the year, is either verdant or parched, it is well known that not only the horses and cattle are infinitely stronger in the former season than at the latter, but that the human inhabitants who feed on them are sympathetically fat and powerful at one period, and lean and weak at the other. Even in our own country, a horse or a man in condition* can effect infinitely more than when they are taken either from a meadow or a gaol; accordingly a sturdy well-fed Englishman may with truth declare, that he has been able to surpass in bodily strength his brother; but let him subsist for a couple of months on the same food, or on only twice or thrice the same quantity of food, and he will soon cease to despise the physical powers of his companion. The weights which Indian carriers can convey, the surprising distances which their runners can perform, the number of years they can remain on horseback, and the length of time they can subsist without food, are facts which unanswerably disprove the alleged inferiority of their strength.

In one of the most remote and mountainous districts of their country, when it was completely enveloped in snow, we happened, at the bottom of a deep mine, to see a naked Indian in an adit, or gallery, in which he could only kneel. We had been attracted towards him by the loud and constant reverberation of the heavy blows he was striking; and so great was the noise he was making that we crawled towards him unobserved, and for a minute or two felt close behind him. Not the slightest perspiration appeared on his deep red body; but with the gad or chisel in his left hand, he unremittingly continued at his work, until we suddenly arrested his lean sinewy right arm; and as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, we induced him to surrender to us the hammer he was using, which is now in our possession. Its weight is no less than eighteen pounds, exactly twice as much as a blacksmith's double-handed hammer; and we can confidently assert that no miner or labourer in this country could possibly wield it for five minutes, and that, among all the sturdy philosophers who congregated at Lord Northampton's *soirée* or Mr. Babbage's *conversation*, hardly one besides Professor Whewell could use it for a minute of that time.

Mr. Catlin states, that in another very distant part of America, a short thick-set warrior, known by the appellation of 'the brave,' amicably agreed, before a large party of spectators, to fight with some of the most powerful troopers in a regiment of

The Indians train themselves for war by extra food, and by sweating themselves in a vapour bath, which they ingeniously form by covering themselves over with a blanket under which they have placed hot stones, kept wet by a small stream of water.

United

United States' dragoons; and that the Indian, grappling with one after another, dashed them successively to the ground with a violence which they did not at all appear to enjoy, but with about as much ease seemingly to himself as if they had been so many maids of honour.

With respect to the *moral* power of the red aborigines, in addition to the few short specimens of their speeches and replies which we mean by and by to notice, we must observe, that the tortures which these beardless men can smilingly and awfully endure, must surely be admitted as proofs of a commanding fibre of mind, of a self-possession—in short, of a manliness of prowess which few among us could evince, and which we therefore ought to blush to deny to them as their due. In justice, however, to the Indian character, we deem it a painful duty to quote a single authenticated instance of the triumph of the red man's mind over the anguish of his body. We hope that 'the better-half' of our readers will pass it over unread, as revolting to the soft feelings of their nature; but the question is too important for us to shrink from the production of real evidence, and, having undertaken their defence, we feel we should not be justified in suddenly abandoning it, from the apprehension lest any man should call it 'unmannerly to bring a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and his nobility.'

The Hon. Cadwallader Colden, who, in 1750, was one of his Majesty's counsel, and surveyor-general of New York, in his 'History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada,' * says,—

'The French, all this summer, were obliged to keep upon the defensive within their forts, while the Five Nations, in small parties, ravaged the whole country, so that no man stirred the least distance from a fort but he was in danger of losing his scalp.

'The Count de Frontenac was pierced to the heart when he found he could not revenge these terrible incursions; and his anguish made him guilty of such a piece of monstrous cruelty, in burning a prisoner alive after the Indian manner, as, though I have frequently mentioned to have been done by the Indians, yet I forbore giving the particulars of such barbarous acts, suspecting it might be too offensive to Christian ears, even in the history of savages.

'The Count de Frontenac, I say, condemned two prisoners of the *Five Nations* to be burnt publicly alive. The Intendant's lady entreated him to moderate the sentence; and the Jesuits, it is said, used their endeavours for the same purpose; but the Count de Frontenac said, "There is a necessity of making such an example, to frighten the *Five Nations* from approaching the plantations." But, with submission to the politeness of the *French* nation, may I not ask whether every (or any) horrid action of a barbarous enemy can justify a civilised nation in

* We quote from the London edition, 8vo. p. 487 —1750.

ing the like? When the Governor could not be moved, the Jesuits
 at to the prison to instruct the prisoners in the mysteries of our holy
 gion, viz., of the Trinity, the incarnation of our Saviour, the joys of
 radise, and the punishments of Hell, to fit their souls for Heaven by
 otism, while their bodies were condemned to torments. But the
 tians, after they had heard their sentence, refused to hear the Jesuits
 ak; and began to prepare for death in their own country manner, by
 ging their death-song. Some charitable person threw a knife into
 prison, with which one of them despatched himself. The other was
 ried out to the place of execution by the Christian Indians of Loretto,
 hich he walked, seemingly, with as much indifference as ever martyr
 to the stake. While they were torturing him, he continued singing,
 t he was a warrior brave, and without fear; that the most cruel death
 ld not shake his courage; that the most cruel torments should not
 w an indecent expression from him; that his comrade was a coward,
 Candal to the *Five Nations*, who had killed himself for fear of pain;
 t he had the comfort to reflect that he had made many *Frenchmen*
 Fer as he did now. He fully verified his words, for the most violent
 nents could not force the least complaint from him, though his exe-
 cutioners tried their utmost skill to do it. They first broiled his feet
 tween two red-hot stones; then they put his fingers into red-hot
 es, and though he had his arms at liberty, he would not pull his
 gers out; they cut his joints, and taking hold of the sinews, twisted
 m round small bars of iron. All this while, he kept singing and re-
 nting his own brave actions against the *French*. At last they flayed
 s scalp from his skull, and poured scalding hot sand upon it, at which
 e the Intendant's lady obtained leave of the Governor to have the
 up de grace given; and I believe she thereby likewise obtained a
 our to every reader, in delivering him from a further continuance of
 s account of *French* cruelty.

We have selected this tragic story out of many, because it offers
 double moral; for it not only evinces the indomitable power of
 an Indian mind, but it at once turns the accusation raised against
 e cruelty of his nature, upon a citizen of one of the politest and
 avest nations of the civilised globe, and with this fact before him
 ell might the red man say, "*suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo!*"

With a view, however, to show that an Indian heart is not
 ways unsusceptible of the horror we must all feel at the torture
 ey are in the habit of inflicting upon their prisoners of war, we
 ave pleasure in offering, especially to the fairer sex, the follow-
 g anecdote related by Captain Bell and Major Long, of the
 nited States Army, and certified by Major O'Fallan the
 merican agent, as also by his interpreter who witnessed it.

A few years ago a Pawnee warrior, son of 'Old Knife,' know-
 that his tribe, according to their custom, were going to torture
 duca woman, whom they had taken in war, resolutely deter-
 mined, at all hazards, to rescue her, if possible, from so cruel a
 fate.

fate. The poor creature, far from her family and tribe, and surrounded only by the eager attitudes and anxious faces of her enemies, had been actually fastened to the stake—her funeral pile was about to be kindled, and every eye was mercilessly directed upon her, when the young chieftain, mounted on one horse, and according to the habit of his country, leading another, was approaching the ceremony at full gallop.—To the astonishment of every one, he rode straight up to the pile—extricated the victim from the stake—threw her on the loose horse, and then vaulting on the back of the other, he carried her off in triumph!

‘She is won! we are gone—over bank, bush, and scaur;

‘“They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.’

The deed, however, was so sudden and unexpected—and, being so mysterious, it was at the moment so generally considered as nothing less than the act of the Great Spirit, that no efforts were made to resist it, and the captive after three days’ travelling, was thus safely transported to her nation, and to her friends. On the return of her liberator to his own people, no censure was passed upon his extraordinary conduct—it was allowed to pass unnoticed.

On the publication of this glorious love-story at Washington the boarding-school girls of Miss White’s seminary were so sensibly touched by it, that they very prettily subscribed among each other to purchase a silver medal, bearing a suitable inscription, which they presented to the young Red-skin, as a token of the admiration of *white-skins* at the chivalrous act he had performed, in having rescued one of their sex from so unnatural a fate. Their address closed as follows:—

‘Brother! accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief.’

The young Pawnee had been unconscious of his merit, but he was not ungrateful:—

‘Brothers and sisters!’ he exclaimed, extending towards them the medal which had been hanging on his red naked breast, ‘this will give me more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men.’

‘I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance; but I now know what I have done.’

‘I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I know it!’

The tranquillity and serenity which characterise an Indian in time of peace are strangely contrasted with the furious passions which convulse him in war. The moral thermometer, which, in the English character, is generally somewhere about ‘temperate,’ is with the Indians either many degrees below zero or high above the

point at which it is declared that 'spirits boil.' The range of the red man's emotions is infinitely greater than that of his white brother; and to all who have witnessed only the calmness, patience, the endurance, and the silence of the Indians, it seems almost incredible that the most furious passions should be lying dormant in a heart that seems filled with benevolence; that under the sweet countenance which blossoms like the rose there should be reposing in a coil a venomous serpent which is only waiting to spring upon its enemy!

Although, therefore, it might perhaps be said, that if the two extremes of the Indian character were allowed to compensate each other, they would not be far distant from the mean of our own, yet these extremes ought not to be thus considered. In designating a human character, there should be no compromise of principle; no blending of colours; and accordingly we confess, without hesitation, that nothing can be more barbarous than the manner in which the Indians occasionally treat their prisoners of war; yet in this also they have two most remarkable extremes of conduct; for in presenting their captives to those who have lost relations in battle, if they are accepted, they immediately become free, and enjoy all the privileges of the persons in lieu of whom they have been received. In fact they are adopted, and in one moment suddenly find themselves surrounded by people who address them, and who act towards them, as brothers, sisters, parents, and even as wives! On the other hand, if they are rejected by the families of the slain, then their doom is fixed, their torture is prepared, and when the fatal moment arrives, there again appear before the observer of the Indian character two extremes, in both of which they infinitely surpass us. For the noblest resignation, the purest courage, the most powerful self-possession are contrasted in the same red race with the basest vengeance, the most barbarous cruelty, and the most unrelenting malice that it is possible even for poetry to conceive.

'About the time,' says Cadwallader Colden, 'of the conclusion of the peace at Reswick, the noted Theronet died at Montreal. The French gave him Christian burial in a pompous manner; the priest that attended him at his death having declared that he died a true Christian; for, said the priest, while I explained to him the passion of our Saviour, whom the Jews crucified, he cried out, "*Oh, had I been here I would have revenged his death, and brought away their scalps!*"'

We have no desire to attempt to wash out the 'damned spot' which we have just described. Its stain upon the Indian character is indelible: at the same time we must offer a few observations on the subject.

The feelings which actuate the great armies of Europe are altogether

altogether different from those under which two tribes of Indians meet each other in battle. In the former case the soldiers but imperfectly understand the political question in dispute, and they come into action very much in the same state of mind in which an individual would take his ground to fight a duel for his friend with a person he had never before seen, in defence of some unknown lady, who had received some sort of insult which he could not clearly comprehend. Accordingly, the word of command regulates their attack; and at the sound of the bugle or the trumpet they advance or retreat, as the judgment of a distant individual may deem it proper to ordain.

Nevertheless, though they be in cool possession of their senses, let any man,—after having witnessed the misery and anguish of a field of battle, after having mourned over this dreadful sacrifice of human life, and after having, perhaps a few days later, found on the plain, still writhing, hundreds of wounded men, robbed of their clothes by sutlers, and even by women, who, like a flock of vultures, follow every civilised army to prey upon the fallen—declare whether, on reflecting upon such a scene, he has not devoutly wished that it could wholly be attributed to the angry passions of man, rather than to the cold judgment of the statesmen of the nations that had been engaged. At all events, to be a party in such a scene is not the habit of the Indians. On the other hand, if a foreign tribe, with faces painted for war, invade their territory to deprive them of the game on which they subsist—if in time of peace they treacherously murder any of their families—carry off their women—or if they offend their rude notions of honour by an insult;—when enmity against an individual or against a tribe, under such provocation, is once imbibed, it flows in their veins, at every pulsation it reaches their heart, and continues to infect it, until revenge has washed away the injury that has been received. With their passions violently self-excited by every artifice in their power, they accordingly prepare for death or vengeance, and, under these circumstances, the sole object they have in view is to take the life of their enemy, or, if he surrenders, to demonstrate the inferiority of his tribe by subjecting him to a torture which they themselves, be it always remembered, were fully prepared to have endured with songs of triumph, had the fortune of war sentenced them to the test.

However revolting such barbarous cruelty must be to every mind, yet surely no one can deny that the difference between the two pictures we have described is nothing but the necessary consequence of two opposite systems. The cold-blooded system of the civilised world is undoubtedly the best; on the other hand,

so long as our laws mercifully refrain from punishing with death the man who has destroyed his fellow-creature in a paroxysm of passion, we may justly claim for the Indian that the same consideration may be extended to his guilt. And if, moreover, white men, fighting in *cold blood*, be justly declared by us to have 'covered themselves with glory' by the scenes which have been witnessed in European warfare, may not the savage tribes of America humbly sue, at least to Heaven, for comparative pardon, for the excesses *they* have committed in a fit of anger?

With respect to their scalping system (which is not perpetrated by the Indians as a punishment, but on the principle on which our hunters proudly carry home with them, as a trophy, 'the brush' of the fox they have run to death), it is of course horrible in the extreme; at the same time, it may be said, that if war can authorise *us* to blow out the brains of our enemies—run them through the body with our bayonets—hash them with our swords—riddle them with round shot, grape, and canister—and if, while the wounded are lying on the ground, it is our habit, from necessity, to ride over them with our cavalry, and with our artillery and ball-cartridge carts to canter over them as if they were straw—if we can burn them with rockets, scald them with steam, and by the explosion of well-constructed mines blow them by hundreds into the air—surely we are not altogether authorised in so gravely declaring that, the civilised world having determined the precise point to which war ought to be carried, it is therefore undeniable that all who copy our fashions are '*valientes*,' and that whoever exceed it are 'savages' and 'brutes!' No doubt Achilles thought himself at the very height of the fashion when he dragged the body of Hector round the walls of Troy. The Phœnicians no doubt thought it exquisitely fashionable to burn their children in sacrifice. Many of us can remember when the guillotine was in fashion; and, lastly, the alterations which have taken place in our own criminal laws show, that though the scales of justice remain unaltered, the Goddess's sword has within the last few years been deliberately shortened by us to half its ancient length.

In the few schools in which they have been educated by us, the red children have evinced, not only many estimable virtues, but considerable ability.

'All the children of Indian schools,' says Dr. Morse, in his Report to the Secretary at War, 'make much greater progress than is common in our schools, and the missionaries declare that the children are more modest and affectionate, and are more easily managed.'

To the above statement we are enabled to add our own testimony, for in several seminaries which we have chanced to inspect, we have seen the Indian boys perform sums in practice and in

vulgar fractions with a surprising quickness, and, on our expressing our astonishment, we have been assured by one of their masters, who for many years had conducted a respectable school in England, that he was deliberately of opinion that the red children learnt quicker than those of the same age at home.

The honesty of the Indian is sufficiently evinced by the universal custom of our fur-traders to sell to him almost all their goods upon credit. Beads, trinkets, and paint, gun-powder, whiskey, and many other perishable articles, are willingly made over to him, under the mere promise that when the hunting season is ended he will pay the number of skins that has been settled as their price. The Indian then darts away into his recesses, as the dolphin dives through the ocean from a vessel's side, and before a month or two have elapsed he is lost in space, beyond the control of anything but his own honour; nevertheless, as the 'busy bee' faithfully returns to its hive, and as the eagle affectionately revisits its young, so does the red debtor reappear before his creditor, silently to liquidate the debt of honour he had incurred.

The religion of the red man in both continents of America consists universally of a belief in a Great and Good Spirit, and in a 'Manito,' or Evil Genius. They address themselves to both, and accordingly the young modest Indian girl, with her arms folded across her bosom, as fervently entreats the Fiend 'to lead her not into temptation' as her parents, under every affliction, pray to the Great Spirit 'to deliver them from evil.'

The various nations have different notions of the origin of their race:—it is nevertheless an extraordinary fact, vouched for by Mr. Catlin, that of all the tribes he visited there was no one which did not by some means or other connect their origin with 'a big canoe,' which was supposed to have rested on the summit of some hill or mountain in their neighbourhood. The Mandan Indians carry this vague Mount Ararat impression to a very remarkable extent, for Mr. Catlin found established among them an annual ceremony held round 'a great canoe,' entitled in their language 'the settling of the waters,' which was held always on the day in which the willow trees of their country came into blossom. On asking why that tree out of all others was selected, Mr. Catlin was informed that it was because it was from it that the bird flew to them with a branch in its mouth: and when it was inquired *what* bird it was, the Indians pointed to the dove, which, it appears, was held so sacred among them, that neither man, woman or child would injure it; indeed, the Mandans declared that even their dogs instinctively respected that bird.

In a few of the tribes there exists a tradition that they are the descendants of people born across 'the great salt lake,' but most believe that their race was originally created on their own continent. Some conceive that the Great Spirit made them out of the celebrated red stone, from which, out of a single quarry, from time immemorial, they have made their pipes. Others say they were all created from the dust of the earth; but those who have become acquainted with white people modestly add, 'The Great Spirit must have made you out of the *fine* dust, for you know more than we.'

In the year 1821, 'Big Elk,' chief of the O'Mahars, and some other sachems, who had come to Washington, were examined by Dr. Morse, to whose queries they gave the following replies:—

'Q. Who made the red and the white people?—A. The same Being who made the white people made the red people, but the white people are better than the red.

'Q. From whence did your fathers come?—A. We have a tradition among us that our ancestors came to this country across the great water; that *eight men* were originally made by the Great Spirit; and that mankind of all colours and nations sprang from these.

'Q. Do you believe that the Great Spirit is present, and that he sees and knows what you do?—A. Yes; when we pray and deliberate in council, it is not *we* that deliberate, but the Great Spirit.'

The following is from the report of an interview that took place in 1821 between Major Cummings, of the U. S. army, and a nation of Indians formed by the union of the three tribes, Pottawattemies, Chippewas, and Ottawas:—

'Q. What ceremonies have you at the burial of your dead?—A. These vary. We bury by putting the body under ground in a case, or wrapped in skins; sometimes by placing it in trees, or standing it erect and enclosing it with a paling. This difference arises generally from the request of the man before he died, or from the dream of a relative. We place with the dead some part of their property, believing that as it was useful to them during their life, it may prove so to them when they are gone.

'Q. Do you believe that the soul lives after the body is dead?—A. We do, but that it does not leave this world till its relatives and friends feast, and do brave actions, to obtain its safe support. Q. Do you believe there is a place of happiness and of misery?—A. We do. The happy are employed in feasting and dancing; the miserable wander through the air. Q. What entitles a person to the place of happiness, and what condemns a person to the place of misery?—A. To be entitled to the place of happiness, a man must be a good hunter, and possess a generous heart. The miser, the envious man, the liar, and the cheat are condemned to the place of misery.'

In rocky regions, where it would be impossible to dig a grave, the Indians are in the habit of laying out their dead on the flat

on; during which period of doubt, the child is often made to fast, until something has been observed or recollected either in the elements which have assailed him, or in the difficulties he has overcome, or in the circumstances which attended his birth, or in his disposition, to solve the problem, by suggesting an appropriate appellation, which is then solemnly bestowed. And yet, proud as an Indian is of his own name, it is nevertheless most singular, that he can never be induced to utter it. We have often pressed them to do so, but always in vain; for they avert their minds from the question with the same curious attitude in which a dog turns his head away whenever a clean, empty wine-glass is presented at him. 'Oh! no, we never mention him!' is the modest reply of his countenance, and the most an Indian will ever do, when hard pressed, is to look full into the face of some red brother at his side, who, without the slightest reluctance, relieves him from his embarrassment, by smilingly pronouncing his comrade's name; although if his *own* were to be asked of him, he would, in like manner, be suddenly confounded.

Among the Indians in both continents of America, marriage is considered as a civil contract, rather than as a religious ceremony. Polygamy is the exception rather than the rule, and it is generally confined to the chiefs, and to men whose situations entail upon them the necessity of entertaining a number of guests, and who therefore absolutely require more female assistance than he who has only his own family to provide for.

One of the prime objects which a young Indian hunter has in marrying is to obtain a person who will work for him; that is to say, who will cook his meals, make his clothes, repair his wigwam, gum his canoe, dress the skins he procures, &c. One of the great objects which an Indian girl, in marrying, has in view, is to obtain a friend who will protect her in war as well as in peace, and who will procure for her food and covering. The connexion, therefore, is one not only of natural and mutual benefit and happiness, but almost of necessity; for as there is no such thing known among them as a hired servant, the greatest warrior can only get his dinner by marrying a woman to cook it; and, on the other hand, the young Indian girl, (according to Mrs. Glasse's receipt of 'first catch your hare') cannot become a professed cook until she has managed to engage a husband to procure her the game.

Under these two simple principles of attraction they marry very early; the young men being generally about 18 years of age, the girls from 12 to 14. If an Indian's possessions increase, he does not hesitate to add to them another wife, and accordingly, men are occasionally found who are worth six or seven wives; in which

case,

case, we are very sorry indeed to say, the ladies usually rank in his affection, inversely as the dates of their commissions!

That improvident marriages are occasionally contracted will be evident, from the following anecdote of a young Indian of about 18, whose picture is to be seen in Mr. Catlin's gallery:—

The father of this lad having bequeathed to him nine horses and a wigwam, he naturally enough determined to marry: and in the operation of reconnoitring for a wife, he found so many who exactly suited him, that his nuptials were appointed without delay. On the tribe being assembled to witness the ceremony, an old Indian stepped forward, and, delivering over to the man of fortune his young blooming daughter, received from him in return a couple of horses. But before the ceremony could be proceeded with, three other Indians, with three other equally blooming daughters, successively presented to the young bridegroom a wife, for each of whom they received, according to his previous promise, a couple of horses; and yet each of the four fathers, all having separately been bound to secrecy, had conceived that *his* daughter alone was to be the 'wedded wife.' While the improvident young man, whose patrimony had thus suddenly dwindled into nothing but one horse, four wives, and a wigwam, with perfect calmness was leading away his partners, two in each hand, to his tent, the spectators, left in the circle in which they had ranged themselves, remained for a few moments in mute reflection. The act they had witnessed was so unexpected, so improvident, and so unusual, that, not knowing how to digest it, on our old 'omne-ignotum-pro-magnifico' principle, they voted it a *mystery*; and at once, pronouncing the bridegroom to be 'a mystery, or medicine man,'

'They left him *alone* in his glory!'

As the anecdote we have just related does not sound very characteristic of the purity of Indian women, we feel it proper to observe that, degraded as their condition certainly is, wherever they have been contaminated by the vices of the old world, yet in their natural state, they are often distinguished by an innate modesty, and by a propriety of conduct, to which even the traders among them have borne ample testimony. Although these people are always furnished with trinkets, of inestimable value to the Indians, to be given to them as presents, for the sole object of conciliating the tribe, and though they have too often endeavoured to misapply these presents, yet the traders do not hesitate to confess how constantly they have found themselves baffled.

While the red woman is attending to her baby, making mocassins for her husband, collecting gum for his canoe, &c., he is infinitely more actively employed, either in the prairies, in pursuing

suing the buffalo, or in the forest, in tracking the deer and the bear; and during the hunting season the Indians usually wander, with their families, over an immense region of country, to many parts of which they must unavoidably be total strangers.

On leaving the wigwam which contains his children, and which, in the recesses of the interminable desert, can scarcely be seen twenty yards off, the hunter pursues his course in whatever direction he thinks most likely to lead him to game. After travelling for many hours, he at last comes up with foot-marks, upon which, from their freshness, he determines to settle; he accordingly follows them throughout their eccentric course; wherever the animal has turned, he turns; and in this way, for a considerable time, and with his mind highly excited, he prosecutes his game, until he actually has it in view. With unerring aim he then fires his rifle or his arrow; and when his victim, having fallen, has been despatched by his knife, leaving the carcase on the ground, and without deigning to retrace his own footsteps, he instinctively dives into the forest, and proceeds to his wigwam, as straight as an arrow to the target!

This astonishing recollection, even under the excitement of the chase, of the *carte-du-pays* through which he hunted, may be offered as another proof against the assertion that the Indians are our inferiors in mental power.

When a red man enters his wigwam after hunting, it is the custom of his wife to say nothing; she does not dare to ask what success he has had; for anxious as she is, and as he has been, on the subject, she knows he is too tired to talk, and that he wants not conversation, but rest and refreshment. Accordingly, she presents to him dry mocassins, and, as quickly as possible, his food, which, in dead silence, he pertinaciously devours. While he is thus engaged, it may easily be conceived that female curiosity is almost ready to burst the red skin that contains it. If the Indian happens to draw out his knife, the wife's dark eyes eagerly glance upon it, to see if she can discover welcome blood, or a single hair of an animal upon its blade. If he gives her his pouch, with an arbitrary motion of his hand to lay it aside, in obeying the silent mandate, she peeps into it, to see if the red tongue-string of the deer, which the hunter cuts out as a trophy, is there. She looks at the lock of his rifle, to see if it has been often fired; or at his quiver, to count if any of his arrows are missing; in short, she endeavours, by every means in her power, to find out, just as fine London ladies do, what the husband has been doing when from home—at 'the club,' or elsewhere.

While the Indian is occupied at his meal, we may take the opportunity of observing that these people pride themselves in holding

holding all sorts of food in equal esteem. A Mohawk chief told Dr. Morse, 'that a *man* eats everything without distinction—bears, cats, dogs, snakes, frogs,' &c.; adding, that 'it was womanish to have any delicacy in the choice of food.' They will take a turkey, pluck off the feathers, and then, without any farther operation, roast it and eat it, just as we manage with oysters. In some tribes, there is no doubt, they even eat the bodies of their prisoners. Colonel Schuyler told Dr. Morse, that during their war with the French, he was invited to eat broth with them, which was ready cooked. He did so; until, as they were stirring the ladle into the kettle, to give him some more, they lifted up a Frenchman's hand, which, as may easily be conceived, put an end to his appetite.

As soon as the hunter we have just left is refreshed and full, of his own accord he begins to relate to the partner of his wigwam where he has been, and what he has done. He tells her where he first found the track, where it turned, and how it dodged. He crouches down, as he describes where he first got a view of his game, and it is again apparently within his savage grasp, as, starting from his seat, he exultingly shows the manner and the vital part in which he stabbed it.

When this domestic scene in the picture gallery of an Indian's fire-side is concluded, it is the duty of the wife to go and bring the dead animal home—an act which a thorough-bred hunter considers would degrade him. Accordingly, from the description which has been given to her of the spot on which it fell, by retracing her husband's footsteps, wherever it is possible to do so, and by attentively looking out to the right and left for the hanging twigs, which, she knows, in returning to the wigwam, he will have broken, as evidence to her of his path, she manages to arrive at the slaughtered game, of which, it may fairly be said, she earns her share, by bringing it on her shoulders to the den.

If our limits could admit them, endless are the sketches that might be offered to our readers of the simple habits and domestic scenes of the red denizens of America; but it is necessary that we should now turn our thoughts to the more important and more painful consideration of the fatal results which their intercourse with the civilised world has already produced, and must inevitably, we fear, consummate.

It is melancholy to reflect in what different colours Columbus may be painted by the inhabitants of the New and Old World. His philosophical calculations, his shrewd observations, his accurate deductions from a few simple facts, which, by the dull multitude, had remained almost unnoticed, his unalterable determination to bring his theory into practice, his unflinching perse-

verance,

verance, his victory over the ignorant prejudice and superstition which 'like envious clouds seemed bent to dim his glory and check his bright course to the occident,' his personal courage, his tact in propelling his crew, his artifices in supporting their drooping spirits, the eventual accomplishment of his great object, and the accurate fulfilment of his prophecy, combine in making *us* consider him as one of the most distinguished men that the Old World has ever produced. On the other hand, by the red aborigines he may justly be depicted as the personification of their '*manito*' or evil spirit—in short, of that serpent which has brought 'death into their world and all its woe.' Most certainly, however *we* may bless the name of Columbus, accursed to *them* has been the hour when the white man's foot first landed on their shore, and when his pale hand, in friendship, first encountered their red grasp!

The vast Indian empires of Mexico and Peru have, as we all know, been as completely depopulated by the inhabitants of the Old World as the little cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were smothered by the lava and cinders of Vesuvius.

In less populous, though not less happy regions, by broadsides of artillery, by volleys of musketry, by the bayonet, by the terrific aid of horses, and even by the savage fury of dogs, the Christian world managed to extend the lodgment it had effected among a naked and inoffensive people.

In both hemispheres of America the same horrible system of violence and invasion are at this moment in operation. The most barbarous and unprovoked attempts to exterminate the mounted Indians in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres have lately been made. In the United States upwards of thirty-six millions of dollars have been expended during the last four years in the attempt to drive the Seminoles from their hunting-grounds. What quantity of Indian blood has been shed by this money is involved in mystery. The American general in command, it is said, tendered his resignation unless he were granted, in this dreadful war of extermination, the assistance of bloodhounds; and it has also been asserted that on a motion being made, in one of the State legislatures, for an inquiry into this allegation, the proposition was negatived and the investigation suppressed. At all events the aggression against the Seminoles still continues; a pack of bloodhounds *has* already been landed in the United States from the island of Cuba; and while the Indian women, with blackened faces, are mourning over the bereavement of their husbands and their sons, and trembling at the idea of their infants being massacred by the dogs of war which the authorities of the state of Florida have, it appears from the last American newspapers, determined to let loose, the republic rejoices at the anticipated extension of

its

its territory, and, as usual, exultingly boasts that it is 'going ahead!'

In the Old World, war, like every other pestilence, rages here and there for a certain time only; but the gradual extinction of the Indian race has unceasingly been in operation from the first moment of our discovery of America to the present hour; for whether we come in contact with our red brethren as enemies or as friends, they everywhere melt before us like snow before the sun. Indeed it is difficult to say whether our friendship or our enmity has been most fatal.

The infectious disorders which, in moments of profound peace, we have unfortunately introduced, have proved infinitely more destructive and merciless than our engines of war. By the small-pox alone it has been computed that half the Indian population of North America has been swept away. There is something particularly affecting in the idea of the inhabitants even of a wigwam being suddenly attacked by something from the Old World which, almost on the self-same day, has rendered them all incapable of providing for each other or even for themselves; and it is dreadful to consider in how many instances, by the simultaneous death of the adults, the young and helpless must have been left in the lone wilderness to starve!

But not only whole families, but whole tribes, have been almost extinguished by this single disease, which is supposed to have proved fatal to at least seven millions of Indians. The Pawnee nation have been reduced by it from 25,000 to 10,000. When Mr. Catlin lately visited the Mandan tribe, it consisted of 2000 people, particularly distinguished by their handsome appearance and by their high character for courage and probity. They received him with affectionate kindness, and not only admitted him to all their most secret mysteries, but installed him among the learned of their tribe, and afforded him every possible assistance. He had scarcely left them when two of the fur traders unintentionally infected them with the small-pox, which caused the death of the whole tribe! Not an individual has survived; and had not Mr. Catlin felt deep and honourable interest in their fate, it is more than probable it never would have reached the coast of the Atlantic, or been recorded in history. And thus, by a single calamity, has been swept away a whole nation, respecting whom it was proverbial among the traders, '*that never had the Mandans been known to kill a white man!*'

Of our destruction of the Indians by the small-pox, it may at least be said that the affliction is soon over. There is, however, another importation by which we have destroyed them—which, though it has been almost as fatal, has been so by a lingering and

most

most revolting process—we allude to the introduction of ardent spirit, or, as it is generally called in America, of whiskey.

In our own country we are all early taught, and we every day see before our eyes, the miserable effects of drunkenness, but the poor Indian has received no such lesson or experience: on the contrary, the traders tell him the draught will increase his valour and add to his strength. He accordingly raises it to his lips, and from that moment he becomes, almost without metaphor, 'a fallen man.' The exhilarating effect which it at first produces he never forgets, and when he has been once intoxicated, there is nothing he possesses which is not within the easy grasp of the trader. The women and the children equally become victims to this thirst for poison; and it is melancholy to think, that exactly in proportion as the wigwam is denuded by the trader of the furs, skins, and coverings it contains, so inversely are its simple tenants made physically less competent than they were to resist the cold, the inclemencies, the hardships, and the vicissitudes of a savage life.

In populous civilised communities, where, by the division of labour, each man's attention is directed to one minute object, the loss of health and strength is only of comparative importance; but it is dreadful to reflect upon the situation of a poor Indian hunter, when he finds, he knows not why, that his limbs are daily failing him in the chase, that his arrow ceases to go straight, and that his nerves tremble before the wild animals it was but lately his pride to encounter!

The variety of demoralising effects produced in a wigwam, by selling a gallon or two of whiskey to an Indian family of men, women, and children, could not with propriety be described, and must be witnessed to be conceived. It may easily, however, be imagined, that they end in the destruction of their noble constitutions—in their sickness—in their infamy—and very rapidly in their death. By this liquid fire, whole families and whole nations have been not only consumed, as by a conflagration, but they have ended their days in the most squalid misery and woe—in long-protracted anguish. The horrid system has not, however, we regret to say, shared the fate of those it has destroyed; on the contrary, every year it has become better organised, and from the subtlety of the traders it is now more impossible than ever to be prevented. For whatever object a body of Indians is assembled, whether for peace, for war, or even to listen to the doctrines of our revered religion, the traders like wolves come skulking around them, and, like eagles in the neighbourhood of a field of battle, they hover out of the reach of gun-shot, confident of the enjoyment of their prey. In the vast regions of the

Prairies

Prairies alone, it has been accurately estimated that there are at this moment from 600 to 800 traders (many of whom have fled as outlaws from the civilised world, for the most horrible crimes) daily employed in deluging the poor Indians with whiskey.

There is another mode in which the red man is made to fade away before the withering progress of civilisation; we allude to the rapid destruction of the game necessary for his subsistence. In proportion as the sword, small-pox, and whiskey, have depopulated the country of the Indians, the settlement of the whites has gradually and triumphantly advanced; and their demand for skins and furs has proportionally increased. In the splendid regions of the 'far-west' which lie between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, there are living at this moment on the Prairies various tribes, who, if left to themselves, would continue for ages to subsist on the buffalo which cover the plains. The skins of these animals, however, have become valuable to the whites, and, accordingly, this beautiful verdant country, and these brave and independent people, have been invaded by white traders, who, by paying to them a pint of whiskey for each skin (or 'robe,' as they are termed in America), which sells at New York for ten or twelve dollars, induce them to slaughter these animals in immense numbers, leaving their flesh, the food of the Indian, to rot and putrefy on the ground. No admonition or caution can arrest for a moment the propelling power of the whiskey; accordingly, in all directions these poor thoughtless beings are seen furiously riding under its influence in pursuit of their game, or in other words, in the fatal exchange of food for poison. It has been very attentively calculated by the traders, who manage to collect per annum from 150,000 to 200,000 buffalo-skins, that at the rate at which these animals are now disposed of, in ten years they will be all killed off. Whenever that event happens, Mr. Catlin very justly prophesies that 250,000 Indians, now living in a plain of nearly three thousand miles in extent, must die of starvation and become a prey to the wolves, or that they must either attack the powerful neighbouring tribes of the Rocky Mountains, or in utter phrenzy of despair rush upon the white population on the forlorn hope of dislodging it. In the two latter alternatives there exists no chance of success, and we have therefore the appalling reflection before us, that these 250,000 Indians must soon be added to the dismal list of those who have already withered and disappeared, leaving their country to bloom and flourish in the possession of the progeny of another world!

Among the noblest of the tribes whose melancholy fate has
been

been so painfully anticipated, are the 'Crows,' said by Mr. Catlin to be the handsomest Indians he ever visited. As they stand, their jet black hair touches the ground, while in riding after the buffalo at full speed, it is seen streaming behind them in the most beautiful form. In their war dress the plume of eagles' feathers ornaments their brows—a lance fourteen feet in length, giving a wild finish to the picture. Their wigwam villages are situated on the verdant prairies, the surface of which is in some places as flat as the ocean, in others beautifully diversified by undulating hills, which, covered with pasture to their very summits, form a striking contrast with the bright shining snow which everlastingly caps the Rocky Mountains, and with the dark deep blue sky which reigns above them.

The same operation is at this moment going on in detail, but quite as fatally, throughout the whole continent of North America; including our British North American colonies. Even where the lands of the Indians are faithfully secured to them, and where every attempt to encourage them to ruin themselves has been, and still is, discountenanced, still their eventual extinction, by almost starvation, appears unavoidable. Even in Canada, however justly their hunting-grounds may be maintained inviolate, yet, in consequence of the white population settling around them on lands belonging to the British crown, their supply of food is rapidly cut off, until the poor Indian finds, he knows not why, that it has become almost vain to go in search of it: for the game of America is not like that in England, the produce of the land on which it is found, but, migrating and wandering through the forest, it is easily scared from its haunts.

The last of the means we shall mention by which white people have prosecuted, and are still prosecuting, their desolating march over the territory of the Indians, is either by persuading them to sell their lands, as the British government has occasionally done, or by *forcing* them to do so, as we regret to say has been too often the case in other parts of America.

Of all the title-deeds recorded in 'the chancery of heaven,' there surely can be no one more indisputable than the right which the red man of America has to inhabit his own hunting grounds; nevertheless, in Dr. Morse's Report to the Secretary at War, he states—

'The relation which the Indians sustain to the government of the United States is *peculiar* in its nature. Their independence, their rights, their title to the soil which they occupy, are all *imperfect* in their kind.

'Indians have no other property to the *soil* of their respective territories

ritories than that of mere occupancy. . . . The *complete* title to their lands rests in the *government of the United States !*'

The opinion of the Honourable John Quincy Adams on the subject was thus expressed :—

' There are moralists who have questioned the right of the Europeans to intrude upon the possessions of the aboriginals in any case, and under any limitations whatsoever ;—but have they maturely considered the whole subject ? The Indian right of possession itself stands, with regard to the greatest part of the country, upon a *questionable* foundation. Their cultivated fields, their constructed habitations, a space of ample sufficiency for their subsistence, and whatever they had annexed of themselves by personal labour, was undoubtedly, by the laws of nature, theirs. But what is the right of a huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles, over which he has accidentally ranged in quest of prey ? Shall the liberal bounties of providence to the race of man be monopolised by one of ten thousand for whom they were created ? Shall the exuberant bosom of the mother country, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring ? Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of the world ? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like the rose ? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry, and rise again, transformed into the habitations of ease and elegance ? Shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howlings of the tiger and the wolf silence for ever the voice of human gladness ? Shall the fields and the valleys, which a beneficent God has framed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlasting barrenness ? Shall the mighty rivers, poured out by the hands of Nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in sullen silence and eternal solitude to the deep ? Have hundreds of commodious harbours, a thousand leagues of coast, and a boundless ocean, been spread in the front of this land, and shall every purpose of utility to which they could apply, be prohibited by the tenant of the woods ? No, *generous philanthropists !* Heaven has not been thus inconsistent in the works of its hands ! Heaven has not thus placed its moral laws at irreconcilable strife with its physical creation !'

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of Indian titles was as follows :—

' The majority of the Court is of opinion that the nature of the Indian title, which is certainly to be respected by all courts, *until it be legitimately extinguished*, is not such as to be absolutely repugnant to *seisin in fee* on the part of the State.' !!!

However the foregoing extracts may fail to explain satisfactorily to our readers the tenure of Indian lands, they will at least show the lamentable position in which the red native stands on his hunting-grounds in the United States. The poor creature is between white law on the one side, and white whiskey

on the other ;—the one disputes his title—the other obliterates it by ‘dropping a tear on the word, and blotting it out for ever;’ and thus, by the co-operation of both, without even the assistance of the bayonet, is the tenant finally ejected.

In several instances, indeed, the Indian tribes, instead of consenting to sell their lands and abandon the homes of their ancestors, have unburied the hatchet of war, and fought against the regular troops with a desperation and a courage which have proved almost invincible: thus it has lately been officially announced to Congress, that, notwithstanding the enormous expenses of the attack upon the Seminoles, no sensible effect has been produced. But these are rare cases—and even in these the ultimate result is quite clear. In many more instances, the red tenantry, seeing their inability to resist, have obediently consented to retire, in which case the government of the United States has agreed to pay them one and a half cent (the hundredth part of a dollar) per acre for their lands—which lands have been often immediately re-sold by the State for a dollar or a dollar and a half per acre. But besides this profit, the government has taken very good care always to exact from the white purchaser *prompt payment in silver*: whereas the Indian is not only at best paid his pittance in paper money, or in goods, but the government, when it is convenient, claim as their right that the purchase-money need not be paid by them until thirty years, by which time the poor Indians, who reluctantly surrendered their land, will probably all be dead! In short, these sales of land amount so very nearly to an ejectment, that it may easily be conceived the Indians only consent to them where either the power of the law or the strength of whiskey proves greater than they can withstand.

Their attachment to their soil and to their own habits of life, are always affectingly evinced in their various answers to those whose official duty it has been to advocate the government recommendation that they should contract their dominions.

The President, about twenty years ago, recommended to a Pawnee chief who came to Washington on purpose to see him, that he and his tribe should, under the superintendence of Missionaries, till their land like white people. The unlettered ‘savage,’ after having listened with the gravest attention, made the following speech, translated by a sworn reporter, and which we present to our readers as a fair specimen of unpremeditated oratory:—

‘*My great Father*, I have travelled a long distance to see you. I have seen you, and my heart rejoices: I have heard your words: they have entered one ear and shall not escape out of the other: I will carry them to my people as pure as they came from your mouth.

‘*My*

' *My great Father*, I am going to speak the truth; the Great Spirit looks down upon us, and I call Him to witness all that may pass between us on this occasion. The Great Spirit made us all: He made my skin red, and yours white. He placed us on this earth, and intended we should live differently from each other. He made the whites to cultivate the earth and feed on tame animals, but He made us red men to rove through the woods and plains, to feed on wild animals and to dress in their skins. He also intended that we should go to war to take scalps, steal horses, triumph over our enemies, promote peace at home, and the happiness of each other. I believe there are no people of any colour on this earth who do not believe in the Great Spirit—in rewards and punishments. We worship Him, but not as you do. We differ from you in religion as we differ in appearance, in manners, and in customs. We have no large houses as you have, to worship the Great Spirit in. If we had them to-day, we should want others to-morrow, because we have not, like you, a fixed habitation, except our villages, where we remain but two moons out of twelve. We, like animals, roam over the country, while you whites live between us and Heaven, but still, my Father, we love the Great Spirit.

' *My great Father*, some of your chiefs have proposed to send good people [Missionaries] among us to change our habits, to teach us to work, and live like the white people. I will not tell you a lie. *You* love your country, *you* love your people: *you* love the manner in which they live, and *you* think your people brave. I am like you, my great Father! I love my country, I love my people, I love the life we lead, and think my warriors brave.

' Spare me then, my Father. Let me enjoy my country, let me pursue the buffalo, the beaver, and the other wild animals, and I will trade the skins with your people. It is too soon, my great Father, to send your good men among us. Let us exhaust our present resources before you interrupt our happiness and make us toil. Let me continue to live as I have lived, and after I have passed from the wilderness of my present life to the Good or Evil Spirit, my children may need and embrace the offered assistance of your good people.

' Here, *my great Father*, is a pipe which I offer you, as I am accustomed to present pipes to all Red-skins who are in peace with us. I know that these robes, leggins, mocassins, bears'-claws, &c, are of little value to *you*; but we wish them to be deposited and preserved, so that when we are gone, and the earth turned over upon our bones, our children, should they ever visit this place, as we do now, may see and recognise the deposits of their fathers, and reflect on the times that are past.'

It will readily be conceived, that if the Indian sachems were not afraid to avow to 'their great father' their disinclination to remove from their lands, they would with less hesitation express the same reluctance to subordinate authorities. By every possible argument, on hundreds of occasions, the officers of the United States' Indian department have zealously endeavoured

to persuade the tribes to evacuate their lands; and the following extract from a speech of Dr. Morse himself to the Ottawas at L'Arbre Croche on the 6th of July, 1820, will sufficiently show in what proportion truth, sophistry, and well-disguised threats, have been mixed in these sort of official appeals to the doubts, hopes, and fears of the Indian race.

Their attention to the important subject of his communication is thus invoked :—

'*Children*, Your father, the President, thinks that a great change in the situation of his red children has become necessary, in order to save them from ruin, and to make them happy.

'*Children*, Listen attentively to what I am now about to say to you. It is for your life, and the life of your posterity.'

The title of the whites to the lands they had already cultivated, the especial favour shown to them from heaven, the inferiority of the red man, and the desperate dilemma in which he is placed, are thus explained :—

'*Children*, Your fathers once possessed all the country, east and south, to the great waters. They were very numerous and powerful, and lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. They had brave warriors, and orators eloquent in council.

'Two hundred years ago, a mortal pestilence spread wide among the Indians on the coast of the great ocean to the east, and swept away a great part of them. In some villages, all died—not one was left. Just after this great desolation, the white people began to come across the great waters. They settled first on lands where no Indians lived—where they all had died. Other white people, about the same time, settled at the south.

'These white people came not as enemies, but as friends of the Indians. They purchased of them a little land, to support them and their children by agriculture. They wanted but little while they were few in number. God prospered the white people. They have since increased and multiplied, and become a great and powerful nation. They are now spread over a wide extent of the country of your fathers; and are spreading still more and faster over other parts of it, purchasing millions of acres of your good land, leaving for you and your children reservations here and there, small indeed, compared with the extensive hunting-grounds you once possessed. What your brothers, the Osages, said to one of our missionaries is true :—" *Wherever white man sets down his foot, he never takes it up again. It grows fast, and spreads wide.*" You have been obliged either to go back into the wilderness, and seek new hunting-grounds and dwelling-places, or to live on your small reservations, surrounded with white people. Indians cannot associate with the white people as their equals. While they retain their present language and dress, and habits of life, they will feel their inferiority to the white people. Where they have no game to hunt, to furnish them

them with furs for trade, and with food to eat, they become poor, and wretched, and spiritless, dependent on the white people for their support. They will give themselves up to idleness, ignorance, and drunkenness; and will waste away, and by-and-by have no posterity on the face of the earth. Already, many tribes who live among the whites can never more gain renown in war or in the chase. If this course continues, it will soon be so with the whole body of Indians, within the territories of the United States. Indians cannot go to the west, for the great ocean would stop them; nor turn to the north or south, for in either course are the hunting-grounds and dwelling-places of other tribes of your red brethren; no, nor can you go to any other country, for all the countries on the globe, where Indians can live as they now live, are already inhabited.

It will appear by the following extract, that the Indians next received a kind hint that their distress might proceed from their having offended the Great Spirit; and, though it has been a subject of constant regret among many very estimable people in the United States, with what heartless disrespect the ancient burial-places of the aborigines have been treated—with what shameless unconcern the skulls and bones of their ancestors are every day to be still seen turning over and over under the American plough—we cannot but admire the crocodile's tears which the paternal agent condescends to drop on *that* subject:—

'*Children*, Things being so, the wisest men among Indians know not what to advise; or what to do. They imagine that the Great Spirit, of whose character and government they have but very imperfect ideas, is angry with the red people, and is destroying them, while he prospers the white people. Aged and wise men among Indians, with whom I have conversed, think and talk of these things, till their countenances become sad. *Our countenances are also sad*, when we think and talk of them. Hereafter, when these things shall have come to pass, Christian white people, who loved Indians, and wished and endeavoured to save them, will visit their deserted graves, and with weeping eyes exclaim, "Here Indians once lived—Yonder were their hunting-grounds. Here they died—In these mounds of earth the bones of many generations lie buried together—No Indian remains to watch over the bones of his fathers—Where are they?—*Alas! poor Indians!*" But I forbear to pursue these sad reflections. The prospect must fill your minds with sad apprehensions for yourselves and your children, and sink your spirits, as it does my own!!!'

The hearts of the auditory having been sufficiently depressed, the only means of relief is at last pointed out to them:—

'*Children*, I would not have presented this painful prospect before you, had I not another to present, that I hope will cheer your hearts, raise your spirits, and brighten your countenances. I have made you sorry, I will now endeavour to make you glad.

'*Children*, *Be of good cheer*. Though your situation and prospects are now gloomy, they may change for the better. If you desire to be

happy, you may be happy. The means exist. They are freely offered to you. Suffer them to be used.

'Children, Listen. I will tell you in few words what your great Father, and the Christian white people, desire of you. *We impose nothing on you.* We only lay before you our opinions for you to consider. We do not dictate, as your superiors, but advise you as your friends. Consider our advice.

'Your father, the president, wishes Indians to partake with his white children in all the blessings which they enjoy; to have one country, one government, the same laws, equal rights and privileges, and to be in all respects on an equal footing with them.

'To accomplish these good purposes, your great father, the President, and your Christian fathers, will send among you, *at their own expense*, good white men and women, to instruct you and your children in every thing that pertains to the civilised and Christian life.'

The case and the predicament in which they stand having been pretty clearly stated, the poor Indians are finally summoned to surrender in the following significant words:—

'Children, other tribes are listening to these offers, and, we expect, will accept them. All who accept them will be in the way to be saved, and raised to respectability and usefulness in life. Those who persist in rejecting them must, according to all past experience, gradually waste away till all are gone. This we fully believe. *Civilisation or ruin are now the only alternatives of Indians!*'

The alternatives thus offered may be illustrated by the following anecdote. Once upon a time a white man and an Indian, who had agreed that, while hunting together, they would share the game, found at night that the bag contained a fine turkey and a buzzard, which is carrion. 'Well!' said the white man to the red one, 'we must now divide what we have taken, and therefore, if you please, *I* will take the turkey, and *you* shall take the buzzard; or else, *you* may take the buzzard, and *I* will take the turkey!' 'Ah,' replied the native hunter, shaking his black shaggy head, 'you no say *turkey* for poor Indian *ONCE!*'

The cruel manner in which the unsuspecting Indians have invariably been overreached has, to a certain degree, planted in their bosoms suspicion which is not indigenous to their nature. 'Your hearts seem good *outside now*,' said an Indian to a party of white people who were making to his tribe violent professions of friendship; 'but we wish to try them three years, and then we shall know whether they are good *inside*.'

Dr. Morse, in his report to the Secretary at War, says, 'Distrust unfortunately exists already extensively among the Indians. In repeated interviews with them, after informing them what good things their great father the President was ready to bestow on them, if they were willing to receive them, the chiefs significantly

ificantly shook their heads and said. '*It may be so, or it may be not : we doubt it : we know not what to believe.*'

Now, surely there is something very shocking as well as very humiliating in the idea of our having ourselves implanted this feeling against our race, in the minds of men who, when any treaty among themselves has been once ratified, by the delivery of a mere string of wampum shells, will most confidently trust their lives, and the lives of their families, to its faithful execution !

In order to assist the officers of the Indian department in their arduous duty of persuading remote tribes to quit their lands, it has often been found advisable to incur the expense of inviting one or two of their chiefs 3000 or 4000 miles to Washington, in order that they should see with their own eyes, and report to their tribes the irresistible power of the nation with whom they are arguing. This speculation, has, it is said, in all instances, more or less effected its object ; and one of Mr. Catlin's pictures is a portrait of a Sachem, whose strange history and fate may be worth recording.

For the reasons and for the object we have stated, it was deemed advisable that he should be invited from his remote country to Washington ; and accordingly in due time he appeared there. After the troops had been made to manœuvre before him ; after thundering volleys of artillery had almost deafened him ; and after every department had displayed to him all that was likely to add to the terror and astonishment he had already experienced, the President, in lieu of the Indian's clothes, presented him with a colonel's uniform, in which, and with many other presents, the bewildered chief took his departure.

In a pair of white kid gloves, tight blue coat, with gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and red sash, cloth trousers with straps, high-heeled boots, cocked hat and scarlet feather, with a cigar in his mouth, a green umbrella in one hand, and a yellow fan in the other, and with the neck of a whisky-bottle protruding out of each of the two tail-pockets of his regimental coat, this 'monkey that had seen the world' suddenly appeared before the chiefs and warriors of his tribe, and as he stood before them, straight as a ramrod, in a high state of perspiration, caused by the tightness of his finery, while the cool fresh air of heaven blew over the naked unrestrained limbs of his spectators, it might, perhaps, not unjustly be said of the two costumes, '*Which is the savage ?*'

In return for the presents he had received, and with a desire to impart as much real information as possible to his tribe, the poor jaded traveller undertook to deliver to them a course of lectures, in which he graphically described all that he had witnessed.

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For a while he was listened to with attention; but as soon as the minds of his audience had received as much as they could hold, they began to disbelieve him. Nothing daunted, however, the traveller still proceeded. He told them about wigwams, in which 1000 people could at one time pray together to the Great Spirit; of other wigwams five stories high, built in lines, facing each other, and extending over an enormous space; he told them of war-canoes that could hold 1200 warriors. Such tales, to the Indian mind, seemed an insult to common sense. For some time he was treated merely with ridicule and contempt—but when, resolutely continuing to recount his adventures, he told them that he had seen white people, who, by attaching a great ball to a canoe, could rise in it into the clouds, and travel through the heavens, the medicine, mystery, or learned men of his tribe pronounced him to be an impostor, and the multitude vociferously declaring, ‘*that he was too great a liar to live,*’ a young warrior, in a paroxysm of anger, levelled a rifle at his head, and blew his brains out.

Before, however, the civilised world passes its hasty sentence upon this wild tribe for their obdurate incredulity, injustice, and cruelty, we feel it but justice to these red men merely to *whisper* the name of JAMES BRUCE, OF KINNAIRD!

Although we cannot approve either of the extent to which, or of the manner in which the Indian tribes have been obliged to quit their lands in the republican states of America, yet, in spite of all our regard for this noble and injured race, we cannot but admit, that, to a certain degree, the government even of this country ought to effect their removal. We have painfully and practically reflected on the subject; and to those who may object to our opinions, we can truly say, that they cannot be more anxious than we have been to arrive at an opposite conclusion: but our judgment has reluctantly surrendered to facts which it found to be irresistible, and to impending circumstances, which, when considered upon the spot, appeared to be inevitable.

Where the white inhabitants of both continents of America are in possession of infinitely more land than they can cultivate, it is of course an act of cruelty, and of greedy injustice, to provide and speculate for the future by taking forcible possession of remote Indian territory, upon which the Aborigines are happily existing. But it occasionally happens, from rapid settlement caused by emigration from the old world, that a considerable tract of Indian land, which has long been in the immediate neighbourhood of whites, becomes absolutely surrounded, or, in military language, invested by agriculturists; in which case, it is as much
a stumbling-

a stumbling-block to civilisation as an ancient rock would be if left standing in the middle of the Queen's highway. At what rate, and under what laws, civilisation *ought* to advance, it might be possible to prescribe; but wherever the banks which arrested it have given way, and wherever the torrent, under such circumstances, has rushed forwards, whether it be right or whether it be wrong, it becomes practically impossible to maintain anything *in the rear*.

In the instances to which we have alluded, we have seen the interests of a vast territory completely benumbed by the intervention between it and the capital, of an Indian hunting ground, which, like a tourniquet, has stopped the circulation that should naturally have nourished it.

This large expanse of rich land is occasionally found to be inhabited by perhaps only 100, or 120 Indians, the children of whom are, without a single exception, half-castes; the women dirty, profligate, and abandoned; the men miserable victims of intemperance and vice. A considerable portion of them are half-breeds; but even those whose red faces, shaggy locks, beardless chins, and small beautiful feet, prove them to be Indians, are so only in name; for the spirit of the wild man has fled from them, and, unworthy guardians of the tombs of their ancestors, they wander among them dishonoured,—

‘like Grecian ghosts

That in battle were slain, and unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain.’

But besides their moral sufferings, they are often found almost starving from hunger, in consequence of their game having in all directions been cut off. Their country, like themselves, has apparently lost its character, and however we may have failed to describe it, nothing can be more miserable, more degrading, and more affecting than the real scene. In the mean while, the murmur of discontent uttered by the white population against the miasmatical existence of such a stagnant evil, is yearly so increasing in tone and in anger, that, unless their cry of ‘*Off, off!*’ be attended to, there can be little doubt that acts of violence will be committed; and yet, in spite of all these existing and impending calamities, it is often almost impossible to persuade the Indians to consent to move away; for the more their minds are degraded, the greater is the natural apathy they display: besides which, they are almost invariably under a secret intangible influence, which, for some self-interested object or other, successfully induces them most obstinately to decline changing their existence. Under these distressing circumstances, it therefore must eventually become necessary for the government to exert itself

itself in effecting the removal of a set of beings who will neither till the ground themselves, nor allow others, by the sweat of their brow, to do so.

To pay down to a squalid, degraded, miserable set of Indians, who are evidently in the clutches of designing men, and from whom anything could be abstracted by whisky, as much money as their country is worth to white people for the purpose of cultivation—to heap upon them the value of all the water-power, minerals, &c., it may possess—appears not only unnecessary, but absurd. On the other hand, it would be ungenerous, after all the game has been cut off from their country, to pay them no more for it than, under such circumstances, it is actually worth to *them*. Between these two extremes, it is, we humbly conceive, the duty of a powerful nation and of a just government parentally to make such arrangements for these poor people as shall materially better the condition of the remnant of any tribe that may be removed; and if this point be honourably effected, their migration is certainly one of those results of the white man's progress of which they have the least reason to complain.

We have now concluded our imperfect outline or chart of the main roads in both hemispheres of America, upon which the civilised world has been, and still is, gradually, recklessly, culpably and thoughtlessly pursuing 'its course to the Occident,' and certainly it must be impossible for any just man to witness the setting sun rest for a moment upon the country known in America by the appellation of 'the far-west,' without feeling that its blood-red brightness which, in effulgent beams is seen staining every cloud around it, is but an appropriate emblem of the Indian race, which, rapidly sinking from our view, will be soon involved in impenetrable darkness; and, moreover, that he might as well endeavour to make the setting planet stand still upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains before him, as attempt to arrest the final extermination of the Indian race; for if, while the white population of North America, before it has swelled into fourteen millions, has, as has actually been the case, reduced an Indian population of nearly fourteen millions to three millions, what must be the progressive destruction of these unfortunate people now that the dreadful engine which, like the car of Jaggernaut, has crushed all that lay before it, has got its '*steam up*,' and that consequently its power, as well as its propensity to advance, has indefinitely increased? From the Pacific Ocean towards the East the same irresistible power is in operation. The white man's face along both the continents which are bordered by the Pacific is directed towards those of his own race, who, as we have seen, are rapidly advancing towards him from the
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the regions of the Atlantic; and whenever the triumphant moment of their collision shall arrive—whether the hands of the white men meet in friendship or in war—WHERE, WE ASK, WILL BE THE INDIAN RACE?—echo alone will answer ‘*Where?*’

Before we cast aside our hasty sketch, we must offer a few observations on the gallery of paintings now exhibiting in London, at the Egyptian Hall—the catalogue of which is named at the head of this paper.

Mr. Catlin, the American artist who has delineated them, was, we understand, intended by his parents to be ‘a limb of the law;’ but the innate genius of the painter rebelled; and accordingly, after three years of the desk, abandoning parchment and the lucrative prospects that were opening to him, he devoted his mind to canvass, the easel, and the brush.

His labours were soon rewarded by considerable success; as a proof of which we may observe that he was employed to paint the likenesses of all the members of the senate of Virginia, of the two ex-presidents Maddison and Munro, and of six ex-governors, all of whom sat to him for their pictures. But, alas! human talent, like the temper of the pig, is often obstinate; and though Mr. Catlin’s friends, with uplifted arms, endeavoured in a crowd to drive him forwards on the broad professional road which he himself had selected, yet nothing could prevent him from running between their legs up a private path, which evidently led to neither profit nor reward; and so, bidding adieu to white wealthy faces, he galloped headlong towards ‘the far-west,’ for the sole object of obtaining likenesses of the penniless aborigines of America, in whose fate and appearance he felt strangely interested, notwithstanding that several of his mother’s relatives had been cruelly murdered by them, in the well-known and well-sung massacre of Wyoming.

The objects which Mr. Catlin had in view in undertaking the dangers and hardships he thus incurred cannot be better or more modestly explained than by the following extract from the preface to his catalogue.

‘I wish to inform the visitors to my gallery that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians, and seeing also the vast importance and value of which a full pictorial history of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I set out alone, unled and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of
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one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a gallery, unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages.

'I have already devoted more than seven years of my life exclusively to the accomplishment of my design, and that with more than expected success. I have visited with great difficulty, and some hazard to life, forty-eight tribes (residing within the United States, and British and Mexican territories), containing about 300,000 souls. I have seen them in their own villages, have carried my canvass and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c., from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the gallery. The collection contains (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures) 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 200 other paintings, descriptive of Indian countries, their villages, games, and customs; containing in all above 3000 figures.

'As this immense collection has been gathered, and every painting has been made from nature, by my own hand—and that, too, when I have been paddling my canoe, or leading my pack-horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life—the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them, as they have been intended, as true and *fac-simile* traces of individual and historical facts; and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition, as works of art.'

The portraits, landscapes, and groups which Mr. Catlin exhibits, are officially attested by a long array of United States' officers, and other public functionaries, as being '*entitled to full credit*.' By our intelligent countryman, the Hon. C. A. Murray, who gallantly travelled some thousand miles with Mr. Catlin, as well as by several other English gentlemen who have compared the pictures with the tribes and scenery they have respectively visited, their accuracy is, we understand, vouched for not less strongly; and we have thus before us a faithful, professional, and well-authenticated delineation not only of a most interesting portion of the globe as it at present exists in a state of nature, but of a race of innocent unoffending men so rapidly perishing, that too truly may it now be said of them,

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

Indeed, the whole Mandan race, whose chiefs and warriors are now hanging in effigy on the walls of the Egyptian Hall, are already, as has been mentioned, *extinct*! The billows of civilisation have rolled over them—they have sunk for ever from our view—

'Their country blooms a garden and a grave.'

Mr. Catlin's avowed object in visiting England is to sell his collection to our Government, and we most sincerely hope that his reliance on the magnanimity of the British people will not be disappointed.

disappointed. As a man of science, of enterprise, and of true philanthropy, he is justly entitled to be considered as a citizen of the world; and, although he reflects especial honour upon the intelligent nation to which he is so proud to declare that he owes his birth, yet, for that very reason, we are confident, a generous feeling will universally exist to receive him with liberality here. The task he has undertaken has been heavy, and we believe no one can have inspected the successful results of his labour, or listened to the eloquent lectures in which he expounds them,* without feeling that such an appeal to the civilised world in behalf of the Indians ought not to be permitted to end in ruin; for, as his means are slender, it need not be concealed that he himself cannot long afford even house-room to his large family of pictures, which, if rejected, would hang as a mill-stone round his neck.

But, leaving the worthy artist's own interests completely out of the question, and in the cause of science casting aside all party feeling, we submit to Lord Melbourne, to Sir Robert Peel, to Lord Lansdowne, to Sir R. Inglis, and to all who are deservedly distinguished among us as the liberal patrons of the fine arts, that Mr. Catlin's Indian collection is worthy to be retained in this country, as the record of a race of our fellow-creatures whom we shall very shortly have swept from the face of the globe. Before that catastrophe shall have arrived, it is true, a few of our countrymen may occasionally travel among them; but it cannot be expected that any artist of note should again voluntarily reside among them for seven years, as competent as Mr. Catlin, whose slight, active, sinewy frame has peculiarly fitted him for the physical difficulties attendant upon such an exertion.

Considering the melancholy fate which has befallen the Indian race, and which overhangs the remnant of these victims to our power, it would surely be discreditable that the civilised world should, with heartless apathy, decline to preserve and to transmit to posterity Mr. Catlin's graphic delineation of them; and if any nation on earth should evince a desire to preserve such a lasting monument, there can be no doubt that there exists none better entitled to do so than the British people; for, with feelings of melancholy satisfaction, we do not hesitate to assert that, throughout our possessions on the continent of America, we have, from the first moment of our acquaintance with them to the present hour, invariably maintained their rights; and at a very great expense have honestly continued to pay them their annual

* Mr. Catlin has, we think, been ill advised to deliver these interesting lectures he evenings. If he were to give them at four or five o'clock, when the ladies are done with their drive, and it is not yet time to dress for dinner, we are confident the benches would no longer be empty.

presents, for which we have received from them, in times of war as well as of peace, the most unequivocal marks of their indelible gratitude. Their respect for our flag is unsullied by a reproach—their attachment to our sovereign is second only in their breasts to the veneration with which they regard their 'Great Spirit'—while the names of Lord Dalhousie, of Sir Peregrine Maitland, and of Sir John Colborne, who for many years respectively acted towards them as their father and as their friend, will be affectionately repeated by them in our colonies until the Indian heart has ceased to beat there, and until the Red Man's language has ceased to vibrate in the British 'wilderness of this world.' Although European diseases, and the introduction of ardent spirits, have produced the lamentable effects we have described, and although as a nation we are not faultless, yet we may fairly assert, and proudly feel, that the English *Government* has at least made every possible exertion to do its duty towards the Indians; and that there has existed no colonial secretary of state who has not evinced that anxiety to befriend them which, it is our duty to say, particularly characterised the administration of the amiable and humane Lord Glenelg.

ART. IV.—1. *L'Ecole des Journalistes*. Par Madame Emile de Gerardin. Paris, 1839.

2. *Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris*. Par H. de Balzac. Paris, 1839.

CHAMFORT said of the ancient government of France that it was a monarchy tempered by songs. The present government is a monarchy tempered (or distempered) by newspapers. The stanza is superseded by the paragraph: the *chansonnier* gives place to the *feuilletoniste*; and Béranger is thrust out of fashion by Janin.

Enter the Chamber of Peers when a new batch are to take their seats, and the odds are that every third man of them is an editor or ex-editor. Attend the Chamber of Deputies on a field-day, and the most influential speaker will be a gentleman of the press. Dine at the Rocher de Cancale, and the chief room is engaged by a *rédacteur en chef*: ask for a stall at the *Théâtre Français*, when Mars or Rachel is to act, and the best are secured for his contributors. That suite of rooms, brilliantly lighted, has been fitted up by the founders of a journal, who give a ball to-night in honour of the undertaking: that grand-cross of the legion of honour, who is just coming out, gained his decorations

decorations by his articles: that splendidly-dressed woman, who is just going in, is the daughter of a millionaire, who lately bestowed her hand and fortune on a journalist: that gay cabriolet, now dashing through the street, belongs to a theatrical critic, who supports himself by levying contributions on the singers and dancers of the opera. *Vogue la galère!* Power, pleasure, places, wealth, ribands, stars, heiresses, truffled turkeys, and champagne, all showered down in endless profusion upon men, many of whom were living *au cinquième* in want of downright necessities until the glorious Revolution of July! No wonder that they are intoxicated with their success; that they have grown giddy with their elevation; that, like other usurpers, they have forgotten the principles which raised them to the throne, or, like other possessors of irresponsible authority, have become capricious, tyrannical, and corrupt: no wonder, lastly, that their dynasty is now tottering to its fall—

‘ Le trône a succombé par excès de puissance;
La liberté mourut en devenant licence;
Et la presse, Monsieur, nouvel astre du jour,
Pour avoir trop brillé, va s’éteindre à son tour.’

Whilst that event is yet pending, it may be both amusing and instructive to inquire how this social and political anomaly has been brought about.

We need hardly say that the old régime afforded no scope for journalism, or that the moment the restrictive laws were repealed or became powerless, the conflicting parties eagerly resorted to the press. Within a short period after the breaking out of the Revolution each section of the National Assembly, and each of the clubs of Paris, had its organ.* Bailly, Barnave, Lameth, and Madame Roland, were contributors; and the attempt of Mirabeau to establish a newspaper fills one of the most characteristic chapters of Dumont. It failed from bad management; nor are we at all astonished to find that no one else at that particular epoch was able to perfect the invention; for hardly had the writers begun to emerge and breathe freely, when, wave after wave, the revolutionary tide rolled over them, and taste, talent, feeling and information were swept away or lay buried in its depths; whilst the grossest ignorance, the most stupid prejudice, the most unmitigated brutality, raved, revelled, blasphemed, and celebrated revolting orgies, in their stead. During the height of the democratic phrenzy no man's life would have been worth a minute's purchase who should have endeavoured to speak sense and reason, or impose the slightest check on the sovereign will

* The first of note was *Le Logomache*, edited by H. Maret, and afterwards by the Duc de Bassano.

and pleasure of the multitude. Chabot announced,—‘Qu’elle (*la presse*) avoit été nécessaire pour amener le règne de la liberté; mais que, ce bout une fois atteint, il ne falloit plus de liberté de la presse, de peur de compromettre la liberté elle-même.’

‘It’s ill arguing with a king who has an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, and *such very hard-soled boots!*’ said Quintus Sicilius (*alias* Guichard), after having had his shins well kicked by Frederick for suggesting a doubt as to his royal patron’s theory regarding the immortality of the soul. ‘It’s ill arguing with gentlemen who have a committee of public safety and a guillotine at their back!’ said the French journalists; and the 18th Fructidor effectually silenced the few who disregarded the warning, and wrote on. But no sooner had Napoleon enforced order than they re-appeared with renewed vigour; and were we required to name the period when the French press enjoyed the highest degree of influence and consideration, we should name the two or three concluding years of the consulate. Then the truth of Benjamin Constant’s aphorism,—‘the press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world!’—was admitted to its full extent. Power, according to the prevailing theory (for the practice turned out rather differently in the end), was only to be acquired or retained through opinion; and about the year 1800 all that was most distinguished in literature and politics was in direct or indirect communication with the periodical press.

The journals which took the lead were the *Journal des Débats* and *Le Mercure*: the *Journal des Débats* with Delalot, Fievée, the Abbé de Boulogne, Dussault, and Geoffroy (who, according to Janin, then divided the attention of Europe with Napoleon), for contributors: *Le Mercure* with Fontanes, de Bonald, La Harpe (the author of the *Cours de la Littérature*), and Chateaubriand, who sprung, by one bold bound, into celebrity. Their principles were royalist, but with no peculiar predilection for individuals; and they both supported Napoleon, because they thought him alone capable of maintaining order, re-establishing religion, and protecting industry.

On the other hand, the movement party were wanting neither in talent nor energy; but the re-action had begun, the spirit of the epoch was against them, and it was difficult to persuade the people, with the impression of the reign of terror still fresh upon their minds, to risk a renewal of the tragedy. The grand organ of this party was *La Décade Philosophique*: the principal writers being Ginguené, Chenier, Cabanis, Benjamin Constant, and Say. We have already mentioned the circumstances under which

three of them were expelled from the tribunaux for opposing the wishes of the first consul;* and it was hardly to be expected that they would be allowed the free use of their pens, by way of compensation for lost liberty of speech. Their journal was soon found troublesome and suppressed. The conservatives enjoyed a longer respite, and down to so late a period as 1807 the press enjoyed some semblance of liberty; but in the course of that year an eloquent article of Chateaubriand's—in which, apropos of M. Delaborde's Spanish journey, he spoke of Nero and Tacitus—proved fatal to the *Mercure*; whilst to rebut, at all events, the imputation of partiality, the *Journal des Débats*, metamorphosed into the *Journal de l'Empire*, was about the same time taken out of the hands of the proprietors (MM. Bertin, brothers) and placed under the management of official editors. Amongst these was M. Etienne, the author of the comedy of *Les Deux Gendres*, a man of tact and talent, who has since become a proprietor and conductor of the *Constitutionnel*, member of the Academy, and peer of France!

From this period until the Allies entered Paris there was no political paper worth mentioning but the *Moniteur*, which might well supply materials for a philosophic treatise on despotism. What ingenious comments on the text of *might makes right*! what garbling of facts! what perversion of motives! what Ossianic amplifications of victory! what sophistical apologies or mendacious subterfuges for defeat! And then the nightly conferences of the trembling editor with the imperial penman, expecting sense and grammar to wheel about at the word of command like grenadiers. The editor in question was M. Sauvo, who contrived to retain the office and discharge its duties to the entire satisfaction of his employers, through every change of dynasty, till after the Revolution of July. A well-authenticated anecdote may serve to convey some notion of his capacity. Late at night on the eve of that revolution, he was hastily summoned to attend the minister. The ordinances were put into his hands. He glanced over them to see that all was right; but, instead of making his bow and leaving the room as usual, he paused, and stood with the door in his hand, anxious yet hesitating to speak. 'Well, sir, were not your instructions plain?' 'Monseigneur,' replied M. Sauvo, 'I have had so much experience, I have known so many governments—' 'That,' broke in the prince, 'you must have learned by this time that you have nothing to do but to obey. Sir, I wish you a good evening.' The door closed, and the fate of the reigning dynasty was sealed.

On the very day of the Emperor's compelled abdication in

* Quarterly Review, No. cxxviii., p. 440.

1814, the Bertins, disregarding Talleyrand, who cautioned them to wait, rushed back to their old *bureau de reduction*, and were the first to raise and fling abroad the long prostrate banner of journalism. But it had a hard battle to fight long after its fellest oppressor was overthrown, and during the next fifteen years, it struggled on through a series of restrictions—relaxed by Martignac, or tightened by Villele and Peyronnet. During the greater part of this trying period, Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant bore the brunt; and when the censorship put an occasional stop to the contest in the newspapers, they went on plying opposing ministries and each other with pamphlets. The chief royalist journal was the *Conservateur*, under Chateaubriand, Bonald, La Mennais, Clausel de Cousserges, &c. &c. It was ably encountered by *La Minerve*, under Constant, Etienne, Jouy, Arnault, and others professing liberal and constitutional principles. MM. Comte and Dunoyer also, in *Le Censeur*, bravely maintained the cause of what they believed liberty, and endured all sorts of persecutions for its sake. M. Comte, in particular, was for many years an exile in consequence.

But the power and resources of the press could hardly be said to have been fully developed or made known until after the invasion of Spain in 1823, when the various and before conflicting elements of opposition formed themselves, as if by tacit combination, into one compact column, and bore down upon M. Villele. Amongst the most formidable of the attacking body was still, as ever, his former colleague, Chateaubriand, who, though fighting with his vizor down, was easily recognised, by the force of the stroke and the glitter of the weapon, in the *Journal des Débats*. The *Constitutionnel*, founded subsequently to the Restoration, first became remarkable for the good sense, tact, and cleverness with which it adapted political truths to ordinary apprehensions, and won over the feelings or prejudices of the mass. The principal writers were MM. Etienne, Buchon, Felix, Baudin, Jay, de Pradt, and Thiers—who had just then been brought forward and placed in connexion with this paper by Manuel. The doctrinaires, too, were then vehement against the government in the *Courier Français*, where the school was ably represented by M. Guizot and his first wife,—a woman of great and varied accomplishments. They were seconded by M. Mignet, the historian, who was brought forward, at the same time as his friend Thiers, by Manuel.

The *Globe*, founded in 1824 with a view to literature and philosophy, obtained little consideration at starting, but when it diverged into politics, and persons of established reputation were currently named as contributors, it rapidly rose into importance, and took its station amongst the most influential journals of the day.

day. The best of the writers were M. Sainte Beuve, M. Dubois (now deputy, and councillor of the university), M. Tanneguy Duchatel (the minister), MM. Jouffroy and Damiron (the eclectic philosophers), M. Thiers, for a season, MM. Vitet, Charles de Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, &c. &c.—all men of undoubted talent, as every one conversant with modern French literature and politics must admit; and they had then advantages which few of them possess now—the high hopes, the warm feelings, the dash, the vigour, the elasticity and vivacity, of youth.

In 1827, M. Villele's patience gave way, and he re-established the censorship. Whilst this lasted, the demand for periodical writings of the more stimulating kind was almost exclusively supplied by the exertions of one man, M. de Salvandy (since Minister of Public Instruction), who sent forth weekly a pamphlet, or bundle of pamphlets, containing a sufficient number of pages to exempt it from the operation of the law. His *Lettres à la Giraffe* were published in this manner, and enjoyed a very large circulation. Nor must we forget to mention the songs of Béranger, or the pamphlets of Paul Louis Courier, who, on most critical emergencies, threw himself into the fray, without much regard to consequences. In his *Pamphlet des Pamphlets* he thus ludicrously describes the horror with which this mode of publication was then regarded by entire classes of the community:—

‘J’y ai réfléchi, et me souviens qu’avant lui M. de Broë, homme éloquent, zélé pour la morale publique, me conseilla de même, en termes moins flatteurs, devant la Cour d’Assises. *Vil Pamphlétaire!*—Ce fut un mouvement oratoire des plus beaux, quand se tournant vers moi qui, foi de paysan, ne songeais à rien moins, il m’apostropha de la sorte: *Vil Pamphlétaire, &c.*, coup de foudre, non, de massue, vu le style de l’orateur, dont il m’assomma sans remède. Ce mot soulevant contre moi les juges, les témoins, les jurés, l’assemblée (mon avocat lui-même en parut ébranlé), ce mot décida tout. Je fus condamné dès l’heure dans l’esprit de Messieurs, dès que l’homme du roi m’eut appelé pamphlétaire, à quoi je ne sus que répondre. Car il me semblait bien en mon âme avoir fait ce qu’on nomme un pamphlet; je ne l’eusse osé nier. J’étais donc pamphlétaire à mon propre jugement, et voyant l’horreur qu’un tel nom inspirait à tout l’auditoire, je demeurai confus.’

M. Villele fell, and was succeeded by M. Martignac, one of whose first steps was to free the journalists from the worst of the restrictions that weighed them down; but he failed in conciliating their favour—and whether it was that they distrusted his eventual intentions, or, intoxicated with their recent victory over M. Villele, had already begun to think of setting up for themselves, certain it is that they made no allowance for his peculiar position as regarded the court, but on the first disappointment assailed him without ceremony, and contributed largely to his fall. The

Doctrinaires committed the same mistake as that section of the Tory party who drove the Duke of Wellington from power in 1830; they assisted in overthrowing a moderate, constitutional, and truly conservative government, to precipitate a crisis which has shaken monarchy to its base in both countries.

It may be difficult to fix the precise period when a revolution became inevitable, but it is clear that it was confidently anticipated a considerable time beforehand; and the *National* was established in 1829 for the avowed object of accelerating the crash. The founders were Carrel, Mignet, Sautetet, and Thiers, who thought the *Constitutionnel* too tame and unenterprising for the emergency.* They have been accused of republican projects, but there is no foundation for the charge. There is a current anecdote to the effect, that one day, during the Polignac ministry, M. Cousin (the present Minister of Public Instruction), who hides a good deal of worldly shrewdness and love of mischief under his philosophy, meeting Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, laughingly exclaimed, '*Eh, bien! quand vous aurez renversé la monarchie légitime, que mettrez-vous à la place?*' Carrel replied: '*Bah! mon cher Cousin, nous mettrons en place la monarchie administrative.*' An administrative monarch, according to Carrel's acceptation of the term, would have been more like a president than a king; and the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) was already under consideration, and an understood candidate for the post.

A report, drawn up at the time by M. Chantelouze, attributed all the evils of the country to the newspapers; and the struggle now lay entirely between the monarchy and the press. It was clear that one or the other must succumb; the movement party burnt their ships and threw away their scabbards; and the wisest statesmen in Europe were agreed that a *coup d'état* must be attempted, at all hazards, by the crown. The measure failed from the improvidence and irresolution of the projectors; to illustrate which a single incident may suffice.—A literary friend tells us that the moment (on Monday morning) he read the ordinances, and found that no unlicensed publication could appear, he hurried off to his printer, and requested that, as a good deal of the regular work would probably be discontinued, the extra hands might be put upon a purely scientific production of his own. The reply of the printer was, that he had already demanded licences for works unconnected with politics, and, having been informed that the bureaux of examination would not be ready until the Thursday following, he had given his establishment a holiday till then. Thus the capital were to be deprived of their daily reading—as necessary to a Parisian as his daily bread—for four days,

* M. de Talleyrand had shares.

and the most dangerous part of the population were set loose. By an unlucky coincidence also the printers hold a meeting every Monday evening, so that they were enabled to concoct their measures without delay.

The journalists acted, on the whole, with spirit and unanimity. Most of the leading writers signed the protest, and attended the consultation at Dupin's. The *Constitutionnel* gave way, and remained silent, the property being too valuable to risk; the *Journal des Débats*, and two or three others, entered into a composition with the government; but the majority set the law at defiance, and when their printing-presses were seized, placarded the walls of Paris with their articles. An article from the *Globe*, beginning, '*Le crime est commencé*,' was circulated in this manner, and produced a prodigious effect. It was written by M. de Remusat, now Minister of the Interior. A curious scene took place at the office of *Le Temps*, the proprietors of which (MM. Baude and Coste) acted like so many Hampdens. The functionaries of the police, finding the door locked and barred, sent for a blacksmith, who had just commenced operations, when a head, a book, and a blunderbuss, were protruded from a window, and the blacksmith was requested to take notice, that, by an express enactment of the code, any member of his fraternity aiding in an act of illegal violence might be treated as a housebreaker:—he threw down his tools, and before they could get another the tumult was at its height.

The conductors of the *National* were taken by surprise, and had no time to strengthen their position. The original protest with the signatures, which was lying on the table and might have fatally compromised some of the first men in the country, disappeared in the confusion, and has never been seen since. One of the most distinguished of the parties present is commonly suspected of having pocketed it.

It is, besides, our purpose to enter further into these details. The best proof, however, that the Revolution of July was well understood and acknowledged at the time to have been effected by journalism, is to be found in the fact, that when Chateaubriand, a professed royalist, appeared in the streets, he was actually laid hold of and carried in triumph by the populace, as the man, *par excellence*, of the press. Yet from this very period must its decline be dated—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—prosperity paved the way for corruption; another such victory and they are undone.

Smollett tells a story of a troop of monkeys, who, under the management of an able trainer, had been taught to go through a succession of military movements with surprising precision; till one evening, in the midst of their evolutions, a spectator threw a

handful of nuts amongst them, and in an instant they were scattered about the stage—chattering, screaming, biting, scratching, in hot contention for the spoil. Something of the same sort occurred, when the government of France, with its rich array of patronage, was surrendered at discretion to the movement party, and a good half of the best places were distributed, or rather flung, amongst the journalists.* The compact line which they had presented since 1823 was broken in a moment, and all hurried forward to secure a share of the plunder. Far from seeking to restore order, the leaders made no other use of their authority than to acquire an advantage in the race; and so soon as any one of them gained a firm footing, he kicked down the ladder by which he mounted, often with so little caution, that it fell plump upon the noses of his followers.

In a country such as France, where there is no fixed landed or commercial aristocracy, nor any class set apart by circumstances for the service of the state, men like MM. Thiers and Mignet are only assuming their natural position, and exercising a legitimate right, when they aspire to the conduct of affairs; and it would be unfair to judge them by the rules of a country like England, where it is deemed necessary to send a reviewer to India with an exorbitant salary to enrich himself, before he is thought qualified for the Cabinet. They, therefore, cannot be blamed for making the best use of their opportunities, and in a former number we suggested the best excuse for any trifling discrepancy that might be traced between the principles they maintained before the revolution, and those they have professed since. Calling for liberal measures is one thing, the passing of them another; libellous denunciations and insurrectionary movements are often of great use to an opposition leader, but an invariable source of annoyance and embarrassment to a minister; and the same politician may have no objection to progressiveness when *out of place*, who, so long as he is left to his own natural tendencies, will manifest a marked predilection for permanence and stability when *in*. It should also be remembered, that many of the principal writers were not journalists by profession, but took to their pens when they deemed their liberties at stake, as their forefathers would have taken to their swords. Still they need not have thrown them down in such a hurry as to bring discredit on the calling; it was hardly prudent, even as

* We believe every writer of consequence in the *Journal des Débats* got something, and all the founders of the *National* were handsomely provided for, except Carrel, who declined the offered preferment, and Sautélet, who, under the combined pressure of love and debt, committed suicide before the consummation of their hopes. In the course of a few months, M. Guizot, as Minister of the Interior, displaced and replaced 70 prefects, 176 sub-prefects, and 38 secretaries.

regards themselves, to let the public into the secret of their real objects; and they might have left to others the task of disabusing their associates.

There was something almost ludicrous in the eagerness with which the example was followed by the less distinguished members of the press, and the greediness (it deserves no better name) with which they gorged themselves on the good things. Some of them (a well-known *Garde des Sceaux*, for example) fattened, literally and physically, in six months; and the entire scene irresistibly recalls the description given by Tacitus of the effects of long-fasting on such adventurers. Their places were instantly supplied; for the news—or rather the visible, palpable signs—of their success, acted on such of the rising generation as had their fortunes to make, much in the same manner as the first importation of gold from the New World, or the return of the first race of nabobs from the East. The new Eldorado and Golconda was journalism; the returns of commerce and the regular professions were voted too slow for the rising genius of the capital; and crowds of provincials, *grands hommes de province*, hurried up to compete with the metropolitan celebrities. Many of the old hands who had come off second-best in the distribution, also continued at their posts; so that there was no want of talent, vigour, experience or audacity. But the veil was rent asunder, and the illusion at an end: principles were no longer the real, and hardly the avowed, object; there was neither concert, steadiness of purpose, conviction, or enthusiasm; they did not respect themselves, and were not respected; they distrusted one another, and the public distrusted them: their tone partook at once of the blighting bitterness of the veteran, and the compromising indiscretion of the recruit; and so soon as it became evident that their more fortunate predecessors neither could nor would provide places for the whole, they grew irritated, angry, almost savage, in their denunciations of such base, such shameless, such unheard-of and profligate apostacy—as they termed a course of conduct which they had been most anxious to anticipate, and would be most happy to pursue. The storm of fierce, reckless, unblushing calumny which has ever since been pouring upon M. Thiers, and under which, had he been other than a man of first-rate talents and unflinching resolution, he must have sunk, is principally attributable to the jealousy with which his former equals and rivals saw him raised so immeasurably above their heads; and an edifying spectacle, well calculated to inspire general confidence and advance their own interests, it has been—to see almost the whole press of Paris making

making cause against an individual *because* he had risen from their ranks. The worst is yet to come: their ambition sunk as their hopes fell, and they soon began to regulate their objects by their means. To revert to our former illustration—the first Spanish invaders of Mexico, and the first English proprietors of Bengal, sacked royal treasuries and extorted ransoms from kings: the second flight were obliged to content themselves with squeezing revenue-collectors and nobles: the third were petty larceny depredators, who dealt in peculation and took bribes. Just so the most eminent or most active of the French journalists got places in the ministry; the next best were made prefects, masters of requests, librarians, or councillors of boards: the last comen were obliged to rest satisfied with *douceurs*.

Dating from this period, far the most remarkable of the regular writers was Armand Carrel, henceforth the main support and animating spirit of the *National*. Indeed, parodying the *mot* of Louis XIV., he might have exclaimed *Le National, c'est moi*. So long as he lived, it was hardly possible, and would have been extremely dangerous, to speak disparagingly of journalism. When he died, its best title to consideration died with him. His errors were those of temperament, of undue confidence, of limited cultivation, of political shortsightedness: there was no taint of meanness in his disposition or motives, and not a breath of suspicion ever rested upon his character.

Carrel was educated at the college of Rouen and the military school of Saint Cyr. He entered the army, but left it after obtaining the rank of sub-lieutenant, and was about to start in commerce when he was offered the appointment of secretary to M. Thierry, the historian, which his literary tastes induced him to accept. His duty consisted in verifying the references, arranging the notes, and correcting the proofs of M. Thierry's publications, particularly the *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*; and the time thus occupied was subsequently turned to good account. At the end of six months, a bookseller having applied to M. Thierry to write a summary of the history of Scotland, he excused himself on the ground of prior engagements, and recommended his assistant for the work. It was undertaken by Carrel, and completed accordingly; and, with the aid of an introduction by M. Thierry, succeeded sufficiently to embolden the author to aim at independence. A small sum of money being collected from his family, he set up a circulating library in partnership with a friend; and in the back room of this establishment, with his favourite Newfoundland dog at his feet, he composed his *Histoire de la Contre-Revolution en Angleterre*,

Angleterre, a work principally interesting from the illustration it affords of his own political opinions at the time; for it is obvious that the Stuarts and the Bourbons are identified throughout. The book was thought sound and well-judging, but rather heavy; and it possessed few attractions for readers accustomed to the antithetical sententiousness of a Mignet, the comprehensive speculations of a Guizot, or the living, moving, dioramic pages of a Thiers.

The first productions of Carrel which gave promise of his future excellence, were two articles in the *Revue Française* on the Spanish war of 1823, in which he had taken part against his countrymen. These appeared in 1828, and probably led to his engagement in the *National*, in which he played only a subordinate part at starting; and an opinion, sanctioned by M. Thiers, had got abroad that he required time to meditate his articles, and was consequently unequal to the daily demands of a newspaper. The truth is, he was one of those men who only grow great with circumstances, and cannot put forth their full strength until they feel the entire responsibility resting upon them; for no sooner did Carrel find himself editor-in-chief, than the slow, painful, laborious, steril writer became ready, rapid, and abundant. Even those who knew him best stood astonished at the combined freedom and purity of his style, the logical closeness of his reasoning, the occasional richness of his illustrations, his singular power of painting or conveying images by words, and the command of language which enabled him to disclose or keep back just so much of his meaning or eventual intentions as he thought fit. It was then too remarked amongst his friends, that, as his capacity for acting the part of leader came to be appreciated, his temper perceptibly improved, and much of his morbid susceptibility to fancied slights, evidently originating in the fear or consciousness of being undervalued, disappeared. He might be almost said to have loved danger for its own sake, such was his chivalrous eagerness to press forward at the sound of a menace or the semblance of a risk. When four successive *gerants* of the *National* had been imprisoned for articles notoriously of his writing, he could endure this sort of vicarious punishment no longer: he designedly composed another of such a character as to compel the government to proceed against himself, and his imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie was the result. When it became the fashion to summon editors to the field, he accepted cartel after cartel till he fell.

About the time when MM. Thiers and Mignet were provided for, a prefecture of the third class was conferred on Carrel without consulting him: but he thought the appointment

inferior

direction, the first outward and visible sign of the king's predilection for the substance as well as the tri monarchy.

The nature of Carrel's views, and the secret of the which he long exercised, are thus described in a short his life and opinions by M. Nisard.

‘ La révolution de juillet, si extraordinaire entre toutes tions, par le spectacle d'un peuple laissant au vaincu la li plaindre et de se railler de la victoire, avait permis d'espérer éclatant et définitif au droit commun. Carrel se fit l'org espérances et le théoricien de cette doctrine. Il traita la que sa rigueur et sa netteté accoutumées. Il opposa aux exempl breux depuis cinquante ans, de gouvernements périssant l'arbitraire, le modèle d'un gouvernement offrant à tous les garanties contre son légitime et nécessaire besoin de conser n'invoquait que des raisons exclusivement pratiques, se secours innocent de toute forme impassionnée, pour ne pas belle théorie à l'ironique qualification d'utopie. C'est cet qui fit tant d'amis à Carrel sur tous les points de la France, où pénétrait le *National*. Il eut, en dehors de tous les part composé de tous les hommes, soit placés hors des voies d publique, soit trop éclairés pour s'y jeter à la suite de quel se recommandant que par des succès de plume ou de tribuns gens, lassés des querelles sur la forme du gouvernement, même aux admirables apologies de la forme américaine, quittu pour la chose, se rangèrent sous cette bannière du droit cor Carrel avait levée sur toutes les fautes et sur toutes les rui sur celles de ses théories républicaines ! Il lui en venait de des témoignages d'adhésion qui parurent un moment lui suf vis se résignant à être, pour un temps déterminé, le premi

tem of government in which the rights of all members of the community should be respected; in other words, a good constitution, such as England's was. His error consisted in supposing such a system practicable in France, where, since 1830, the only principle of order, the only check on periodical insurrection, has been a fear—the fear naturally entertained by the proprietors and the bourgeoisie of mobs. This, and this only, keeps the present king upon the throne.

Carrel was killed in a duel with M. Emile de Girardin in 1847, being then about thirty-seven years of age. The heir-apparent, the present Duke of Orleans, has been much commended for his generosity in exclaiming, *C'est une perte pour le monde*; and the event made a great sensation. But it may be doubted whether Carrel did not quit the stage most opportunely for his fame. Disappointment had soured his temper, and the success of his attacks on Louis Philippe had begun to hurry him into a violence both of conduct and expression which it was impossible to excuse. He had, moreover, undergone the usual fate of popular leaders who seek to establish principles, or place any curb on the excesses of their followers. The ultra-section of his own party repudiated him as a disguised aristocrat, a would-be elegant, and pointed to his dress and equipage as infallible proofs of a falling off from the true doctrines of equality.* This fact is impliedly confirmed by one of M. Nisard's anecdotes:—

'Un soir, il revenait des bureaux du *National*, fort tard, dans ce cabriolet qui lui a été tant reproché, soit par des hommes qui auraient voulu la tombe de leur père pour en avoir un, soit par des amis de l'égalité, qui la veulent dans les fortunes, pour se consoler de l'inégalité des talens. Il passe devant un pauvre homme, préposé à la garde des travaux de voirie, et qui grelottait de froid. Carrel arrête sa voiture, en tire la housse d'hiver de son cheval, la jette sur les épaules du gardien, lui met quelque argent dans la main, et disparaît avant les remerciements.'

We make no apology for dwelling so long on the character of his man. Bare justice to the periodical press of Paris required it, for during many years he was the only regular member of their body to whom the praise of first-rate talent and unimpeached integrity could be awarded without exciting a general murmur of dissent. This account of him, moreover, includes that of one of the most remarkable of the French journals, the *National*; for its importance ceased upon his death, and it has ever since been conducted by writers of little talent, literary reputation or authority—with the exception of M. Emile Souvestre, the author of

* It may not be generally known that there are politicians and newspapers who bring the same charge against Mr. Coroner Wakley and Mr. Joseph Hume.

Riche et Pauvre, one of the best of the modern novels. Its principles are republican. In this line it had to compete with *La Tribune* under Armand Marrast and Cavaignac. Marrast, though far inferior to Carrel, was a writer of spirit and ability, but republicanism had only a very short run in Paris, and *La Tribune* is no more. The leading ultra-democratic journal at present is *Le Bon Sens*, but it is in bad odour, and has a limited circulation.

Their connexion with the preceding topic has led us to mention the republican papers in this place. So far as precedence depends upon influence and general respectability, the *Journal des Débats* is undoubtedly entitled to stand first. The proprietors are still the same who tore it from the clutches of Napoleon—M. Bertin de Vaux, long time deputy, and now peer of France, and M. Bertin l'ainé, who might easily obtain the same distinction if he chose. He is nominally the director of the paper, but the duties are discharged by his son. Though both are men of sense and talent, they never write; nor, to the best of our information, does any member of the family, but they do not deserve less praise or enjoy less consideration on that account. When an attempt was made to depreciate Queen Elizabeth on the ground that all the great actions and wise policy of her reign were attributable to her ministers, it was answered (and it is to be hoped that some time or other the same defence may be made for Queen Victoria) that the selection of good ministers was the best possible proof of her superiority. Tried by this criterion, the Bertins will rank very high, for the writers to whom the conduct of their paper has been intrusted have amply justified their confidence and done honour to their discernment. The principal political contributors are M. Saint-Marc Girardin, M. de Sacy, and M. Michel Chevalier.

M. Girardin is councillor of the University, professor of literature at the Sorbonne, and was for some years a member of the Chamber. He is the author of a good work on Germany (*Notices sur l'Allemagne*), and writes in a pleasing, light, lively style, with uniform good temper and good sense.

M. de Sacy is the son of the celebrated orientalist of that name. He is a quiet, steady, unpretending writer; less varied and vivacious, but more discreet, connected, and consistent, than M. Girardin.

M. Chevalier is the author of an excellent work on America, well worthy to be placed alongside of M. de Tocqueville's, though nothing can well differ more widely than their plans. When the *Globe* was bought up by the Saint-Simonians he was its editor; and he is still tainted with some of the least blamable of their doctrines.

Other

Other well-known contributors are or have been: M. Villemain, peer and man of letters; M. de Bourqueney, secretary to the London embassy; the Abbé Feletz; M. Le Clerc, dean of the faculty of letters; M. Loeve-Veimar; and M. Cuvilier-Fleury, the tutor of one of Louis Philippe's sons. It is also understood that ready-made articles sometimes arrive from the Tuileries, and are inserted without alteration. The proprietors were originally pure royalists; nothing short of a regular, legitimate, right-divine sort of monarch would satisfy them. Their opinions have been undergoing changes ever since the restoration, and they are now, to all appearance, quite satisfied with a king by the blessing of the barricades.

The literary department has always been well supported; and at present we are by no means certain that the paper is not indebted for the better half of its celebrity to its good fortune in securing the services of M. Jules Janin, the most popular of living *feuilletonistes*, a host, an epoch, a dynasty, a *puissance*, in himself. Is there a breakfast-table at Paris which does not hail with eagerness the Monday number of the Journal, in which alone his weekly criticism is to be found? Is there an actor, dancer, singer, or playwright, who does not tremble at his nod? Is there a cultivated man in Europe who cannot read with pleasure, long after the occasion has gone by, this reckless, thoughtless, wild, wandering, discursive, gay, good-humoured, fertile, fanciful, and sensible contributor—this *enfant gâté d'un monde qu'il gâte*? It is not fair to judge him by his romances. He cannot write a book: he wants continuity; he wants the power of adhering doggedly to an idea, a system, a doctrine, or a plot. Like a child who quits the path to pick flowers or chase a butterfly, he is eternally wandering off into fresh trains of associations, but comes back loaded with so many pretty things, that we lose all inclination to find fault. Take, for example, a few passages from his necrological notice of a flower-seller:—

‘ Vous avez laissé mourir, moi absent, une des plus aimables femmes dont le commerce parisien pouvait à bon droit s'enorgueillir, Mme. Prevost, la marchande de fleurs du Palais-Royal.

‘ Cette femme avait été très-belle, et, rien qu'à la voir cachée dans ses dentelles, on devinait sans peine que l'amour avait passé par là. Son regard était fin, mais voilé; son sourire était doux et calme, mais elle souriait rarement. Toute sa vie elle avait eu une grande passion pour les fleurs; non-seulement elle les cultivait avec un succès sans égal, mais encore pas une main mortelle ne savait en nuancer les couleurs avec plus d'art et plus de goût. Elle faisait un bouquet avec autant de passion que Cardaillac le bijoutier quand il montait un de ses chefs-d'œuvre; puis, son bouquet fait, elle le mettait en réserve, attendant une femme assez belle pour le porter; et, si cette femme n'arrivait pas le même jour, Mme.

Prevost

Prevost gardait son bouquet pour elle-même, et elle était heureuse. Aux femmes qui passaient et qui achetaient un bouquet par hasard, elle donnait des bouquets faits au hasard ; au mari qui achetait un bouquet pour sa femme, comme il eût acheté une poupée pour sa fille, Mme. Prevost donnait un bouquet tel quel : elle savait si bien que ce bouquet ne serait regardé ni par celui qui le donnait ni par celle qui le devait porter ! Elle avait des bouquets pour tous les âges, pour toutes les positions de la vie ; elle voyait d'un coup d'œil quelle était la fleur qu'il fallait employer pour sauver un pauvre cœur qui allait se perdre, pour ranimer un amour qui faiblissait. Elle était indulgente pour les uns, sévère pour les autres, impitoyable pour le séducteur, bienveillante pour l'ami timide. Elle disait qu'elle n'était jamais si heureuse que lorsqu'elle tressait une couronne virginale. Que de jeunes femmes elle a sauvées qui ne se sont pas doutées de la main qui les sauvait ! que de Lovelaces arrêtés dans leur triomphe qui en sont encore à se demander : *Comment donc celle-là m'a-t-elle échappée ?*

‘ Un jour que j'étais seul dans l'arrière-boutique, je trouvai sous ma main un petit livre à couverture verte, qui avait l'air d'un livre de comptes. J'ouvris machinalement ce livre ; et quel fut mon effroi quand je me vis tombé tout en plein au beau milieu de l'histoire la plus cachée du monde parisien ! Terrible histoire ! touchante histoire ! trahisons, mensonges, perfidies ; mais aussi dévouement, passion, fidélité. Dans ce livre Mme. Prevost écrivait elle-même, jour par jour, comme on fait dans un livre de commerce, les noms de tous ceux qui achetaient des fleurs chez elle en lui disant : — Faites-les porter chez Mme. ***, rue ***. — Tel était ce livre. Ici le nom d'un homme ; plus loin, et tout en face du nom de cet homme, était écrit le nom d'une femme et sa demeure. Et pourtant savez-vous ? jamais un roman de M. de Balzac lui-même, même dans les beaux jours de M. de Balzac, quand il coupait avec tant de verve et de bonheur le regain de son esprit, n'a présenté un intérêt pareil à celui de tous ces noms en présence ! Oui, un homme qui envoie d'abord un simple bouquet de violettes à cette femme qui l'accepte ; plus tard la violette devint une rose ; chaque jour ajoute d'abord une fleur à cet envoi de l'amour ; puis bientôt chaque jour arrache une fleur, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin le nom de cet homme ne soit plus accouplé au nom de cette femme. Et si vous saviez combien peu elles durent, ces grandes passions éternelles comme la rose !

‘ Et quel livre, ce compte des amours parisiennes ainsi tenu en partie double ! Lisons encore, lisons toujours. Aujourd'hui ce même homme a cessé d'envoyer un souvenir à cette même femme ; mais regardez plus haut, à l'autre page : au moment où le bouquet de cet homme allait en s'amointrissant, un autre bouquet s'avavançait sur l'horizon vers cette même femme ; et ainsi vous pouvez suivre l'amour parisien dans ces sentiers ténébreux et fleuris. Et chose étrange ! que de noms, qui se tiennent par un lien de fleurs, dont vous n'auriez pas cru que la rencontre fût même possible ! que de chaînes tour à tour brisées, renouées, rompues ! que de bouquets renvoyés et rendus ! quel pêle-mêle bizarre, étrange, incroyable ! que d'histoires galantes qui se croisent ! que de dates funestes ! — Voilà donc le bouquet que portait cette femme le jour

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où son amant fut tué en duel ! et ce bouquet n'était pas même celui de cet amant !—Voilà donc d'où venait la fleur que vous portiez dans vos cheveux, Coralie ! et vous disiez que vous l'aviez cueillie dans la serre de votre père !—Louise, pauvre enfant ! Je comprends à cette heure pourquoi cette fleur desséchée au chevet de son lit, au pied du Christ.—Ah ! juste ciel ! en voici une qui a reçu d'abord une rose, puis une fleur d'oranger pour aller à l'autel. Heureuse celle-là ! heureuse entre toutes ! . . . O l'horreur ! maintenant c'est une couronne d'immortelles que le jeune époux vient de jeter sur la tombe de sa femme !—Tel était ce livre terrible.—*Les Catacombes*, tom. ii. pp. 267-282.

What an exquisite train of associations is here suggested ! What feeling, poetry, and truth ! Would any one doubt that there had been such a woman and such a book ? Yet it is all sheer fancy. The shop or stall in question was a dark, dingy little hole, half hidden behind a pillar : the flowers looked worthy of the place ; and Madame Prevost herself is not to be named in the same day with a little *bouquetière* in Covent-Garden. In fact, he writes best about nothing ; and his papers may too frequently be compared to a bottle of the late Charles Wright's champagne, which frisks, foams, and sparkles, titillates the palate and enlivens the spirits, if you drink it off the moment it is uncorked ; but subsides into a thin, sugary, insipid kind of beverage, if you let it stand a while with the view of passing an opinion upon its quality. Besides his Monday criticisms, he scatters his articles about pretty freely, without much regard to political opinion or principle ; and, unless he is much belied, he has even been known to boast of answering his own articles in the *Quotidienne*, by way of frolic, in the *Constitutionnel*.

The *Constitutionnel*, a few years ago, counted more than twenty thousand subscribers. This was when the writers before mentioned were engaged in it, and waging a fierce war against the Jesuits and the court. It has sensibly declined since 1830, and it had become the fashion to say that 'on se désabonnait au *Constitutionnel*.' But, as the occasional organ of M. Dupin aîné, it has retained no inconsiderable degree of importance ; and during the Molé ministry the public attention was attracted to it by frequent contributions from M. Thiers.

Le Courier Français fought side by side with the *Constitutionnel* against the monarchy of the restoration. Since the Revolution it has leant towards the Dupont de l'Eure and Odillon Barrot party or parties ; and the latter has the credit of writing in it occasionally. M. Guizot has also been confidently named as a contributor. The editor, in its best days, was M. Chastelain, an honest, though heavy, writer. Since his death its leading articles have been supplied by M. Foucher, who has improved upon his predecessor.

The royalist or legitimist party are much divided in opinion. The
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two principal divisions are represented by *La Gazette de France* and *La Quotidienne*. The chief support of the *Quotidienne*, until within these few months, was M. Michaud, the academician, and author of the History of the Crusades; a man ill fitted for the defender of a cause whose main dependence should be faith. In allusion to the use they were making of the church in the contest, he laughingly said, '*Nous tirons par les fenêtres de la sacristie*;' and the remark is no bad illustration of his character. He was supposed to be assisted with advice or contributions by MM. Berryer, Laurentie, the Duc de Valmy, and the Visconte Lottanges. The general tone of the paper is careless, mocking, and cavalier, with a marked affectation of the French gentleman of the ancient régime.

The *Gazette de France* is the direct opposite of all this. Deep devotion, profound respect, steadiness of purpose, and a strict regard for the decencies (with the small exception of veracity), are its characteristics: nor amongst its merits or demerits must we forget its zealous adoption of one material portion of the Jesuit creed—the maxim, that the end justifies the means. At least we cannot give the conductors entire credit for believing all their own fictions, or for being themselves the dupe of all the political speculations they put forth. Their version of the past history of France seems to be, that the old monarchy, actually and practically, secured an equality of rights for all classes—(if they had contented themselves with saying that it attained nearly as many of the true objects of government as the present, the doctrine would not have been devoid of plausibility)—and they anticipate future history, by assuring their readers that this source of prosperity will be very speedily restored. Nor is the advent of Henry V. postponed indefinitely, or to a period when no one is likely to retain any recollection of the prophecy. In this respect they resemble Cobbett, who long outlived the period when he was to perish, like another Guatimozin, on a gridiron. The restoration is confidently fixed for to-morrow, or next week, or Monday fortnight (positively the last time of restoring); and when the prediction fails, they assert, that, by all the rules of prediction, it ought not to have failed; just as the French were beaten, though by all the rules of war they ought not to have been beaten, at Waterloo. They are warm advocates of universal suffrage, probably on Coleridge's principle, that reverence for ancient forms and institutions is now confined to the lower classes. The principal writer is the Abbé (formerly Baron) de Genoude. His maligners assert that when he left his native place his appellation was *Genou*, and that he has placed a *de* on both sides to make it doubly acceptable to the aristocracy or they give another turn to the insinuation,

sinuation, 'Il a mis à son *genou* deux charnières (hinges) pour mieux le fléchir.' The most marked occasion on which he is said to have bent the knee was during the ministry of M. Villèle, who, by way of re-payment, we presume, has recently emerged from his retirement to write letters on finance in the Gazette. M. de Genoude is reputed extremely rich. We have heard his income estimated at not less than seventy or eighty thousand francs a-year, and we can believe it; for the legitimist nobles are both wealthy and generous. They still cling to many habits and prejudices injurious to their cause; they are bad canvassers, and they live too much within a clique; but their houses and purses are freely opened to their friends; and funds are never wanting to maintain their hold upon the press. For this reason the sale of the legitimist journals is an unsafe criterion of their circulation, since every member of the party makes a point of subscribing, and, perhaps, any given copy is seldom read beyond the family.

Le Monde, formerly (about 1837) edited by the celebrated Abbé de la Mennais, with the assistance of the equally celebrated Georges Sand, is no more. *La Paix* has also been given up, though M. Guizot was understood to be a contributor. *Le Commerce*, a paper founded at the restoration and respectable from its information and consistency, is now the organ of M. Mauguin, the celebrated orator and advocate, who makes use of it to advance his own peculiar views in politics, as well as to defend certain colonial interests intrusted to his care. *Le Temps*, founded by M. Jacques Coste, the hero of the barricades, and for many years very skillfully conducted by him, has been bought by or for M. Conil, deputy and colonial delegate, who uses it much as M. Mauguin uses *Le Commerce*.

We now come to a paper which has effected a revolution in journalism, *La Presse*, established in July, 1836, at half the price (forty francs a-year) of other papers of the same class. The projector was M. Emile de Girardin, a gentleman whose precise position and character it is no easy matter to describe, for few men have been more unceremoniously calumniated, and, after being many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he has been recently declared ineligible on the ground that he could not prove himself to be a Frenchman. The difficulty, it seems, hinged on the peculiar circumstances of his birth, which he has managed to turn (as he manages to turn most things) to account, by relating them in an agreeable little book, entitled *Emile*. He is a natural son of the Comte de Girardin, grand huntsman to Charles X., and has won his way against considerable disadvantages with a gallantry which it is impossible to help admiring.

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He is perfectly unrivalled in that species of sagacity which divines at a glance the capabilities of a new project or speculation ; and, perhaps the true secret of his extreme unpopularity is the jealousy felt by other adventurers at his success. He started *Le Voleur*, a paper made up of borrowed articles, pushed it into circulation, and then sold it on advantageous terms. He started *La Mode*, and disposed of it in the same manner. He took the lead in establishing *Le Panthéon Littéraire* (a collection of classical writers) under distinguished patronage, and is said to have made an equally good thing of that. Such was now the confidence placed in his tact, that, when he announced the project of a forty franc journal, the sum of 700,000 francs (28,000*l.*) was forthwith subscribed and placed at his disposal ; and notwithstanding the combined attempts of the competitors, whom he thus undersold and half ruined, to put him down, it is far from clear that this undertaking will not prove as prosperous as the rest. Soon after the establishment of his journal, he became engaged in a controversy with Carrel. It led to a duel, in which Carrel was killed. Frenchmen—who in some respects are not above half civilised—regard disputes of this kind much in the same light as Sir Lucius O'Trigger : 'It's a very pretty quarrel as it stands.' They never dream of explanations, and have frequently no better object in fighting than to show that they are not afraid. Four or five years ago, the ultras of both sides seemed seriously intent on carrying the Bobadil plan of extermination into effect. 'We would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not in honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them ! challenge twenty more ; kill them ! twenty more ; kill them too ! and so on.' This duel, therefore, was rather M. de Girardin's misfortune than his fault. By way of compensation he had the good luck to marry the beautiful and accomplished Delphine Gay, the daughter of the celebrated Sophie Gay, through whom he gained a legitimate footing in society. Yet such was the prejudice excited against him by the death of Carrel, and the establishment of his newspaper ; such is the influence of the press, when combined for any given object, good or evil ; such the overwhelming power of popular clamour, passion, or caprice, in France, that M. Girardin was driven, almost by acclamation, from the Chamber, for not being able to produce strict documentary evidence of a fact of which no moral doubt was ever entertained by any one.⁴

The journal participates of the character of the founder : it is clever and amusing enough, but by no means remarkable for steadiness or consistency. At the present moment it is understood to be the organ of the king, a very different thing from being
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the organ of his government. The chief contributor is M. Granier de Cassagnac, a bold, dashing, paradoxical, ready writer, by whom the political paper is most frequently supplied. The literary department is rich in celebrated names, some of Dumas and Balzac's romances having appeared piecemeal in the columns of *La Presse*. But the contributions of Madame de Girardin, under the signature of the Viscomte de Launay, form the grand attraction to subscribers; and nothing can be happier or more alluring than the manner in which her weekly summary of literary, musical, artistical, fashionable, and social gossip is dished up. Her comedy, which we shall presently have occasion to examine in detail, was written to vindicate her husband, and retaliate on his calumniators.

Le Siècle, started in opposition to *La Presse* on the under-selling principle, is one of the most zealous supporters of an extension of the elective franchise, and circulates widely. It is supposed to be under the control of M. Odilon Barrot, whose views it advocates; but the political articles are written by M. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who derives no slight importance from the general belief that he forms a medium of communication or connecting link between M. Odilon Barrot and M. Thiers. The literary portion of the paper forms a strange contrast with the political: the one, like M. Odilon Barrot's speeches, breathing a pure, stern, uncompromising morality, the other exhibiting the most culpable laxity and indifference. We have heard the conductors compared, in this respect, to certain pious householders, who preserve the strictest regard to decency in the upper portion of the house occupied by their own families, but make no scruple of adding largely to their revenue by letting out the lower stories to persons of equivocal reputation, at a high rent. It is stated by M. Sainte Beuve, in his curious article on *La Littérature Industrielle*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1839, that the literary contributors to the *Siècle* act in the same capacity in the *Charivari*, which may account in some measure for the objectionable tone of their lucubrations.* A writer is not likely to learn manners or morals in such a school.

This brings us to a class of newspapers of which the *Charivari* † may now be considered as the chief—a class reflecting little credit on the country, notwithstanding their cleverness. Their business is to laugh at everybody, and turn everything into ridicule. If a celebrated man has a foible or defect, mental or

* The history of their connexion is given by M. Alphonse Peyrat in the first number of his *Personnalités*.

† i. e., marrow-bones and cleavers. An unpopular person is treated with a *charivari*.

physical. they point it out: if a celebrated woman has been suspected of a *faux pas*, they dwell upon it. Woe to the advocate who professes a fondness for rural amusements, and shame upon the deputy who squints! Nor do they confine themselves to words —

‘ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,’—

and their most biting insinuations are illustrated by caricatures. The real or fancied resemblance of Louis Philippe's head to a pear was the discovery of Philipon, one of the illustrators of the *Charivari*, and gave the king more real annoyance than the attacks upon his life. Go where he would, this unlucky print haunted him; and it is thought that the famous laws of September, which extended to caricatures, were owing full as much to the pear as to Fieschi.

The *Figaro*, the first in point of time, earned its reputation fairly and honestly enough by laughing at the Jesuits. After the Revolution of July, it changed its tone, became a supporter of the established order of things, and has ever since been sensibly declining, though M. Alphonse Karr undertook the management for a time.

The *Charivari* was founded by M. Desnoyers, a clever writer of vaudevilles and melodramas. It professes to be edited by *trois hommes d'état*, namely, MM. Desnoyers, Altaroche, and Cler. Most of the other wits of Paris contribute occasionally; and MM. Philipon and Grenville are the illustrators. The general tendency is democratic, but great care is taken not to offend the legitimist party, who subscribe to the paper for the sake of the jokes against the king. The *Charivari* was also the first to expose and condemn the treachery of Maroto, and is consequently in high favour with the Carlists. *Le Corsaire*, and several others, belong to the same category as the *Figaro* and the *Charivari*.

To estimate the effects of these papers, we must weigh well their precise object, and bear constantly in mind the peculiar character of the people amongst whom they circulate. Ridicule has been called the test of truth, and so it may be in the hands of writers (like the Rev. Sydney Smith) who use it only as the clencher of an argument; but in the hands of persons who get their living by it, the case is widely different, and we are quite sure that in the present state of the public mind of Paris, all that is great, good, pure, true, and holy, may be—we much fear has been, already—lowered, soiled, perverted, and desecrated by means of it. Some of our Sunday newspapers are bad enough in all conscience, but these are excluded from all decent houses, and even the shop-

ys and milliners' apprentices, who form their chief purchasers,
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must be disturbed by doubts as to the authenticity of the absurd accounts there set before them of the sayings and doings of their betters. At Paris, on the contrary, everybody reads the *Charivari*, and the contributors walk about apparently no more ashamed of their vocation than Dr. Lawrence of the *Rolliad*, Lord Palmerston of the *New Whig Guide*, or Mr. Canning of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Even this sort of notoriety does not satisfy some of them; and it has recently become the practice to publish monthly pamphlets, entirely made up of the same materials as the *Charivari*, in the names of the authors. Of this description are *Les Guepes* of Alphonse Karr, *Les Papillons Noirs* of the bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix), and *Les Personnalités* of Alphonse Peyrat. We cannot say much for the wit of these productions; but we recommend them to the attention of those who think that the worst evils of the press are produced by its anonymous character.

The only evening papers of note are *Le Moniteur Parisien*, lately an organ of the government; and *Le Messager*, the property of M. le Comte Walewski, the son of Napoleon by a celebrated Polish beauty, whose personal advantages, along with a million or so of francs bestowed by the emperor, have been inherited by the count. He is a popular member of the best Parisian circles, and has lately written a comedy to describe their manners, and (*on dit*) to bring forward an actress named Anais. The piece, entitled *L'Ecole du Monde*, was not quite so successful at the public representation at the Théâtre Français, as at the private readings in the salons of the initiated, and Janin cut it up without ceremony. An injudicious friend of the author's, who volunteered a reply, insinuated that the habits of high life were beyond the jurisdiction of the pit, and that the play would have fared better had the critic been duly propitiated by a few preliminary attentions. The rejoinder was in Janin's happiest manner. He triumphantly vindicates the competency of the public, turns off the personalities with goodhumoured raillery, and handles the pretensions of the count's coterie, the modern *Précieuses Ridicules*, in a style which must have made them the laughter of Paris for a week. There was some talk of a duel, but in the next number Janin candidly assured the public that he was still alive and merry. The Bonapartist party—i. e., the adherents of Prince Louis Napoleon—have lately set up a newspaper entitled *Le Capitole*, under the management of M. Durand, formerly editor of the *Frankfort Gazette*, but they make few proselytes, and have little to depend upon but the chapter of accidents, which, it must be admitted, bids fair to prove a varied and important chapter in France. The Russian interest is also said to be represented in this paper!

Balzac relates that when Blucher and Sacken reached the heights which overlook Paris, the latter exultingly doomed it to destruction. 'It will suit our purpose better to let it alone,' said Blucher; 'that great cancer will be the ruin of France.' The remark is not quite in keeping with what has been recorded of the gallant veteran's capacity, but, whoever made it, it is founded on truth; for the public opinion of the provincial towns is a mere echo or reflection of the metropolis. It follows that the provincial press exercises comparatively little influence, and we know of only two writers who have risen into consideration by its means—M. Anselme Petetin and M. Henri Fonfrede.

M. Petetin was the principal writer in the *Précurseur de Lyons*. His style wanted polish, but his reasonings were full of vigour, and he honestly sought rather to discover a remedy for the evils which agitated Lyons during the commercial crisis, than to aggravate them in order to profit by the opportunity, as most of his Parisian brethren would have done. He has since retired from the press, and devoted himself exclusively to his profession, the bar.

M. Fonfrede, the son of the well-known Girondist, won his early laurels in *Le Mémorial* of Bourdeaux. He is a man of simple habits, residing on the Garonne at a small farm near the city, which he visits two or three times a-week in his boat, enjoying his favourite amusement of fishing by the way. His popularity knew no bounds for some years after the Revolution of July, which he materially aided in Bourdeaux; and, like many men of local reputation, he was led into the fatal mistake of supposing that he could achieve similar honours in the capital. He came to Paris about 1837, and enlisted as a contributor in *Le Journal de Paris*, a doctrinaire print, edited by M. Jules Le Chevalier. But he was transplanted too late: his provincial modes of thought and expression had become inveterate: the fiery eagerness with which he advocated moderation verged upon the ludicrous; and after a short time he concluded his Parisian campaign by quarrelling with M. Guizot, whom he recklessly assailed in a pamphlet. He then bade a long adieu to Paris, and returned to edit *Le Courier de Bourdeaux*. But a man who has been tried and found wanting in the capital is no longer the wonder of his townspeople; and M. Fonfrede was suspected of having been faithless to the democratic cause. He was, therefore, saluted on his arrival, not with acclamations or illuminations, but a *charivari*. However, he has no reason to be ashamed of his unpopularity, for he might have made himself as popular as ever by pandering to the prejudices of the mass; and, with a little more tact and coolness, he would still rank high amongst
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the best journalists in France. His pamphlet *Du Gouvernement du Roi et des Limites Constitutionnelles*, has been much read, and possesses great merit.

Not long since M. de Lamartine contributed some political articles to a journal of his own province (Macon), which created a great sensation throughout France; but this is attributable to his peculiar character and position. The high moral tone he has uniformly sustained, the practical though enthusiastic nature of his philosophy, the solid foundation of reason and logic which underlies his most imaginative flights, and the undeviating rectitude of his motives, have procured for him an extent of personal and individual weight, wholly unprecedented in one who is not aiming at power and is more likely to frustrate the objects of any given party than to forward them.

It has hitherto been found impracticable to maintain a French review on the plan of the best English reviews. The sole solution that we have ever been able to obtain of the phenomenon is, that opinions and parties change too often, and that the nation is too volatile to wait a quarter of a year for anybody. The experiment was fairly tried by M. Guizot and the Duc de Broglie in 1829, when they established the *Revue Française*, in which their political, critical, and philosophical doctrines were developed and applied with remarkable ability; but it did not last long, and the late attempt to revive it has received little encouragement. The *Revue Trimestrielle* was also well conducted, but soon ceased. We hear, however, that it is about to be revived under high auspices.

The best of the so-called reviews are the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*. They are composed much in the same manner as our magazines; and although masterly pieces of criticism are often to be found in them, these, being invariably signed, are necessarily regarded merely as the opinions of an individual, and exercise no influence beyond what is derivable from the name. During the Molé ministry, when the whole energies of the press were taxed to the uttermost, both these reviews took part in the contest, and were both said to have accepted gratifications of some sort; but accusations of this kind are rife, and deservedly carry little weight.

In the case of the political prints of Paris, a deposit (*cautionnement*) of about 100,000 francs is required, which is the reason why they bear a small proportion to the rest. It appears that the leading papers have not reduced their prices in imitation of *La Presse*; but almost all of them have been obliged to increase their bulk, which has equally reduced their profits.

The

The stamp on each newspaper is a sou ; the cost of distribution about a quarter of a sou. The O. P. papers are sold at about four sous a copy ; *La Presse* and *Le Siècle* at little more than two ; and no great space is ordinarily allotted for advertisements. Compute the interest on capital, the remuneration to writers, the cost of management, the cost of printing, &c., and it will be seen that the regular returns of most of the Paris newspapers are utterly inadequate to their support.

These are plain statistical facts. Before attempting to draw conclusions, we have a few general observations to add to them. Their order is not material ; for if called upon, in each instance, to explain whether the circumstance or state of things to which we call attention, be cause or effect, we should frequently have no better answer to give than that given by a celebrated personage, when asked whether the sun went round the earth or the earth round the sun,—‘ Sometimes one, and sometimes the other !’

In England, the editors are always the principal and often the sole writers : the occupation absorbs the greater part of their time, and compels most of them to turn day into night. They consequently mix very little in society : the vocation is adopted by few, if any, who can live without it ; and your dull cit, pert lawyer, or un-idea’d dandy, turns up his nose at a ‘ gentleman of the press,’—probably his equal or superior in birth, education, and intelligence. In France, the editor, or *rédauteur en chef*, generally confines himself to the arrangement of the paper. The writers, political as well as literary, are generally very numerous. In fact, everybody who can write, does write ; and a young Frenchman used to be as proud of having written an effective article for a journal as a young Englishman of having made an effective speech in parliament.

In France, the principal editor of a first class paper is considered entitled to about 30,000 francs (1200*l.*) a year. Contributors are paid at the rate of from 30 to 50 centimes (from 3*d.* to 5*d.*) a line, and all therefore are *penny-a-liners* alike. In the *Journal des Débats* the ordinary remuneration for a leading article is from 100 to 150 francs ; and Janin’s appointments as theatrical critic (including a cabriolet) amount to little less than 15,000 francs a year. Few English editors receive 1000*l.* a year, and the price of occasional articles is said to be low. The chief expenses of the best English newspapers are, we believe, incurred in paying reporters and procuring information, to secure which on momentous occasions their outlay is quite munificent.

In England, the newspapers do little more than embody public opinion : in France, they dictate it. In England, the leading or
(as

(as Canning was fond of pronouncing the word) *lead*en article is the least attractive part: in France, the most so. In England, all topics of interest are discussed at public meetings or dinners: in France, almost the sole arena of discussion, when the Chambers are not sitting, is the press. Half an English newspaper, during the recess, is filled with prosy speeches by common-place people: the peroration of De Lamartine's splendid address to the Slave Emancipation Society is the only specimen of popular (not parliamentary) eloquence that the French newspapers have reported for months.

Within the last ten years the French newspapers have effected a revolution, and repeatedly overthrown ministries. The only instance in which our most influential newspapers have combined for any given object within the same period, was to prevent the passing of the Poor Law Act—and they failed; the minority in the House of Commons, where their influence was necessarily most felt, being nineteen.

In France, a politician may make himself known through his journal, and, when the time has come for the adoption of his principles, step from it into place: in England, there is not a single instance of a journalist acquiring office by services performed in that capacity.

In England, a newspaper is essentially the subject-matter of a commercial speculation; in France, until very recently, it was essentially the voice of a party or an organ of opinion. In England, a newspaper is like an old banking business or an estate. Nothing is so difficult to establish, and nothing so difficult to break down, as a good advertising connexion, which is the test. When the *Courier* was at the lowest ebb in point of subscribers ten or twelve years ago, it was valued at more than 30,000*l.*; and half a million would be a low estimate for *The Times*. In France, no paper is worth many years' purchase; and the loss of a popular writer might prove fatal to the best. In England, therefore, the whole secret service money at the disposal of a government would be hardly sufficient to secure one of the second-rates; and the bare notion of buying up or bribing 'the thunderer,' is preposterous. In France, on the contrary, it would be easy for a government to buy up a paper, establish one, or silence one by giving the editor a place; and the hydra-head quality of the species is, perhaps, the only reason why this system of tactics is not more frequently pursued.

The best thing that can be said of the French political writers is, that they generally preserve a certain decency of tone in their disputes. The worst thing that can be said of the English is, that their language is too frequently enriched with epithets borrowed

rowed from the vocabulary of piscatory females and Mr. O'Connell, who would otherwise enjoy a monopoly.

What is here said applies to the political portion of the press. So far as the critical department is concerned the comparison is decidedly unfavourable to France. The spirit of *camaraderie*, so amusingly illustrated in M. Scribe's comedy, is, perhaps, equally active in both countries: as Sir Godfrey Kneller acutely observed, 'one hand can do nothing for itself, but two hands can rub one another;' and when a sect or school get possession of a journal, they do rub away at one another with a vengeance. To say the truth, we know no better mode of getting out of the dilemma in which the necessity of reviewing a contributor's book places us, than that recommended by a late editor of celebrity—to put it into the hands of another contributor in the same *genre*, an intimate friend, if possible; in which case, he was wont to say, it was quite superfluous to enjoin candour.

Incredible as it may appear, we have also heard it stated very confidently that English authors and actors who give dinners are treated with greater indulgence by certain critics than those who do not. But it has never been said that any critical journal in England, with the slightest pretensions to respectability, was in the habit of levying black-mail, in the Rob Roy fashion, upon writers or artists of any kind; and it is alleged, on high authority, that the majority of the French critical journals are principally supported from such a source. For example, there is a current anecdote to the effect that when the celebrated singer Nourrit died, the editor of one of the musical reviews waited on his successor, Duprez, and, with a profusion of compliments and apologies, intimated to him that Nourrit had invariably allowed 2000 francs a-year to the review. Duprez, taken rather aback, expressed his readiness to allow half that sum. '*Bien, monsieur,*' said the editor, with a shrug, '*mais, parole d'honneur, j'y perds mille francs.*'

But it would take a book to illustrate this system of exaction; and a book has actually been written for the express purpose by a man thoroughly well qualified, by habits and information, to expose it in all its modifications. Balzac's *Grand Homme de Province à Paris* presents a graphic delineation, a living breathing image, of talent perverted, taste vitiated, sensibility crushed, energy frittered away, generosity hardened into selfishness, and virtue gangrened into vice, by the ordinary, every-day life of journalism; and it strikes us that a brief outline of the hero's career will be the most satisfactory mode of conveying a vivid impression of the state of things by which so much mischief has been wrought.

Lucien Chardon, a young man of great personal attractions, and
cleverness

cleverness enough to be taken for a genius—as Fielding says Joseph Andrews might have been taken for a lord—by those who never saw one, contracts a *liaison* of the Platonic order with the great lady of his native place (Madame de Bargeton, née Louise de Négrepelisse), and they arrive in Paris together, she to become a leader of the fashionable world, and he to glitter as a star of the first water in the literary. They very soon experience the truth of the maxim with which James I. was wont to chase the country gentlemen from his court,—‘Ships which look big in a river, look very little when at sea;’ and the first effect of the change of scene is to dissipate their common illusion as to one another. The provincial goddess subsides into a very ordinary mortal alongside of the De Noailles and De Grammonts, whilst the ‘mute inglorious’ Victor Hugo or Lamartine pales his ineffectual light before the actual bearers of these appellatives. Nay, his very good looks vanish for want of the magic stamp of fashion; and the lady, taking the initiative, summarily dismisses him for a battered shattered beau of fifty, M. le Baron du Chatelet, who, without rhyme or reason, is in vogue. Lucien sinks into the lowest state of destitution; his historical novel, the ‘Archer of Charles IX.,’ is declared a mere drug; his collection of sonnets is received like Parson Adams’ sermons by the booksellers; and he even applies for work at the office of a newspaper in vain. He is received, not by the *redacteur-en-chef*, M. Finot, but by one Girandeau, an old soldier, who seems to fill the place of fighting editor, and this dialogue takes place:—

‘*Gir.* Finot est mon neveu, le seul de la famille qui m’ait adouci ma position. Aussi quiconque cherche querelle à Finot, trouve-t-il le vieux Girondeau, capitaine aux grenadiers, parti simple soldat, Sambre-et-Meuse, cinq ans maître d’armes au premier de tirailleurs, armée d’Italie! Une, deux! et le plaignant serait à l’ombre, ajouta-t-il en faisant le geste de se fendre. Or donc, mon petit, nous avons différents corps dans les rédacteurs. Il y a le rédacteur qui rédige et qui a sa solde, le rédacteur qui rédige et qui n’a rien, ce que nous appelons un volontaire; enfin, le rédacteur qui ne rédige rien et qui n’est pas le plus bête—il ne fait pas de fautes, celui-là, il se donne les gants d’être un homme d’esprit, il appartient au journal, il nous paye à dîner, il flâne dans les théâtres, il est très-heureux. Que voulez-vous être?’

‘*L. Chard.* Mais rédacteur travaillant bien et partant bien payé.’

‘*Gir.* Vous voilà comme tous les conscrits qui veulent être maréchaux de France!’—vol. i. p. 93.

Still Lucien struggles on manfully, cheered by the exhortations and example of a set of young men, who are resolved on winning their way to fame and fortune by honest industry, when, in an evil hour, he becomes acquainted with one of the minor critics, who undertakes to make him free of the corporation.

This

This worthy is obliged to sell the new publications sent in to be reviewed, to pay for the dinner he is about to give Lucien. At the risk of exposing some of the secrets of the craft, we must give the explanation which ensues :—

‘ — Et vos articles, dit Lucien en roulant vers le Palais-Royal.

‘ Bah ! vous ne savez pas comment cela se bâcle. Quant au Voyage en Egypte, j’ai ouvert le livre et lu des endroits ça et là sans le couper, j’y ai découvert onze fautes de français. Je ferai une colonne en disant que si l’auteur a appris le langage des canards gravés sur les cailloux égyptiens appelés des obélisques, il ne connaît pas sa langue, et je le lui prouverai. Je dirai qu’au lieu de nous parler d’histoire naturelle et d’antiquités, il aurait dû ne s’occuper que de l’avenir de l’Egypte, du progrès de la civilisation, des moyens de rallier l’Egypte à la France, qui, après l’avoir conquise et perdue, peut se l’attacher encore par l’ascendant moral. Là-dessus tartine patriotique, le tout entrelardé de tirades sur Marseille, sur le Levant, sur notre commerce.

‘ — Mais s’il avait fait cela, que diriez-vous ?

‘ — Hé bien, je dirais qu’au lieu de nous ennuyer de politique, il aurait dû s’occuper de l’art, nous peindre le pays sous son côté pittoresque et territorial.’—*Id.* vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

After dinner they repair first to the shop of the then emperor of the bookselling world of Paris, Dauriat, probably intended for Ladvoat, who, after ruining himself by his speculations, had interest enough with his authors to induce them to try and set him up again by the famous *Livre des Cent-et-Un*. He is here represented in the heyday of prosperity; his shop crowded with wits, deputies, authors, and artists, who are keeping up an unremitting fire of repartees, whilst the great man himself floats about like a leviathan :—

‘ On n’entre ici qu’avec une réputation faite ! Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d’or. Voilà trois grands hommes de ma façon, j’ai fait trois ingrats ! Nathan parle de six mille francs pour la seconde édition de son livre, qui m’a coûté trois mille francs d’articles et ne m’a pas rapporté mille francs. Les deux articles de Blondet, je les ai payés mille francs et un dîner de cinq cents francs.’

‘ Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir, mais pour gagner de l’argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.’

This is certainly the correct commercial view of the question, let incipient poetasters groan over the declaration as they will. Lucien did groan over it, for it sealed the fate of his sonnets; but he saw this redoubtable bookseller bow down before a journalist; he heard him speak of the thousand franc articles of Blondet (Janin), and he hurries off to the theatre, bent on producing such articles without delay. Fortune favours him : the regular critic is absent without leave; and Lucien, who has fallen in love with the principal actress, is allowed to undertake the criticism of
the

the piece. It is dashed off whilst supper is getting ready, and makes a sensation, which is the first step towards making a fortune in France. The actress rewards him with herself and her establishment; and the editor eagerly enrolls him amongst the contributors. At the first meeting of his brethren, they are at a loss for subjects:—

‘— Messieurs, si nous prêtions des ridicules aux hommes vertueux de la droite?’

‘— Commençons une série de portraits des orateurs ministériels, dit Hector Merlin.

‘— Fais cela, mon petit, dit Lousteau, tu les connais, ils sont de ton parti, tu pourras satisfaire quelques haines intestines.’

They laugh at his reluctance to praising a book one day and abusing it the next, and his mistress ridicules his prudery.—

‘— Fais de la critique, dit Coralie, amuse-toi! Est-ce que je ne suis pas ce soir en andalouse, demain ne me mettrai-je pas en bohémienne, un autre jour en homme? Fais comme moi! Donne-leur des grimaces pour leur argent, et vivons heureux.’—vol. ii. p. 81.

After laying aside all his scruples, however, his gains prove inadequate to his expenses, living as he now does in the gayest Parisian sets; but on this point, too, his friends have comfort in store for him.

‘Quand le soir, à souper, Lucien un peu triste expliquait sa position à ses amis les viveurs, ils noyaient ses scrupules dans des flots de vin de Champagne, glacé de plaisanteries. Les dettes! il n’y a pas d’homme fort sans dettes! Les dettes représentent des besoins satisfaits, des vices exigeants. Un homme ne parvient que pressé par la main de fer de la Nécessité.

‘— Aux grands hommes, le mont-de-piété reconnaissant! lui criait Blondet.

‘— Tout vouloir, c’est tout devoir! criait Bixiou.

‘— Non, tout devoir, c’est avoir eu tout! répondait des Lupeaulx.’—vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

This is almost as good as Lord Alvanley’s description of a man who ‘muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen’s bills;’ or Lord Orford’s definition of timber, ‘an excrescence on the face of the earth placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;’ or Pelham’s argument, that it was respectable to be arrested, because it showed that the party once had credit. Aphorisms of this sort generally lead to the same conclusion, and our hero is now on the very brink of a catastrophe. True, ‘le petit journal rendait des services inappréciables à Lucien et à Coralie en maintenant le tailleur, la marchande de modes et la couturière, qui tous tremblaient de mécontenter un journaliste capable de tympaniser leurs établissements;’ the other creditors
are

are not to be kept off, and Coralie's furniture is seized. Four thousand francs are imperatively required; he can raise only the tenth part of that sum.

'— Je vais toujours lui porter cet argent.

'— Autre sottise! Tu n'apaiseras rien avec quatre cents francs, il faut en avoir quatre mille. Gardons de quoi nous griser en cas de perte, et joue!

'— Le conseil est bon, dit le grand inconnu.'

He plays, gets drunk, and returns to his mistress without a sou.

'— Tu as bien fait, mon ange, dui dit l'actrice en le serrant dans ses bras.'

In this extremity he closes with an offer to conduct a royalist paper against his own original party (the liberal), and falls into a trap laid for him by his first mistress and the rival who has supplanted him. They delude him with visionary expectations of favours from the lady and the court, until he is fatally committed, and then persuade the minister that a calumnious article in one of the opposition papers is from his pen. Both parties now repudiate him, and the critics combine to write down Coralie, who, after presenting a really beautiful picture of female devotedness, sinks under the repeated mortifications heaped upon her, and dies. Lucien, forced into a duel with an early friend, severely wounded, and reduced to the very verge of starvation, quits Paris in the hope of being able to reach his native town on foot. About the same time, the great provincial lady gives her hand to the old beau, Du Chatelet, who is made a prefect for the successful conduct of the intrigue. The concluding situation is inimitable:—

'La nuit surprit Lucien dans les plaines du Poitou. Il était résolu à bivouaquer, quand, au fond d'un ravin, il aperçut une calèche montant une côte. A l'insu du postillon, des voyageurs et d'un valet de chambre placé sur le siège, il put se blottir derrière entre deux paquets où il s'endormit en se plaçant de manière à pouvoir résister aux secousses.

'Au matin, il fut réveillé par le soleil qui lui frappait les yeux, et par un bruit de voix. Il était à Mansle au milieu d'un cercle de curieux et de postillons. Il se vit couvert de poussière, il comprit qu'il devait être l'objet d'une accusation, il sauta sur ses pieds, et allait parler, quand deux voyageurs, sortis de la calèche, lui coupèrent la parole: il voyait le nouveau préfet de la Charente, le comte du Châtelet et sa femme, Louise de Négrepelisse.'—vol. ii. p. 245.

Madame de Girardin's comedy is based upon the same views, and enforces much the same moral, but the interest is more general, and a far greater effect has consequently been produced.

The opening scene represents an elegant apartment in the suite occupied by M. Pluchard, *gérant* of a new journal, *La Vérité*,
the

the first number of which is to appear on the morrow. He is giving a dinner to the contributors, with the exception of the chief, M. Martel, thus described in the list of *dramatis personæ*, 'tournure élégante, tenue négligée, l'air moqueur et dédaigneux, manières d'homme distingué qui vit en mauvaise compagnie.' The partner of his bed and board, unluckily without a legitimate title to the character, is Cornélie, 'danseuse coryphée à l'opéra—l'air maussade et prude, tournure de femme maigre qui se croit bien faite, manières de sotte qui se croit charmante.' This fascinating creature keeps the editor in complete subjection, and it is with difficulty that he has stolen away to see how matters are going on at M. Pluchard's. The festival is at its height when he enters the drawing-room. Voices are heard from behind, singing:—

'O journal vertueux! je bois à ta santé!
Vive *La Vérité*!

PLUSIEURS VOIX EN CHŒUR.

Vive *La Vérité*!

[On entend des rires.]

Ah! ah!

PREMIER LAQUAIS, *préparant le service du café*.
Les entends-tu? peste, ils ne sont pas tristes!

DEUXIÈME LAQUAIS, *allumant les candélabras*.
Les bons enfans, ma foi, j'aime les journalistes!
Ça mange bien, ça rit, ça chante des couplets,
Et puis ça boit, ça boit! Hein!

PREMIER LAQUAIS.

Comme des Anglais.'

M. Martel desires that they may not be interrupted, and is presently joined by M. Guilbert, the banker who is to furnish the capital:—

'Dans ce nouveau journal je prens un intérêt;
Mais ma position—mon gendre au ministère—
Vous comprenez—

MARTEL.

Très-bien.

GUILBERT.

J'agis avec mystère.

Par moi vous obtiendrez plus d'un renseignement;
Mais vous en userez vous-même prudemment.
D'une indiscretion on chercherait la source,
Et je ne pourrais plus—

MARTEL, *à part*.

Spéculer à la Bourse.'

Some slight embarrassment is occasioned by the worthy banker's
declaration

declaration in favour of strict decency and regularity of conduct on the part of all persons engaged, but the editor manages to get rid of him before the main body of writers appear on the stage. They rush in at last, a motley group in various stages of intoxication, accompanied by Edgar de Norval, the intended husband of the banker's youngest daughter, who, it seems, has joined the party in entire ignorance of its object.

The proofs of their articles are brought in and distributed amongst them whilst they are in this state, and the revel is about to recommence when Martel is called away by a peremptory message from his danseuse. The first act closes with the following just and natural reflections from Edgar :—

‘EDGAR, *les regardant*.

‘Voilà donc ce pouvoir que l'on nomme journal !
 Royauté collective, absolu tribunal :
 Un jugeur sans talent, fabricant d'ironie,
 Qui tue avec des mots un homme de génie ;
 Un viveur enragé—s'engraissant de la mort ;
 Un fou—qui met en feu l'Europe et qui s'endort ;
 Un poète manqué, grande âme paresseuse,
 Qui se fait, sans amour, gérant d'une danseuse—
 Tous gens sans bonne foi, l'un par l'autre trahis !
 Ce sont là tes meneurs, ô mon pauvre pays !’—p. 47.

In Act the second, the editor, after a few reflections on his own wasted talents, sits down in earnest to the composition of his leading article :

‘Mettons-nous franchement contre le ministère,
 Soyons durs, disons-lui qu'il est sans caractère,
 Qu'il subit sans courage une invisible loi,
 Qu'il se laisse mener basement—par le roi ;
 Oui, commençons ainsi : “L'homme d'état résiste
 Au monarque, et pour lui la fermeté—”

CORNELIE, *dans la coulisse* ; *elle crie*.

Baptiste !

MARTEL.

Ah ! mon Dieu, la voici—déjà—je suis perdu !’*—p. 53.

* This sort of point is no novelty :—

‘FAG, *solus*.

‘So ! Sir Anthony trims my master—he is afraid to reply to his father, and vents his spleen upon poor Fag ! Where one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another who happens to come in the way, shows the worst of tempers, the—

‘Enter ERRAND BOY.

‘Bov. Mr. Fag ! Mr. Fag ! your master calls you.

‘Fag. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need n't bawl so—the meanest disposition, the—

‘Bov. Quick ! Quick, Mr. Fag.

‘Fag. Quick ! Quick ! you impudent jackanapes ! am I to be commanded by you, too, you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—(Kicks him off.)’—*The Rivals*.

The dancer comes to complain of an article against herself, which had escaped the editor's notice. The banker rushes in, to state that a paragraph against railroads has lost him 12,000 francs, and is not to be appeased even by the promise, readily given, of a positive contradiction the next day.

'GUILBERT.

'Tout s'explique : vraiment, je ne m'étonne plus,
Messieurs, si vos écrits le soir sont mal relus ;
Et si l'on trouve tant de prose vertueuse
Dans vos articles faits aux pieds d'une danseuse !'—p. 69.

Pluchard follows, to announce that a famous painter, whom they have been running down, is furious ; and the editor, unprovided with matter, and almost maddened by these successive interruptions, hastily sanctions the insertion of a paragraph, in which, under the transparent veil of feigned names, it is insinuated that Madame Guilbert had married her daughter Valentine to her own lover, with a view to the more convenient continuation of the intrigue. The Act concludes with a scene bordering on the extravagant, in which authors, publishers, milliners, performers, and quacks of every kind besiege the editor for puffs.

Act the third seems specially intended to put bankers on their guard against such enterprises. Guilbert's wife, daughter, and intended son-in-law, Edgar, assail him by turns with the agreeable intelligence that his known connexion with the journal has brought his son-in-law, the minister, into suspicion with his colleagues.

'GUILBERT.

'Moi je vais m'expliquer avec le Président,
Et renier très-haut cet article impudent.

MADAME GUILBERT.

Et moi de mon côté je cours, à l'instant même,
Chez sa femme—

GUILBERT.

Non pas ; *chez la femme qu'il aime ;*
C'est plus adroit—Tâchez de la voir par hasard.'—p. 103.

The play henceforth assumes a graver tone and deeper interest. Edgar is sympathising with Valentine on her husband's probable disgrace :

'Je regretterais peu ces honneurs qu'on m'envie ;
Dans mes affections j'ai mis toute ma vie ;
Et loin de m'effrayer, j'attends avec plaisir
Un revers qui permet de s'aimer à loisir.
Dans les pompeux salons de ce beau ministère
Je ne vois presque plus mon mari ni ma mère.
Le pouvoir les enivre, ils ne pensent qu'à lui.
Ils en ont tout l'honneur, moi j'en ai tout l'ennui.

Vous

Vous ignorez cet horrible devoir,
 Ce supplice flatteur qu'on nomme recevoir !
 Le premier jour j'ai cru que j'en deviendrais folle.
 Je ne pouvais trouver une seule parole.
 Et puis je me perdais dans tous ces députés.
A dîner, j'en avais d'affreux à mes côtés :
 Les deux plus laids.

EDGAR.

Sans doute, et c'est l'usage en France.
 A table vous devez donner la préférence
 Toujours au plus infirme, au plus grave, au plus vieux.

VALENTINE.

Oui, c'est de très-bon goût, mais c'est très-ennuyeux.
 Je n'aime pas non plus ces brillantes coquettes
 Qui de leur protégé se faisant interprètes,
 Viennent à mon mari glisser des billets doux.
 J'ai peur : une audience est presque un rendez-vous.'—

Edgar begs her to use her influence to get Morin, the painter, employed to paint the cupola of the new church : Valentine replies :

' Lui donner ce travail, je vous le dis tout bas,
 Les journaux crieraient trop, on ne l'oserait pas ! '

Pretty nearly the same principle has been adopted in England since the accession of the Whigs to office. The question no longer turns on the merits of the measure or the individual, but on what newspapers may say or constituencies may think ; except, indeed, when an incompetent colleague is to be shelved. An influential person connected with the present government, when requested to use his influence to get a trifling pension for a woman of genius, replied that it was impossible to do anything unless her case was brought forward by the press. This, we frankly admit, happened subsequently to the grant of five-sixths of the small fund set apart for the reward of literary merit, to a worn-out political partisan, for the laudable purpose of inducing his co-operation in a job.

The painter himself enters soon afterwards, and arrives at a curious conclusion regarding our craft :

' Leurs jugemens cruels me poursuivent partout.
 Je les entends sans cesse—Ah ! l'Euménide antique
 N'était point le remords—non—c'était *la critique*.'

Valentine comforts him as well as she can, and declares her own perfect insensibility to attacks from such a quarter. He leaves her, and to fill up the interval before going to a party, she takes up the newspaper :

' Que faire en attendant—Lisons—*La Vérité*,
 C'est ce nouveau journal que protégeait mon père—

Qui

Qui vient de renverser ce pauvre ministère.

[Elle parcourt le journal.]

Voyons donc—quel pathos ! Passons au feuilleton.
Il est d'Edouard Martel, homme d'esprit, dit-on.
C'est par la poésie et la gaîté qu'il brille.

[Elle lit.]

" *Le Ministre et l'Amant, ou la Mère et la Fille.* "

Ce titre est singulier, et je ne sais pourquoi
Ces seuls mots dans mon cœur ont jeté de l'effroi !

[Elle lit.]

" Madame de Lorville aimait à la folie,
" Comme on aime à trente ans, quand on n'est plus jolie,
" Un préfet—qui rêvait chambre et conseil d'état,
" Comme on rêve à trente ans, quand on est magistrat.
" De la dame en crédit l'adresse peu commune
" Servit habilement sa rapide fortune.
" Mais un soir le mari, trouvant un billet doux,
" S'endormit inquiet—et s'éveilla jaloux.
" Il sentit le besoin, pour rassurer son âme,
" De chasser au plus tôt ses soupçons—ou sa femme !
" Mais elle, sans pâlir, lut le brûlant écrit.
" A quoi servirait d'être femme d'esprit,
" Si l'on ne savait point, par instinct ou par ruse,
" Trouver pour un grand crime une innocente excuse ?
" Bref, elle répondit sans le moindre embarras
" Que ce billet d'amour ne la regardait pas,
" Qu'il était—pour sa fille, et qu'il fallait très-vite
" Au ministre amoureux accorder la petite.
" Le père fut crédule,—et très-honnêtement
" La mère a marié sa fille à son amant ;
" Et l'enfant fut vendu sans trop de résistance.
" Tous trois mènent en paix une grande existence.
" Ils s'aiment à loisir, et le monde enchanté
" Bénit de leur amour l'heureuse trinité ! "

Oh ! le méchant article ! Oh ! je suis indignée !

Dans ce honteux portrait ma mère est désignée.

Un ministre—un ancien préfet—c'est évident.

Quel mensonge odieux !—ma mère !—Cependant—

Je crois me rappeler—Oh ! non, c'est impossible—

A l'instant je grondais Morin d'être accessible

Aux propos des journaux, et voilà que j'y crois—

Mon mari !—tous les jours il venait autrefois

Chez ma mère—Grand Dieu ! quelle lumière affreuse !

[Elle reprend le journal.]

Oui—cette histoire—c'est—la mienne ! Ah ! malheureuse !

Cet homme est mon mari—Cette épouse sans foi—

C'est ma mère—et l'enfant qu'on a vendu—c'est moi !—

pp. 139—141.

The manner in which the painful conviction is confirmed is painted with considerable skill :

‘ Le prestige a cessé,
Et mes yeux sont ouverts ; j’ai lu dans le passé.
Je me suis rappelé bien des choses obscures
Qui s’expliquent enfin par autant d’impostures ;
Des égards que d’abord je n’avais pas compris,
Sacrifices menteurs dont je connais le prix.
Je me suis rappelé bien des discours étranges,
De tendresse et de haine incroyables mélanges
Ah ! Je me suis surtout rappelé l’heureux jour
Où ma mère, joyeuse et triste tour à tour,
Nous maria—Mon Dieu !—nous étions à l’église,
A l’autel ; près de moi ma mère était assise.
Tout à coup—en sanglots je l’entends éclater—
Elle s’évanouit—il fallut l’emporter !
Oh ! je me sens mourir.’—pp. 153, 144.

The mother’s explanation is also very well. She confesses an early unreturned passion for her son-in-law, but takes Heaven to witness, that, from the first moment of his attachment to the daughter, she had never nourished a culpable feeling regarding him. Valentine is satisfied—more easily, perhaps, than most Frenchwomen similarly situated would have been—and they agree to lay the whole blame of their temporary disagreement upon the journalists :—

‘ Hommes sans foi, démons inspirés par l’envie !—
Ah je ne veux plus lire un journal de ma vie.’

The last Act is almost exclusively devoted to the painter, who throws himself out of window and breaks his neck. On the announcement of this event, there is a regular chorus of reprobation; Martel, ashamed of the vocation, offers the journal for sale, and Edgar becomes the purchaser upon the spot. His motives for this strange resolution are explained in the concluding dialogue :

‘ Oui, pour guérir un mal
Il faut l’étudier. Je descends dans la lice ;
Pour vaincre les journaux je me fais leur complice.’

According to the general understanding in Paris, M. Edgar de Norval is M. Emile de Girardin, the husband of the authoress; Morin, the painter, is Gros; and the story of *Le Ministre et l’Amant*, is the hardly justifiable revival of an old calumny against M. Thiers and Madame Dosne.

This comedy was read by the authoress to a select circle assembled at her house for the express purpose, on the 12th November last. All the journalists of note were present, and appeared to suffer with Christian fortitude, except Janin, who, at the end of the second act, could contain himself no longer,
and

and loudly exclaimed against the improbability of the supposition that journals ever were, or ever could be, composed over punch and broiled bones, amidst intoxication and revelry. She replied by citing the example of Becquet, currently believed to have written the celebrated article, beginning '*Malheureux roi! Malheureuse France!*'* under the inspiration of wine. Janin retorted that he wrote it one Sunday morning fasting, and it was probably fortunate for the tempers of both, that the necessity of proceeding with the business of the evening put an end to the altercation.

To this controversy, we are evidently indebted for one of Janin's most amusing compositions, a reply to the popular charges against the journalists, in the shape of a letter to Madame de Girardin.† We find in this letter, very strikingly expressed, most of the topics we were about to urge ourselves, and our main object, therefore, will probably be best attained by quoting a few passages in point.

The company was composed of the wits, the poets, the critics, the orators, the beauties, the fashionables of the day:—

'Déjà chacun de nous était à sa place; sur les premiers sièges des femmes parées, quelques-unes fort belles, quelques autres fort intelligentes, ce qui vaut presque autant. On peut dire de ces femmes ce que je disais tout à l'heure des hommes de lettres qui étaient chez vous, il y en avait de toutes les conditions: les heureuses et les sages qui jouissent de l'esprit tout fait; les moqueuses et les rieuses, agaçantes et vivaces feuilletons du salon, plus redoutables et plus redoutés mille fois que tous les nôtres, des feuilletons en chair et en os, qui montrent leurs épaules rebondies, et dont le sarcasme est toujours accompagné d'un fin sourire. Il y avait de ces femmes qui regardent tout sans rien comprendre, et qui pourtant se sont bien amusées quand elles ont deviné enfin, non pas la comédie que vous lisiez, mais celle qui se passait dans la salle. . . . Il y avait même des grands seigneurs, des noms inscrits dans notre histoire et portés avec honneur; mais cependant, je vous assure, mon beau confrère, que c'était justement devant ceux-là qu'il fallait s'abstenir de verser l'injure sur notre profession. Songez que ces hommes qui ont perdu tous leurs privilèges, sur lesquels l'égalité a passé son niveau de fer, ne nous pardonneront jamais, à nous autres écrivains, de nous être placés devant leur soleil. Songez donc qu'aujourd'hui ce sont les poètes, les romanciers, les auteurs dramatiques, les journalistes en renom, qui ont les titres, les blasons, les couronnes. Ce sont ceux-là qu'on regarde avec empressement quand ils entrent; ceux-là dont le laquais prononce le nom avec orgueil quand il annonce. Faites entrer en même temps un *Créqui* et *M. de Chateaubriand*, et vous verrez de quel côté se tourneront tout d'abord toutes les têtes et tous les cœurs. Annoncez *M. le duc de Montmorenci* et *M. de Balzac*, on

* This article appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, on the accession of the Polignac Ministry in 1830, and had a grand effect.

† Published in the weekly journal, *L'Artiste*, November 17th, 1839.

regardera M. de Balzac. Et quand cette supériorité de l'esprit est ainsi constatée; quand cette défaite de l'aristocratie est acceptée par tous, même par les vaincus; quand les ducs, les marquis, les comtes, et les vicomtes font place à l'écrivain qui passe, vous allez lire devant ces mêmes gentilshommes, imprudente que vous êtes, une comédie où vos confrères de la lutte périodique sont traités sans réserve et sans respect! Allons donc! comprenez mieux votre dignité et la nôtre. Rions de nous, si vous voulez, mais en famille. Disons-nous nos dures vérités s'il le faut, mais tête à tête. Qui que nous soyons, poètes ou journalistes, enfants de la même famille, ne salissons pas notre nid, ne nous donnons pas en spectacle aux descendants de ces mêmes maisons princières dans lesquelles nous n'aurions pas été reçus il y a cent ans, et qui s'estiment heureux de venir chez nous aujourd'hui.'

This, at the first blush, certainly looks more like an argument founded on expediency than on truth; but he directly goes on to show that if journalists had been the only listeners, a passing smile of incredulity would have been the utmost effect the two first acts would have produced. Repeating his denial of the imputation against Becquet, he triumphantly refutes a vulgar fallacy on this subject, and exposes a glaring inconsistency in the plot:—

'Non, vous le savez mieux que personne, le vin n'a jamais été inspirateur; les chansonniers eux-mêmes, quand ils célèbrent Bacchus et l'Amour, les célèbrent à tête reposée, à jeun, le matin; il n'y a pas une chanson de table qui ait été composée à table. . . . Otez donc, je vous prie, de votre comédie, ces ignobles bols de punch dont la flamme projette une ombre si triste sur votre esprit! Otez cette odeur nauséabonde de viandes et de truffes, ce bruit de verres qu'on brise et d'assiettes qu'on se jette à la tête! Les épreuves de ces messieurs sont les bien malvenues sur cette nappe tachée de vin; on n'écrit pas un journal de quolibets, ainsi vautré sur des canapés souillés par l'indigestion; à plus forte raison, un journal qui doit changer le ministère le lendemain et tout bouleverser quand il parle.

He passes, and we gladly pass with him, to the scene in which she introduces the family of M. Thiers:

'A ce propos, je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire, mon confrère, que cet homme est l'honneur de la presse de ce temps-ci; il en est la manifestation la plus évidente, la plus puissante. *Le jour où cet homme se nomma lui-même président du conseil, ce jour-là, la presse Française gagna sa bataille d'Austerlitz.* Autant que moi, vous savez la portée de cet orateur tout-puissant, vous savez la facilité de ce rare génie, et comment il a su se mettre au niveau des positions les plus difficiles; vous savez aussi de quelles horribles et étranges calomnies la vie de cet homme a été entourée, et de quelles affreuses morsures la presse a stigmatisé ce noble enfant de sa création. Mais ce que vous semblez ne pas savoir, Madame, c'est que l'intelligence de cet homme dont vous prenez la défense, l'a préservé du désespoir que vous lui supposez; c'est que la connaissance profonde de la presse Parisienne, de cette

force

force capricieuse dont il était sorti, lui a donné le courage de supporter toutes ses injustices et tous ses caprices.'—p. 186.

His courage and constancy have had their reward; he retains his proud position as the most skilful, and one of the three or four most influential statesmen in France; he is again president of the council, and instead of trying to justify the imputations against his integrity by facts, the more intelligent of his countrymen are now rather eager to suggest plausible modes of accounting for them. The best answer to the charge of corruption is to be found in his circumstances, which are far from affluent; and, on a nice analysis, it seems almost exclusively attributable to the light tone in which he himself is wont to discuss questions of morality. The part of his private history alluded to by Madame de Girardin is soon told. M. Thiers was an old friend of the Dosne family; he obtained an appointment worth about 4000*l.* a-year for M. Dosne, and soon afterwards married his daughter, a pretty and pleasing woman, to whom he is warmly attached. All the rest is mere inference; but why is the resulting mischief to be made a charge against *the press*?—

'Par le ciel! la langue Française est assez bien faite, et vous la maniez assez bien, pour que vous sachiez à n'en pas douter la force des expressions, la valeur des termes. Un journaliste est un journaliste, comme un procureur du roi est un procureur du roi; un pamphlet est un pamphlet, comme un mensonge est un mensonge. Eh! mon Dieu! eh! depuis quand ces lâchetés anonymes ont-elles besoin d'être imprimées pour porter coup? Supposez que les journaux ne soient pas inventés, et par une main inconnue, faites écrire à cette jeune femme les affreuses révélations que ce journal imprime, vous aurez le même résultat, votre drame sera le même, aussi touchant, aussi terrible. De grâce, si vous voulez être juste et dans le vrai, intitulez votre drame, *La Lettre Anonyme!* De quel droit l'intitulez-vous *L'Ecole des Journalistes*?'

Still more conclusive is the answer to the accusation founded on the death of the painter, the supposed man of genius who dies because his daily allowance of public flattery is withdrawn. The same sort of twaddle was levelled against the conductors of this Review when they had the misfortune to criticise a sickly poet, who died soon afterwards, apparently for the express purpose of dishonouring us; and we find from a recent publication that Shelley, who, as a real man of genius, ought to have known better, actually went the length of drawing up a remonstrance to the late Mr. Gifford; in which, frankly admitting the justice of the censure, he says,—

'Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, *which, I am persuaded, was not written with any intention of producing the effect to which it has at least greatly contributed, of embittering*

into the country, took a house in an unhealthy situation, and died of disappointed vanity and bad air. Still we say with Janin—

‘Soyez-en sûre, les journaux n’ont fait mourir personne ; bien plus, ils n’ont pas tué une seule gloire ; car ils ne viennent qu’après le bon sens public. Eh ! que diable ! quoi qu’on fasse, quoi qu’on dise, un bon vers est un bon vers ! un bon tableau, un bon tableau ! un honnête homme, un honnête homme ! Si l’opinion publique était tout à fait à la merci de ces jugements en l’air qui vous attristent, il faudrait désespérer de la société humaine. Qu’il y ait des injustices dans l’opinion, nul n’en doute. L’injustice se glisse partout dans les institutions des hommes ; mais parce que Calas a été juridiquement assassiné, serait-ce bien là une raison pour abolir tous les juges, tous les tribunaux de la France ? Enfin, il y a encore cette raison à donner, c’est que la publicité est une des conditions indispensables de la liberté constitutionnelle. Vous aurez beau faire, rien ne pourra vous soustraire aux doubles débats de la tribune et du journal.’

Janin is quite right. In the present state of things, it is idle to rail at journalism : we have taken it for better and for worse ; and when Balzac calls it *le peuple en folie*, he furnishes the most conclusive reply to all he himself or Madame de Girardin can say against it. The voice of the people may be the voice of God when they rise as one man on some grand occasion for the just and necessary vindication of their rights, but it is difficult to recognise the divine origin when we hear nothing but the Babel-like hubbub of selfishness, corruption and intrigue. Paris, during the last ten years, has been the very hotbed of vanity, the Utopia of charlatanism, the true land of promise to the adventurer. So many and strange have been the changes ; so captivating are the examples of the few who have enriched themselves by lucky speculations or fought their way to fame and fortune by the pen ; so unstable is the government ; and so restless, wavering, indulgent to pretension, destitute of fixed rules, and regardless of moral weight or position, is society,—that it would be a downright miracle if the periodical press, necessarily recruited from the cleverest, vainest, most excitable and aspiring part of the population, did not copy some of the bad habits and adopt a few of the bad practices in vogue. Gentlemen who have their fortune to make now generally begin by spending one ; most of the rising generation are living beyond their means, and *la jeune France* depend upon their pens to supply any fresh extravagance, as the Viennese dames are said to depend upon their *beaux yeux* to furnish any extra article of the toilette. ‘Given a nation of knaves and fools—to form a wise, virtuous, and religious community,’ was the problem proposed by a cynic friend of ours to a Benthamite. ‘Given a capital where public morality is a by-word—to produce a body of journalists superior to undue influence of every kind.’

is the problem proposed by Madame de Girardin and M. de Balzac to their contemporaries. There is meanness, profligacy, venality, and falsehood, as there is courage, honour, disinterestedness, and truth, in the country; and there is precisely the same mixture of good and evil, of all that most dignifies with all that most degrades human nature, in the newspapers. How, indeed, can they fail to present a fair reflection of the national character in France?—where there is no false standard of social rank, no silly, tinsel, vulgar criterion of gentility, to destroy the balance—where the position of the journalist, whether dancing on the surface or grovelling in the mud, is determined by his own specific gravity, instead of his being sunk to the bottom with a plummet round his neck.

We have already alluded to the rooted prejudices existing on the subject in this country. It is our painful duty to add, that they have received the sanction of very high authority. We happen to know that distinguished statesmen, at no very distant epoch, have declared that any regular connexion, past or present, with a newspaper, must be regarded as a fatal bar to promotion in the higher departments of the state. We happen to know, moreover, that when this resolution of theirs was incidentally mentioned to Prince Metternich, he inquired, with a look of wonder, if they were mad. He might well ask the question. There is, certainly, a traditional remark of Mr. Canning to the purport that no effective service could be rendered out of parliament; but the remark (if the Anti-jacobin ever made it, which we doubt) is inapplicable to times like the present, when the chief care of the bulk of our representatives is to divine the opinions of their constituents. A single writer capable of showing up the errors of an opposing party, and giving clear plausible expositions of the policy of his own, does more to advance their real interests than any twenty members taken at random; and if it were asked who had best executed Lord Stanley's memorable threat, 'Step by step, measure by measure, failure after failure, we will watch and we will check, and we will control the government,' we should say without hesitation, not Colonel Sibthorp, nor Mr. Liddell, nor Sir Robert Peel, nor Lord Stanley himself, but the *Morning Post*, the *Herald*, the *Standard*, and the *Times*.

Inefficiency, therefore, cannot be the real ground. Those who raise or rely on such objections obviously partake the prejudice, or they are actuated by a paltry fear of public opinion founded on it. In either case, the prejudice is the root of the evil; and a greater evil it would be no easy matter to conceive than any doctrine, aphorism, or resolution tending, directly or indirectly, to degrade the class who supply the entire mental aliment of the

larger

larger half of the community. This view of the matter has been confirmed by one great statesman at all events—a man always remarkable for his superiority to narrow notions of expediency. Lord Lyndhurst expressed himself thus at the last anniversary of the Newspaper Printers' Benevolent Society, held in July, 1839:—

'It had become the duty of every man sensible of the power of this engine to do his utmost for the purpose of adding to the respectability of those who directed it, who ought to be sought rather than avoided as associates, and treated with the courtesy and respect to which their character and attainments entitled them. The press had by degrees become an important profession; and to those who supposed that only a moderate share of ability was requisite for it, he would say, *Try your hands*; and if such a person did attempt to write a leading article, he would afterwards entertain juster notions on the subject.'

The required talent, however, is beyond dispute. Let fops and fools sneer as they will, the writer who is daily read by thousands must have a consciousness of his power; and the capacity of bringing widely-scattered information into one lucid focus,—of drawing just results from well-selected data,—of arranging, amplifying, compressing, illustrating a succession of important topics,—all on the spur of the occasion, without a moment's stay to think, to examine, to refer—this surely argues a high degree of intellectual cultivation—this surely constitutes a just title to a fair share of the rewards or honours at the disposal of a government.

A good example has been set by the Whigs, two or three of whose noble leaders, as we formerly remarked, have been uniformly actuated by a real respect for intellectual excellence, while others have at least had the discretion to desire the credit of such views. Lord Palmerston remains Secretary for Foreign Affairs despite of his alleged contributions to the *Globe*; and several persons of inferior rank, even more extensively connected with the London papers, have received lucrative appointments from government within the last few years. To be sure, what has been done in this way is not much, but it is something to establish the principle—to let men of acquirement know that they may adopt the readiest and often most effective mode of communicating with the public without compromising their prospects or losing caste in society. In fact, our immediate demands are extremely humble, as we seek merely to get rid of a factitious state of public feeling, and place newspapers in this respect on the same footing as other periodical works, in which it has never been deemed dangerous or derogatory to write.

ART. V.—*A Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c., of Shakspeare's Tempest.* By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London. 8vo. 1840.

IF there was any one play of Shakspeare's which we might reasonably have hoped to enjoy in peace, without molestation from the commentators, that play was *The Tempest*. It appeared to us that the author had told all that could be known, or that it was necessary to know; that the text was so generally free from corruption as to be sufficiently clear even to the most ordinary reader, and to afford very few opportunities for the editor to display his cumbersome ingenuity in perplexing the difficulties which the ignorance of the printer's devil had originated; and that, in a work of so purely imaginative a character—of which scene, fable, persons, were all alike the creations of the fancy—there could not by any accident be discovered the slightest ground on which an historical discussion or an antiquarian argument could be raised. But we were deceived. We, the humble adorers of the genius of Shakspeare, who are content to forget ourselves in the enchanting visions of his poetry, and to enrich our minds by gleaning something from the boundless treasures of his wisdom, can very little divine what inventions that parasitic race of writers are capable of, who, without talent to produce any original work of their own, are always on the look-out for an occasion of hitching on their lucubrations in the form of notes, or hints, or suggestions, or inquiries, or illustrations, or disquisitions, to the productions of authors of eternal name. Without power of motion in themselves, they collect in bunches, and fasten themselves like barnacles to the bottom of the vessel, which is scudding along briskly before the gale; and they never seem to encounter any difficulty in making good their hold. The Rev. Joseph Hunter is one of this class of literati. He has taken *The Tempest* for his subject: and in his hands, and according to his peculiar mode of treatment, a most fruitful subject it has proved. Where one, whose mind was less incapable of entering into the poetry of Shakspeare, would have found nothing to write about; he, on the contrary, by supposing one thing, by denying another, by suggesting a third, by arguing upon each, and by adducing authorities from a parcel of old volumes in support of his views upon all, has been enabled to concoct an octavo volume of some 200 pages, which a mysterious personage who rejoices in the signature of Gulielmus and the device, badge, or cognizance of a fish—whether a shark or a gudgeon, we are not skilled enough in ichthyology to determine—has had the temerity to publish,
and

and which several elderly gentlemen, fellow-antiquarians of Mr. Hunter, and co-frequenters of Mr. Thomas Rodd's shop, have been kind enough to purchase at the rate of about 14s. a copy.

As a very limited impression of this volume has been published—the erudite gentleman having condescended to add the prestige of rarity to its intrinsic attractions—it is our intention to give our readers a brief account of the most interesting portions of its contents.

The first point which the Rev. Joseph Hunter undertakes to discuss is the locality of *The Tempest*. The island, he assures us, was not Bermuda. This head he argues upon at very considerable length—why, we cannot very well understand, except, to be sure, that all such unnecessary discussions constitute the peculiar delight of all such authors. The only island in the whole world which Shakspeare expressly informs us Prospero's island *was not*, is the island of Bermuda. Ariel tells Prospero that he had disposed the king's ship 'in the deep nook' from which his master had once called him up 'at midnight, to fetch dew *from* the still-vex'd Bermoothes.' Now, as we do not suppose our readers are of so very stupid a description as those whom Mr. Hunter seems to anticipate for his Disquisition, we shall not go into any lengthened argument to prove to them that, if Ariel was sent *from* Prospero's island *to* the island of Bermuda, the island he was sent *to* could not be the island he was sent *from*. Again, though Shakspeare does not particularise any island; for he was much too great a poet to fix the locality of a story of such high fancy, and knew that the sublime of beauty, as well as of terror, is to be found in the vague and the undefined—yet he has still given us to understand that the island was somewhere in the Mediterranean. The storm which dispersed the fleet of the king of Naples was the affair of a few minutes; and, at the same time that the king's ship is safely harboured in 'a deep nook' of the enchanted island, Ariel informs us that the other vessels, from whose company that ship had only just been separated, are 'upon the Mediterranean flote.' It is pretty certain, therefore, that it was in the Mediterranean that the storm occurred, and that the sea, on which the fleet was dispersed, must also have been the sea of which the waters flowed into the nook of Prospero's island where the king's ship was anchored. All this appears to us sufficiently plain from the text of the play itself. Indeed, we never met with any commentator who entertained a different opinion. To be sure, Mr. Thomas Moore, in inditing a poetical epistle to Lord Strangford, thoughtlessly scribbled something in a note at the bottom of his page about Bermuda, and Shakspeare, and Ariel; but we are convinced

vinced that he is the first and the last person of any authority on such a subject who ever could, after a moment's consideration, have confounded the island of Prospero with an island in the Atlantic. That such is the case is acknowledged by Mr. Hunter himself. 'I must add,' he says, 'for on this point the commentators appear to have been misunderstood—that *no editor of Shakspeare has ever gone so far as to represent the island of Bermuda as actually the scene of the play*, but only as having suggested the idea of a stormy, deserted, and enchanted island.' But nevertheless, as Bermuda is an island, and the events dramatised in *The Tempest* took place on an island, he thought that somebody or other might, hereafter, be so acute as to identify them, and has therefore considered it no waste of time to favour the literary world with an anticipative refutation of so sagacious a supposition.

Having, after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, who is reported to have *made* all the giants he slew, most triumphantly refuted an erroneous conjecture respecting the locality of *The Tempest*, which, as he admits, nobody was ever known to have been guilty of, Mr. Hunter proceeds to inform us of the great discovery which forms the main argument of his 'Disquisition.' He has told us where the events of the drama did *not* occur; he now undertakes to inform us where they *did* take place. But this is a discovery so great, that Mr. Hunter's modesty will not allow him to assume the merit of it. 'I am *bound to acknowledge*,' he says, 'and I do so with great pleasure, that I received many years ago the first suggestion from one whose intimate acquaintance with books and their contents is well known to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance—I mean MR. RODD, the very ingenious, liberal, and respectable bookseller, in Great New-port-street.' (p. 32.) From the great discovery thus made some years ago by Mr. Thomas Rodd, the bookseller, and subsequently set forth by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, the antiquarian, we learn that the scene of *The Tempest* is—where do you suppose? The island of Lampedusa!—Lampedusa!—And why?—Oh! it lay on the way between Algiers and Naples, and the fleet of Alonzo must inevitably have passed it. But this is only one of the cogent arguments which Mr. Hunter has to advance in confirmation of Mr. Rodd's hypothesis. In Lampedusa a hermit always lived; and had not Shakspeare's island a magician living in it? Lampedusa was believed to be haunted; and was not Shakspeare's island inhabited by spirits? At Lampedusa, according to Coronelli, 'repose and quiet are banished by formidable apparitions;' and was not Shakspeare's island full of 'sounds and sweet airs, that charm the sense, and hurt not?' In Lampedusa, 'the nights
are

are disturbed,' says Crusius, 'with spectres and frightful dreams, which do fatally affright with death-like terrors whosoever doth remain there so much as one night;' and does not Caliban tell us that in Shakspeare's island, the dreams created by the melody of 'a thousand twanging instruments,' were so exquisitely beautiful that, 'when he waked, he cried to sleep again?'—Why, here are proofs!—And on just such proofs as these—proofs quite as rational, and almost as conclusive, as those alleged by Pompey Bum, in 'Measure for Measure,' in defence of the respectability of Mr. Froth—we are to believe, hereafter, that the scene of Prospero's exile and enchantments was an island 120 miles S. of Sicily, 70 W.S.W. of Malta, and 61 distant from the coast of Barbary, long. $12^{\circ} 24'$ E. lat. $33^{\circ} 40'$ N.!!! Besides, 'in its dimensions,' Mr. Hunter assures us, 'Lampedusa is what we may imagine Prospero's island to have been, in a circuit thirteen miles and a half.' (p. 19.) In its '*dimensions such as we might have imagined Prospero's island to have been!*' Why, what man in his poetic senses ever thought anything about the length, and breadth, and circumference of Prospero's island? But we should have '*imagined it to be thirteen miles and a half in circuit!*' Why, what can the imagination have to do with land-measuring?

But the author has another argument. It is a clencher. And we feel assured that, however much our readers may be at first astonished by it, they will on reflection feel and acknowledge its force. Mr. Hunter has made a shrewd guess that Prospero did not merely live by his wits, as a conjuror, but that he supported himself and his daughter by following a very reputable, though not a very distinguished, calling. And, as we read that it was one of Caliban's daily tasks to bring in wood; as Ferdinand was employed in piling up logs; and as, in so warm a climate, such a quantity of fuel could never have been required for the home consumption of so small a family, it is concluded that the ex-Duke of Milan was a hewer and dealer in fagots; that he kept a sort of charcoal and firewood store; and that, in fact, he took advantage of the well-timbered state of the island of Lampedusa to open that trade in fagots with Malta which has been continued down to the present day. In justice to this ingenious divine, we consider ourselves bound to cite the passage at length:—

'There is a coincidence, which would be very extraordinary if it were merely accidental, between the *chief occupation of Caliban and the labour imposed upon Ferdinand, on the one hand, and something which we find belonging to Lampedusa, on the other. Caliban's employment is collecting firewood. It may be but for the use of Prospero. But Ferdinand is employed in piling up thousands of logs of wood. This is not like the invention of a poet working at its own free pleasure. I*
should

should seek for an archetype, had I not already found one in the fact that *Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa*.

'That the logs piled up by Ferdinand were destined to this and no other use, is apparent from what Miranda says, "*When this burns,*"' &c. p. 30.

And it really is a fact that a book is gravely composed by a gentleman who can spell, and who writes *Reverend* before his name, and *F.S.A.* after it, stuffed with such arguments as these, for the purpose of annihilating that sense of the vague and undetermined, which Shakspeare has left floating like a halo of unearthly light over his work, and through which the imagination of every reader of *The Tempest*—free and unconfined—surveys the scenery of the enchanted island, drawn in fairer forms, and painted in far livelier and more glowing colours, than any reality could present him with, even among the lovely islands of the Mediterranean. We detest this system of finding out in poetry what everything means, and what everything is derived from, and what everything alludes to. Why, there was a gentleman, a little time ago, who, in a letter to some magazine or other, pretended to inform us what the '*one thing*' was which Sycorax did, and on account of which she was banished from her country, instead of being killed, as 'her mischiefs and sorceries terrible' had deserved. She was spared, he tells us, by the home-office at Algiers, on account of her being *enceinte* with Caliban!—A very ingenious conjecture certainly; but we feel assured that no such thought ever entered the mind of Shakspeare. He knew not what that '*one thing*' was, nor did he ever give his imagination the trouble of ascertaining it. He wanted it for the purpose of his play, as an excuse for saving a wretch who, according to the laws and the opinions of his age, was guilty of death; and he left it *a deed without a name*, not to be known by any for ever but Hell, and Night, and Setebos.

But to return to the '*Disquisition*.' If Messrs. Hunter and Rodd are determined to fix down Shakspeare's island to a station on the map, why do they not also undertake the execution of the same task for Swift and Cervantes? It would be an office well worthy of their talents and their acquirements. Let Mr. Rodd discover for us the geographical position of Laputa; and let Mr. Hunter devote his leisure-hours to the diligent perusal of every globe and chart within his reach, till he is enabled to inform us between what parallels we are to look for the Island of Barataria. But, if we are to be told which of all the islands in the world was the scene of Prospero's banishment, why are we not also to be enlightened on the history and chronology of his story, as well as its

its geography? In what year did Prospero return and re-assume his dukedom in Milan? This is a curious speculation. It must have been after 1522, in which year Bermuda was discovered, for Prospero speaks of that island. It must have been before 1616, for in that year Shakspeare died. In what part of those ninety-four years was there a reigning Duke of Milan of the name of Prospero? Then, again, whom did he succeed?—who succeeded him?—in what wars was he engaged?—whom did he marry?—was he a Conservative or a Liberal prince?—when did he die?—where was he buried?—how many children had he? The present King of Naples descended from Ferdinand and Maria. All these are points of quite as great interest, quite as open to discussion, and quite as capable of a satisfactory elucidation, as the point which Messrs. Rodd and Hunter have undertaken to settle, in ascertaining the scene of Prospero's exile and Miranda's love. As to its being Lampedusa, we know that it was not. We have the very best poetical authority for refusing our assent to such a supposition. According to the agreeable ballad—*which* Mr. Collier has so fortunately recovered—and which, *though* there may be some reasons for entertaining a contrary opinion, *we* are inclined to believe anterior to the play, and to *have* afforded the groundwork of the plot—we are informed *that* no sooner had the ship sailed away with Prospero and his gallant company, than

‘From that day forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen.
Some say ’tis buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage, rocky shores,
Nor ere is known to sleep.’

This account, however, though like the truth, is not exactly it. The island exists no longer, but its end was not so. Everybody who has any acquaintance, however superficial, with such matters is perfectly aware of the actual destiny of Shakspeare's enchanted island, though they are not so fortunate as to have any documents in black letter to cite in support of their faith. The facts are these.—The island was called into existence by a far more potent magician than even Prospero; and, ‘like the baseless fabric of a vision,’ it melted away into thin air, leaving ‘no rack behind,’ with a deep and solemn sound of funereal music, on the twenty-third of April, in the year sixteen hundred and sixteen, the day when that mighty master died. After the departure of Prospero and Miranda, it was never visited again by any human creature. The

unearthly

ly inhabitants possessed it altogether till the hour of its ion. They were then variously dispersed. Caliban, clinging one of the largest logs which Ferdinand had so industrially up, but which had never been 'burnt,' was floated safely to the coast of Algiers. There the name of Sycorax yet forgotten; and, having traced out his family, and proved sanguinity, he found an asylum in the cavern of his manacle, a very learned wizard, and the arch-priest of his god, Setebos.' Ariel, with all his subtile company—the hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, clapping their hands, and singing '*Where the bee sucks*,' in sweetest melody lest chorus—flitted away, delighted to meet the spirit of that magician from whose fancy they had derived their life, and to pour forth their gratulations around him as he had on his upward way to regions more bright, and pure, more ethereal, than any to which they, even 'in their pride of power,' could venture to aspire. Since that happy hour, they have dwelt in harmony together, in one of the fairest and most verdant valleys of Araby the blest. We know the spot; but, for we would not be wicked enough to deliver them over, in their merry innocence, to the tender mercies of the commentators, we do not let fall the slightest hint of the position of their metropolis. At home, we are well aware that Mr. Hunter or Mr. Rodd, or these gentlemen together, would start off to Rotherhithe to-morrow morning, and engage a steam-hoy, and go paddling away out of thick black smoke in the pursuit of them; and, when they reached the spot, they would, without the least sense of action, gather the sweetest blossoms that Ariel ever sucked from them, and crush them between the leaves of their *hortus*; they would hunt down the innocent spirits themselves; they would scare them with unearthly sounds; they would shake their rizzled locks at them; they would catch them with bird-twig, and butterfly-nets; run pins through their delicate wings, and fix them to the bottoms of glazed boxes, and bear them in triumph to be deposited as curiosities among the natural shelves of the British Museum.

Such for the scene of '*The Tempest*.' We now proceed to the consideration of that part of the '*Disquisition*' which relates to the *origin* of the play. It is generally supposed, by the critics and the elder commentators, that, in composing this poem, Shakspeare had the shipwreck of Sir George Monmouth on the reefs of Bermuda in his mind. Mr. Hunter, in his view of the date of the play is inconsistent with such an assumption, and is, necessarily, of a contrary opinion. We think

Mr. Hunter is wrong, and are rather inclined to agree with Malone. Though we do not believe the greatest poet of this, or perhaps of any other, nation, to have been so grossly ignorant as Dr. Farmer tried to prove, nor so wretchedly stupid and destitute of ideas as all the commentators suppose him to have been:—though we conceive that, after having existed some forty and odd years in the world, he might have invented such incidents as a storm and a shipwreck, without having them put into his head by the account of the hurricane in which Sir George Somers' vessel was lost; and that, as he was born, and lived, and died in an island—had possibly seen the Isle of Wight, or heard of the Isle of Man—his faculties might very easily have been capable of this effort of picturing to himself an island, without having read anything about Bermuda:—though we think that Shakspeare might have had no difficulty in imagining the island, the storm, and the shipwreck of his play, without any of those suggestive aids which are pointed out by the commentators, we still consider it very probable that he really had read *Stithe's History of Virginia* before *The Tempest* was written, and had not quite forgotten its contents when employed in the composition of the play. There is one circumstance related by Stithe which seems to have afforded our great dramatist a hint for the employment of his comic character. The assumption of royal authority by Stephano, and the scenes between him and Trinculo and Caliban, may, we think, have been suggested by the following passage.* When Sir George Somers left the Island of Bermuda in the year 1609—

'Christopher Carter, Edward Waters, and Edward Chard remained behind. Sir George's vessel being once out of sight, these three lords and sole inhabitants of all these islands began to erect their little commonwealth with equal power and brotherly regency, building a house, preparing the ground, planting their corn and such seeds and fruits as they had, and providing other necessities and conveniencies. Then, making search among the crannies and corners of those craggy rocks, what the ocean from the world's creation had thrown up among them, besides divers smaller pieces, they happened upon the largest block of ambergris that had ever been seen or heard of in one lump. It weighed fourscore pounds, and is said, itself alone, besides the others, to have been worth nine or ten thousand pounds. And now, being rich, they grew so rioty and ambitious, that these three forlorn men, above ten thousand miles from their native country, and with little probability of ever seeing it again, fell out for the superiority and rule; and then competition and quarrel grew so high, that Chard and Waters, being of the greater spirit, had appointed to decide the matter in the field: but Carter wisely stopped their arms, choosing rather to bear with such

* This coincidence was pointed out to us by Washington Irving.

troublesome

troublesome rivals than, by being rid of them, to live alone.'—*Stithe's Virginia*, p. 120.

It is just possible that Shakspeare might have had this passage in his recollection when distributing the scenes of the comic portion of his drama. And, if such was the case, it affords a strong corroboration to Malone's notion of his having derived some of the other circumstances from Stithe's account of the shipwreck of Somers, as given in the same volume.

Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, supposes that Shakspeare was indebted for the idea and the details of his shipwreck to Sir John Harrington's translation of the storm in the 41st canto of Ariosto. This opinion he proceeds to establish on the testimony of certain coincidences of expression which he conceives himself to have discovered, which he thinks are too marked to be accounted for on the supposition of their being merely accidental, and which consequently he attributes to imitation. We will submit *all* the lines in which he supposes such a correspondence to exist to the inspection of our readers, and leave them to decide whether the evidence they afford is sufficient to sustain a case of literary petty larceny against Shakspeare.

- * SHAKSPEARE.—"Put the wild waters in this roar allay them."
- * *Harrington*.—"Allay the waters when they do highest toss."
- * SHAKSPEARE.—"The cry did knock against my very heart."
- * *Harrington*.—" 'Twas lamentable then to hear their cries."
- * SHAKSPEARE.—"Blessedly help hither."
- * *Harrington*.—"And called it a good and blessed storm."
- * SHAKSPEARE.—"Waters with berries in it."
- * *Harrington*.—"But eating berries, drinking waters clear."
- * SHAKSPEARE.—"Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough."
- * *Harrington*.—"To steer out roomer, or to keep aloof."
- * SHAKSPEARE.—"His bold head
Bove the contentious waves he kept."
- * *Harrington*.—"But still above the waters kept his head."

After hunting through the entire play of 'The Tempest,' and almost one hundred and fifty lines of Ariosto, in search of coincidences of thought and language, these are all that Mr. Hunter has been able to produce; and we hardly understand how it is possible for two men writing on a similar subject to have exhibited fewer instances of similarity in expression. The last case of parallelism is the strongest. But both poets had to describe a man, who in a shipwreck saved himself from drowning; and, as the commonest way of effecting so desirable an object is 'by keeping the head above water,' was it so very unlikely that they should both of them have availed themselves of the phrase? On the authority of such coincidences as these, we could show that Shakspeare

must have diligently studied and servilely copied Dryden's Translation of the Storm in the first book of the *Æneid*; but, as Shakspeare was dead at least fifteen years before Dryden was born, we apprehend our labour would be in vain, and that, with such strong circumstantial evidence of *alibi* in his favour, even Mr. Hunter would hardly charge even Shakspeare with having been guilty of plagiarism in such a case.

With regard to the origin of the plot of 'The *Tempest*,'—though Collins told Thomas Warton that he had read a novel with the same story, and Mr. Boswell relates that a friend of his once met with an Italian romance which agreed with Collins's description,—Mr. Hunter states that it 'is for the present a Shakspearian mystery.' And he even feels himself bound to 'confess,'—though he has written and printed an octavo volume on the subject,—'that little which is important has presented itself in the course of his researches.'—p. 106.

But the discovery, which has baffled the researches of Mr. Hunter, fell accidentally in the way of Mr. Collier. Some few years since that gentleman obtained possession of an old MS. volume, which appears to have been the album of some ballad fancier of the time of the Commonwealth. Several of the ballads in the book the public are familiarly acquainted with; but there are others which are not known to exist out of this collection. Among the latter is one which contains all the main particulars of the plot of 'The *Tempest*.' As the ballad is in itself a very pleasing poem; as it is curious from its coincidence with one of Shakspeare's most beautiful productions, and as only sixty copies of it have been printed by Mr. Collier, we consider ourselves as doing a service to the public by re-printing it entire.

' THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

' In Arragon there livde a king
Who had a daughter sweete as spring,
A little playfull childe.
He lovde his studie and his booke;
The toyles of state he could not brooke,
Of temper still and milde.

He left them to his brother's care,
Who soone usurp'd the throne unware,
And turn'd his brother forth.
The studious king Geraldo hight,
His daughter Ida, deare as sight
To him who knew her worth.

The brother, who usurp'd the throne,
Was by the name Benormo knowne,
Of cruell hart and bolde:
He turn'd his niece and brother forth
To wander east, west, south, and north,
All in the winter colde.

Long time he journey'd up and downe,
The head all bare that wore a crowne,
And Ida in his hand,
Till that they reach'd the broad sea-side,
Where marchant ships at anchor ride,
From many a distant land.

Imbarking, then, in one of these,
They were, by force of windes and seas,
Driven wide for many a mile;
Till at the last they shelter found,
The maister and his men all drown'd
In the enchanted Isle.

Geraldo and his daughter faire,
The onelie two that landed there,
Were savde by myracle;
And, sooth to say, in dangerous houre,
He had some more than human powre,
As seemeth by what befell.

He brought with him a magicke booke,
Whereon his eye did oft times looke,
That wrought him wonders great.
A magicke staffe he had alsoe,
That angrie fiendes compell'd to goe
To doe his bidding straight.

The spirites of the earth and aire,
Unseene, yet fleeting every where,
To crosse him could not chuse.
All this by studie he had gain'd
While he in Arragon remain'd,
But never thought to use.

When landed on th' enchanted Isle
His little Ida's morning smile
Made him forget his woe :
And thus within a caverne dreare
They livde for many a yeare ifere,
For heaven had will'd it soe.

His black lockes turn'd all silver gray,
But ever time he wore away,
To teach his childe intent ;
And as she into beautie grew,
In knowledge she advanced fo
As wise as innocent.

Most lovelie was she to beholde ;
Her haire was like to sunn litt golde,
And blue as heaven her eye.
When she was in her fifteenth yeere
Her daintie form was like the deere,
Sportfull with majestie.

The demons who the land had held,
By might of magicke he expell'd,
Save such as he did neede ;
And servaunts of the ayre he kept
To watch o're Ida when she slept,
Or on swift message speede.

And all this while in Arragon
Benormo reigne, who had a son
Now growne to man's estate :
His sire in all things most unlike,
Of courage tried, but slow to strike,
Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the prince's name.
It chanc'd, post haste, a message came
Just then to Arragon,
From Sicillie, to son and sire,
Which did their presence soon desire
To see Sicilia's son.

Fast tyed in the nuptiall band
To Naples daughter's lovlie hand,
And they to goe consent.
So in a galley on a day
To Sicillie they tooke their way,
Thither to saile intent.

Geraldo by his magicke art
Knew even the hour of their depart
For distant Sicillie :
He knew also that they must passe
Neare to the isle whereon he was,
And that revenge was nie.

He calde his spirites of the aire,
Commanding them a storme prepare
To cast them on that shore.
The gallant barke came sailing on
With silken sailes from Arragon,
And many a gilded ore

But gilded ore and silken saile,
Might not against the storme prevaile :
The windes blew hie and loude.
The sailes were rent, the ores were broke,
The ship was split by lightning stroke
That burst from angrie cloude.

But such Geraldo's powre that day,
That though the ship was cast away,
Of all the crue not one,
Not even the ship-boy, then was drown'd,
And old Benormo on drie ground
Imbracde his dearest son.

About the isle they wandered long,
For still some spirite led them wrong,
Till they were wearie growne ;
Then came to old Geraldoe's cell,
Where he and lovelie Ida dwell ;
Though seene, they were not knowne.

Much marvell'd they in such a place
To see an Eremit's wringled face ;
More at the maid they start :
And soone as did Alfonso see
Ida so beautifull, but hee
Felt love within his hart.

Benormo heard with grief and shame
Geraldo call him by his name,
His brother's voyce well knowne.
Upon his aged knees he fell,
And wept that ere he did rebell
Against his brother's throne.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime !
I swear, since that u(n)happie time,
I have not tasted peace.
Returne and take againe your crowne,
Which at your feete I will lay down,
And see our jarres surcease.

"Never," Giraldo said, "will I
Ascend that seat of sovereignty ;
But I all wrongs forgett.
I have a daughter, you a son,
And they shall raigue o're Arragon,
And on my throne be sett.

My

My head is all to old to beare
The weight of crownes, and kingdome's
Peace in my booke I find. [care;
Gold crownes beseeke not silver lockes,
Like sunbeams upon whitend rockes,
They mocke the franquill minde.

Benormo, worne with cares of state,
Which worldlie sorrows aye create,
Sawe the advice was good.
The tide of love betwixt the paire,
Alfonso young and Ida faire,
Had suddaine reacht the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out
From Sicilie, in fear and doubt,
As having heard the wracke,
Arrived at the enchanted Isle,
And took them all in little while
Unto Massina backe.

But ere his leave Giraldo took
Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,
And broke his magicke wand.
His arte forbid, he aye forswore
Never to deale in magicke more
The while the earth should stand.

From that daie forth the isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene,
Some say 'tis buried deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and runs
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wed,
To Arragon there after sped,
With fathers who them blessed.
Alfonso rulde for many a yeare :
His people lovde him farre and neare,
But Ida lovde him best.'

We consider this as having formed the groundwork of 'The Tempest,' because, in the first place, there are many circumstances in the play, which, we think, the author of the ballad would never have failed to take advantage of, had he been the later writer; and because, in the second place, though the unpopularity of Spain and the Spaniards in the early part of James the First's reign, when 'The Tempest' was produced, affords something like a reason for Shakspeare's representing his dramatic personæ as Italians, rather than Spaniards, as they are in the ballad, there could be no reason at all for the author of the ballad introducing such a change, supposing him to have been versifying the story from the play. The only argument against the priority of the ballad to the drama, is its being of a somewhat more modern style of composition. This objection has very little, if any, weight at all with us. Every ballad, in the course of recital and transcription, imperceptibly assumes somewhat of the tone and language of the time, and will always appear to be of an age corresponding with the date of its earliest existing copy. —It is possible, however, that both Shakspeare and the balladist were indebted to a common Spanish original.

From the source of the plot of this play we now proceed to consider the date of it. Malone regards *The Tempest* as one of the very last of Shakspeare's works, and assigns the composition of it to the year 1611. Mr. Chalmers dates it still later, and considers it to have been written in the year 1613. Mr. Hunter, who rejoices in singularity on all points, has a fancy that it was, on the contrary, rather a youthful production of the author, and written as early as the year 1596. But why? Francis Meres, in a tract called *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in 1598, gives a catalogue of the plays which
Shakspeare

Shakspeare had then written. Among them he mentions one called *Love's Labours Won*; and, as no play with that title now exists among the works of our great dramatist, Mr. Hunter assumes that this must have been a second, but dropped, title of *The Tempest*; that the task imposed upon Ferdinand—the piling up logs of wood, which, as we have seen, were intended for sale at the Malta market—constituted the ‘Labours of Love;’ and that those ‘Labours’ were ‘won’ in obtaining the hand of Miranda. ‘Of the existing plays,’ says Mr. Hunter, ‘there is only *The Tempest* to which it (the title in question) can be supposed to belong; and, so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost.’* Whether any play has or has not been lost cannot be determined. We certainly do not perceive the improbability of such a circumstance. Plays of Shakspeare have been lost. Among the manuscripts which Mr. Warburton was so idle as to entrust to the care of his cook, and she used in lighting his fire with, were two plays ascribed to him: one entitled *Duke Humphrey*, and another, of which no name is given. Who knows but *that* may have been *Love's Labours Won*? But why should Mr. Hunter think it improbable that a play of Shakspeare's should be lost? Surely, in the troubled times of the fanatical and anti-theatrical generation which succeeded him, it was much more probable that, unless published immediately after his death, any work of our immortal dramatist's should be destroyed than preserved. But, however that may be, we cannot for a single moment admit the supposition that *The Tempest* is the play indicated by Meres under the title of *Love's Labours Won*. What peril, or pain, or difficulty is there in piling up a few, or even some thousands of logs of wood, in the constant presence of one's mistress, under the cheering beams of her smiles, and the encouragement of her sympathy, to render such a task worthy of the name of a *labour of love*?—Why, declined into the vale of years as we are—and we are no less than 131 numbers, and almost 5000 articles of age—we would most gladly enter upon such a service this moment, and continue it till doomsday, under such circumstances:—ay, we would do all that and more, to obtain a single favourable regard of those mild eyes which we so love to look upon, and from which we can never win a smile. And so thought *Ferdinand*. His employment was no *labour* to him. What is his own account of the matter? His young-hearted sentiments on this occasion were very different, we find, from the opinions entertained by the Reverend Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. He says,

* Disquisition, p. 77.

‘This,

‘ This, my mean task,
Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what ’s dead,
And makes my labours pleasures.’

Oh ! no.—*The Tempest* can never be identified with *Love’s Labours Won*. There is *love* enough—delightful, young, pure, innocent, self-devoted love—but there are no *labours* of consequence enough to justify the title. But is it quite certain there ever was such a play? May not *Love’s Labours Won* be the second part of the title of *Love’s Labours Lost*? The passage in *Mercus*, where the names immediately follow each other, would seem to countenance such a conjecture ; and the story of the comedy would most fully bear it out. In it *Love’s Labours*—comic labours—are both *lost* and *won* : *lost*, because they led to a year of penance ; and *won*, because, at the end of that year, they were to receive their reward. We have not much to urge in favour of this guess of our’s, except that it is entirely original ; but, nevertheless, we are quite prepared to defend it against all gainsayers, with six arguments to every one of our opponents ; and engaging that every one of the six shall be as stout as the strongest of Mr. Hunter’s.

The ground derived from this fanciful application of a second title to the play being cut from beneath his feet, the learned author of the *Disquisition* has no argument on which to rest his supposition of its early date. Every argument, on the contrary, is against him, and in favour, not only of the later date of Malone, but the latest date of Chalmers. For instance, there is a speech of Gonzalo’s, taken, almost verbatim, from Florio’s translation of Montaigne’s *Essays*, a work which was not published till 1603. This circumstance would go far to prove that the play could not have been written, as Mr. Hunter supposes, in 1596. And if Shakspeare derived, as we conceive, any hint from the passage we have cited from *Stithe’s History of Virginia*, it could not have been written till after 1612, when the story was brought to England by Captain Matthew Somers. But the fact is, we know almost to a moral certainty that *The Tempest* was, if not the last, one of the very last, of Shakspeare’s productions. We are informed by Mr. Vertue’s MSS. that this comedy ‘ was acted by Heming and the rest of the king’s company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.’ The Prince Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth were married in February, 1613 ; and is it not highly probable that this poem, which relates to the loves of a young prince and princess, and introduces a pageant of spirits to crown them with—

‘ Honour,

‘Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,’—

was expressly composed as a part of the splendid festivities of their royal nuptials?

We have now performed our duty towards Mr. Hunter. There is only one good suggestion which we are aware of in his work, and that we will not deprive him of the credit of. It relates to the restoration of a reading which the modern editors have corrupted. In the folio of 1623, which is the first edition of ‘*The Tempest*,’ the reading is

‘In the *line* grove that weather fends our cell.’

The word *line*, which is the old word for *linden*, in all the modern editions has been changed to *lime*. This signifies little, as far as the above passage is concerned; but the alteration has a subsequent effect; it tends to mar the picturesque representation of the last part of the fourth act. When *Prospero* desires *Ariel* to hang the glittering apparel which was to delude *Stephano* and *Trinculo* from their purpose ‘on this *line*,’ in modern times a cord is always stretched across the stage to hang the garments on; whereas it is evident that the *line* spoken of by *Prospero* is one of the trees of ‘the *line-grove*’ which grew around his cell.

At parting we have one short word of admonition to offer to that class of gentlemen who discharge themselves of their indefatigable idleness by writing little books on their various little quirks or quiddities about Shakspeare. Mr. Hunter thinks (p. 120) that the names of all those persons ‘should be gathered together, and some account given of *them*.’ For whose instruction, or for what object, he does not condescend to inform us. And they all conceive, each individual for himself and fellows, that, having had their peculiar fancies about some unimportant point in or about our great poet’s works, such as that *Lampedusa* is *Prospero’s Island*, or that *The Tempest* is ‘*Love’s Labours Won*,’ they are fairly entitled, by courtesy of literature, to assume to themselves the epithet of *ingenious* ever after. Now, the fact which we would earnestly impress upon their attention is, that there is no such decided proof of the *want* of ingenuity, and of the presence of actual dulness, as that afforded by an elaborate work on so unimportant a subject. Such a publication, instead of being an evidence of a man’s *ingenuity*, is, on the contrary, a damning witness to the extreme sluggishness and unfrequent action of his inventive faculties. He who is really deserving the hackneyed and much-abused epithet of *ingenious*, finds, when reading about Shakspeare, so many new, plausible, but inconsistent fancies of this kind suggest themselves, that he learns to distrust them all, from his own immediate experience of the contradictory nature of the
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several equally probable conjectures which follow and refute each other in rapid succession in his mind. And the only persons who ever think such shadows of sufficient consequence to give themselves any trouble about them are those amiable Roddists who consider themselves rich if they have but one idea occur to them in a twelve-month, who live upon that idea, who harp upon it in their common talk, who digest it with their lonely meal, who chew the cud of it as they take their salutary walks abroad, who seem to meet with authorities to support it in every volume they open, who dream of nothing else, and who can get no restful sleep at night till they have been safely delivered of it in the shape of a pamphlet.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Speech of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter on Socialism.* London. 1840.
 2. *Weekly Tales and Tracts. Under the Sanction of the Lord Bishop of Ripon.* Edited by the Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. London. 1839—40.

WE do not think any man of a serious temper can look back upon the course of events in this country during the last ten years, without tracing, through all the gathering evils, with which it has been crowded, a mysterious providential hand, which seems to be preparing good for us, little as we have deserved it. For the future historian of England, it will afford indeed a melancholy page, full of corrupt principles, of weak concessions, of violent changes, and of convulsions, which threaten to end in bloodshed at home, and dismemberment of empire abroad. But yet there are consolatory features. A power, which we cannot see, has been reviving at the same time a spirit to cope with, if not to avert, these coming ills—a spirit to recognise and reverence truth, to practise and inculcate obedience, to breathe a new life into our dead forms, and decayed belief. It has raised up, one by one, conjunctures and dangers, which have developed new truths, or rather have recalled the old. It has staved off, again and again, some of the most fatal blows aimed at the constitution of the Church; and has opened the eyes of men to the mistakes of modern self-guided reformers, as much as to the necessity of reform. But of all these providential circumstances to be humbly and gratefully acknowledged, none appear, humanly speaking, so likely to do good, as the permission given to two new curses to rise up for a time among us, and to startle us into sober reflection—Socialism and Chartism. They have been permitted to arise before their time, while there are yet truths, and hearts in the

the country capable of facing them—and they have risen in a plain intelligible shape, against which no soft words, or sophistries will induce the English nation to close their eyes. They are the natural and necessary developments—Chartism of Whig principles, Socialism of Dissent. They are, in fact, nothing but Whiggism and Dissent pushed to their legitimate consequences. Of Chartistism we do not intend to speak; but the Socialist system has been so recently brought before the legislature by the Bishop of Exeter, to whom the Church and the country are deeply indebted for his exposure of its enormities, assuredly not before it was required, that we cannot be charged with needlessly drawing public attention to a loathsome subject, if we make some observations upon it.

As no little complaint has been made of misrepresentation,—misrepresentation, it should be understood, purposely encouraged, by using more moderate language in one set of publications, and leaving the same principles, in their gross and violent form, to be advocated by the missionaries of the society as individuals,—it will be best to begin with a brief abstract of the last *manifesto* produced in answer to the Bishop of Exeter's accusation:—and we shall, *in limine*, give the Section 'Principles' in the very words of Mr. Owen.

'The following are the fundamental principles of this society:—

'That man is a being formed to have a compound character: first, as he is organized at birth, before he has received any direct impressions from external objects; and, second, as he is subsequently made to become, by the influence of external objects upon his organization, especially by the action of experienced man or society on infant or inexperienced man.

'That all man's *feelings* are formed *for* him, by external objects acting upon his organization, and its reaction.

'That all his *convictions* are formed *for* him by the action of external objects upon his organization, and its reaction.

'That his will, or decision to act, is formed *for* him by the convictions *or* feelings separately, or by the convictions *and* feelings unitedly, which have been formed for him by the action of external circumstances upon his organization.

'That man is so organized as to act in accordance with his convictions or his feelings, whichever may be the strongest at the moment of action, or to act in obedience to these convictions and feelings when united, and which nature and society combined have caused him to receive.

'The whole character of man, physical, intellectual, and moral, is formed *for* him.

'It is therefore evident that man has NOT been created to be a responsible being, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but that he is left to experience the *necessary effects* of his conduct, which teach all in the best possible manner—through the sensations of pain and pleasure—

X. The rational religion consists in chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, &c., and in loving all men alike, whether we like them or not. This love, however, is not to imply any effort to do them good, should we think our religion better than their own; with the exception, indeed, of the Committee, who will have unlimited authority to proselytise.

XI. There is to be nothing so gross as unregulated marriage; only a power of divorce without any limits specified.

Now, we have no intention of 'shrieking,' as a modern writer terms it, over this singular specimen of the enlightenment of our manufacturing population, and of the nineteenth century. Society has seldom been visited with those periodical fits of lunacy, which break out in rebellions and murders, without previously betraying similar symptoms of disease. But as symptoms of disease—of a very deep-seated disease—we do think these absurdities require to be seriously noticed; and therefore we shall ask our readers not to turn away at once in laughter, but to examine quietly into the history of this system, which would be ludicrous and harmless, if it did not embrace, and carry out to their natural issues, errors from which few minds in this day are wholly free.

Its original root is a real practical evil. It commences evidently with a keen perception of the misery and degradation, to which a large portion of the population of this country has been reduced by our manufacturing system. We pass over the strange contradiction, that it is the same manufacturing population, thus sunk in distress by their own powerlessness, or ignorance, or folly, to which political economists point as the great source of our prosperity—to which political reformers would delegate the privilege of government—and which, with the very confession in its mouth of utter incompetency to provide for itself, is now desirous to undertake the foundation of a *new moral world*; and, what is more interesting to ourselves, the reformation of this great empire. But men will attempt in despair, what they would shudder at in their sober senses. It is in despair that the Birmingham mechanics are following Mr. Owen's delusions. They are starving. They have children starving around them. They have either no bread for to-day, or none for to-morrow, or nothing to hope for in any continuance of the present system; and therefore they clamour for another.

This wretched state has been brought about by three causes. First, by the reduction of wages, in many cases to the minimum of subsistence. And this reduction itself has been effected, not merely by the natural competition of labour in a superabundant population, where machinery and capital enable the master manufacturer to control the workmen; but in this country, by
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the influx of Irish labourers, who, having been inured at home to an existence of semi-starvation, can sell their labour at a price far lower than the English workmen. In fact, by a singular retribution, England at this moment is gradually sliding, from this cause, into the same state with Ireland; and Irish paupers are taking possession of the very vitals of our towns, to the degradation, and, ultimately, to the destruction of the English mechanics.

But besides the low rate of wages, there is also to be taken into account their fluctuation—a fluctuation produced necessarily by the unlimited competition of selfishness and avarice in a *boundless free-trade market*, which is perpetually shifting its field, and contracting or extending its demands, without warning, on every change of dynasty, of political relations, of social habits, or of internal commercial speculations. This competition, aided by the powers of machinery, and encouraged by the superior cheapness of manufacturing on a large scale, necessarily causes continual overproduction. Every glut of the market is followed by a paralysis—every paralysis by a return to excessive production. Add to this the shifting nature of the manufacturing processes themselves—how a single alteration of machinery, the discovery of a new locality, even the diversion of a road or a canal, may dry up at once an old channel, and open new, leaving for a time the old population lying like boulder-stones in the course which a torrent has taken; or, like Tadmor and Palmyra in the desert, to show only where trade once passed—and we can understand the utter impossibility of providing, by any fiscal regulations, against a constant fluctuation in the price of labour. We are supposing now that the average is above—it may be far above the minimum of subsistence; and that prudent and economical habits might regulate the rate of living accordingly. But we must know little or nothing of human nature to suppose that prudent and economical habits can ever grow up in such a state of things. Prudence is the result of regularity of habit, and regularity of habit a natural effect of regularity of circumstances. When men are accustomed to see themselves suddenly provided for by circumstances not at their command—to be plunged from affluence into poverty at a moment's warning—when no calculation will enable them to ensure a certain subsistence for the morrow—and yet again and again, though all provision has been neglected, the subsistence comes of itself—scarcely any power upon earth can prevent them from becoming wasteful in their abundance, and sanguine in their poverty. These two habits are imprudence; and from imprudence comes misery, and from misery impatience, profligacy, desperation, and crime.

But we must go still farther. We said that no human power could

could create habits of regular prudence in such a state of things. But what if no power is exerted? What if these unhappy men are left to themselves, without any eye to watch, any hand to control them; the only authority which they recognise being a taskmaster, whom they serve for his gain—who counts nothing but the hours of their labour, and the yards of cotton which they produce—whose existence as a manufacturer depends on his making the maximum of profit on the minimum of wages, and even on their degraded condition, without which he cannot command them—who cannot afford to be generous—who is bound to them by no local or hereditary relations—who can cast them off in a moment, as a floating population unattached to the soil—who can have no religious association with them, because religion cannot enter into the estimate of an animal machine for spinning silk or hammering iron—who has no right to interfere with their domestic habits, to take an interest in their comforts, because their homes are not his property—who cannot visit or relieve them, crowded as they are densely in narrow lanes, and packed in floors of houses—who can know nothing of their character, because he can see nothing but their hands and feet—who cannot afford to give them time either for instruction or recreation, because every minute has its price, and every farthing of price is an item in the necessary profit?

In this condition of affairs, when every day, from the increase of competition and the state of the continent, the crises are becoming more frequent and the remedy more desperate, a man, not, perhaps, without benevolence, but conceited and uninstructed (for this is the character stamped on all Mr. Owen's writings), imagines a plan for breaking up the present manufacturing system; in which object we most cordially concur with him. For, with all its show and glitter, and accumulation of capital in the hands of the masters, it never can act without generating more than an equivalent of want and vice in the persons of the workmen. He proposes that the workmen, instead of hiring out their labour, and enabling the master to reap the profits, should form themselves into a community, and work for themselves.

Now this plan may be contemplated under two forms. If it is intended to form a joint-stock company, so that all the members should share in the dividends on the capital, and thus improve upon the present system only by appropriating to themselves the profits of the master, it is evident that those profits, however large for a single individual, will be but a drop of water when divisible among such numbers. As a joint-stock company, moreover, they will be exposed to the same competition as individual manufacturers,

manufacturers, and with the same result of fluctuation, so long as the present extent of market continues, but without the same power of improving opportunities, of speculating boldly but cautiously—in one word, of acquiring profit. We say nothing of the difficulty of providing an adequate capital, or of regulating wages. No change is made, in fact, but that, which is no improvement, the substitution in the manufacturing system of democracies for monarchies; and therefore the whole scheme must fall to the ground.

But Mr. Owen's plan seems to contemplate also something very different. He proposes rather to destroy the principle of acquisitiveness, to abandon all commercial speculation, and only to form communities, in which individuals should contribute their various talents to make up one perfect society, provided with all necessaries for common wants, very much as Plato conceives the formation of his polity. The shoemaker is to make shoes, the cotton-spinner to make handkerchiefs, the miller to grind corn, and from the whole combined is to arise a perfect man. It is needless to say that the idea in theory is as old as the first speculation on the nature of human society, and in practice, whether regular or irregular, is coeval with the creation of man. But this plan, it is evident, cannot be effected so long as individual covetousness is allowed to exist. If individuals are permitted to accumulate, competition is necessarily introduced; with competition comes reduction of wages, and with reduction of wages the original misery of the labourer. Mr. Owen therefore proposes to exclude competition altogether. Grand conception! The only difficulty is to accomplish it. How will you eradicate from the human mind the root of covetousness, the instinct of appropriation and desire? Mr. Owen is totally silent. He seems to think it possible; talks of a state when prudence and education will show its evils, and therefore abolish it: but beyond this he does not go. Strange that an infidel should have stumbled at the very threshold of his system on the same maxim with Christianity—that he should proclaim, in almost the very words of the Bible, that 'the love of money is the root of all evil;' and yet that he should have rejected the aid, which Christianity promises in order to extirpate the evil by a spiritual influence controlling the heart, as well as by a spiritual Society maintaining a high standard of morals! Strange also (were he not a very ignorant man) that he should overlook the fact, that the first irregularities of Christians were committed, if not under a clear perception of the same truths, as he in the nineteenth century has for the first time, as he supposes, discovered, at least under a deep moral feeling, which pointed out truth, even

where the head did not discern it. The monastic communities, with their vow of poverty, were in their temporal relations nothing but Mr. Owen's societies; supporting themselves by their common labour and common capital, but with the principle of acquisitiveness, which Mr. Owen cannot touch, confined by the most solemn obligations; their habits formed, not as he would form them, to luxury, but to self-denial; their self-denial sanctioned and rendered honourable by devotion; and, what is the strangest omission in Mr. Owen's plan, a rigid, inflexible discipline maintained over them every hour, so that the slightest act of appropriation was vigilantly watched and severely punished. The very clothes of the monks were common. As Plato proposes for his Phylaces, they not only took their meals together, but no one was allowed to fasten his door, or to lock up anything in his cell; even the plucking an apple in the garden without the leave of the superior was an act of disobedience. Men smile at such notions now, but Mr. Owen, with his horror of *property*—his conviction that it forms one, as he terms it, of *the Trinity of human curses**—will admire the wisdom of the monks. He will allow that, if infringed in one act, the whole principle of appropriation would creep in, and therefore that the most rigid superintendence was wise and necessary. And he might perhaps be prevailed on to acknowledge that the monks, with the Church to support them, and something like historical testimony, however weak he may deem it, to authorise their expectation of some superhuman assistance in controlling the evil passions of men, had logically more grounds for their plan than the individual Mr. Owen, with no one but his starving mechanics to applaud his anticipations of a coming millennium, in which all property shall have vanished from the earth, and all poverty with it.

For this, perhaps, is one of his strangest hallucinations. To abolish property is feasible. It has often been attempted, and sometimes, for a season, succeeded. But to abolish *property*, and retain *wealth*—to prohibit covetousness, and yet encourage luxury—to make the multiplication of the means of enjoyment a

* 'I now declare to you, and to the world, that man up to this hour has been, in all parts of the earth, a slave to a Trinity, the most monstrous that could be combined, to inflict mental and physical evil upon his whole race. I refer to private or individual property—absurd and irrational systems of religion—and marriage, founded on individual property, combined with some one of these irrational systems of religion. It is difficult to say which of these GRAND SOURCES OF ALL CRIME ought to be placed first or last, for they are so intimately interlinked and woven together by time that they cannot be separated without being destroyed; each one is necessary to the support of the other two. This formidable Trinity, compounded of ignorance, superstition, and hypocrisy, is the only demon or Devil that ever has, or most likely ever will torment the human race.'—*Owen's Declaration of Mental Independence.*

crime, while the multiplication of enjoyment itself is the very end of his system—and to expect that this singular balance of opposite tendencies will be maintained, not by the strong arm of superior power, but by the voluntary agency of voluntary members of a joint-stock society, is really too bold a theory, we should have supposed, even for the unhappy and ignorant mechanics, for whom he is writing. And yet this is the fundamental axiom—the corner-stone of a system, which boasts to overthrow all difficulties—to have no connexion with any mysteries—to say nothing but what is intelligible to all men, and founded on habitual experience.

Unhappily, this absurd theory—melancholy as it is to think on the sad state of the population among whom he ventures to preach it—is the only part of his speculations on which it is possible to mention him, even in the comparatively mild terms of an uninstructed enthusiast; and it was this alone which Mr. Southey, and Mr. Wilberforce, and other men of high character, contemplated, when they spoke, in former days, of his benevolence and respectability. He has seen, and, we hope, felt deeply for, an evil, which is, and will be, a curse to this country; and he has imagined a silly scheme for its removal, which, however, is not more silly than the scheme of abolishing the corn laws, or increasing the suffrage, or giving vote by ballot, or many other projects of modern date, for remedying the same evil—an evil which never can be remedied, so long as our manufactories exist under a high pressure of covetous free-trade competition.

But the political economy of this scheme is coupled with certain ethical and religious speculations: and, like an ulcer in a body generally diseased, they deserve to be inspected—they indicate something far worse than either depravity or hallucination in the mind of one individual.

Mr. Owen is an Eudæmonist—that is, he belongs to a school, or, rather, we should say, to a generation, which, following the fashion of several generations before it, makes all goodness, all action, and all knowledge referable, not to a *positive law emanating either mediately or immediately from a superior Divine authority*, but to *human enjoyment*—to what they call *happiness*. On this principle, Mr. Owen has taken his stand; and he has followed it out—correctly, we think, most correctly—with a courage and perseverance far superior to any of his predecessors, into its legitimate and necessary consequences. His conclusions, indeed, are so accurate, that we must warn from any conflict with him—from any contempt or sarcasm, or any attempt to convert him—every eudæmonist in the nation—every political economist, who measures the prosperity of his country by the

they reprint a number of his works. And they follow Milton's steps, perhaps with rather a greater plenitude of licence, but nothing which any logician can refuse, in petitioning for an unlimited power of separation—whether it is to be daily or hourly, they do not say; but, of course, no objection can be raised on the score of frequency. Whatever is necessary for man's *happiness* is right; and who can be happy if prevented from withdrawing, whenever he may wish, from a disagreeable companion?

We wish particularly that it should be observed, that these new ideas respecting marriage follow close upon the New Marriage Act. They are, indeed, very intimately connected.

But the permanence of the marriage tie is not the only 'curse' in the present system of domestic life. Children are generally troublesome. When persons are poor and starving they are peculiarly so; and life is not a blessing either to themselves or to their parents. And Mr. Malthus has satisfactorily shown by countless figures, omitting only one (the power of a merciful Providence), that man multiplies and will multiply more rapidly than food, and therefore we must put some stop to this growth of population. It is interesting to remark how every foul sink of doctrine, which has been opened of late years in this country, all run together into this grand cloaca of Owenism. The present is a sewer avowedly drained off from the lucubrations of the Benthamites. Mr. Owen has not yet reached the acmé of wisdom on this subject; but we are sure that a little reflection will show him the mistake, which he has made, in stopping short of the plan, which has been proposed and 'published for the instruction of the labourer, by one Marcus,' 'Charcoal vapour' (we quote from Mr. Carlyle, who had the book before him*) 'and other easy methods exist, by which all children of working people after the third, may be disposed of by painless extinction.' 'And beautiful cemeteries,' adds Marcus, 'with walks and flower-pots, may be provided at the public expense, for the reception of superfluous infants, and as consolatory promenades for their afflicted parents.'

We beg to assure the reader that the proposal is perfectly serious; and, more than this, we may assure them that it is almost innocence compared with what has been written and sanctioned by the man Owen himself, and his son, on this loathsome subject, and to which we dare not allude farther.

But one fact is curious: the infidel, to speak generally, has discovered two means, by which man may hope to escape from the catastrophe prophesied by political economists: they are, fasting and self-denial—a self-denial, however, which is not to exclude a gross sensuality. We thought that the Church long since—

* Chartism, by T. Carlyle, p. 111.

not looking to political economy, not afraid of perishing with famine under the eye of a merciful Creator, unless famine was sent on us for our sins, but obeying the law of the cross, and mortifying its earthly passions in order to fit itself for heaven—had anticipated, nineteen centuries ago, this modern discovery; had prescribed the same rules to her children, only leaving out the sensuality, and consecrating the marriage union with a mystery of purity and holiness. But we must proceed.

The man has discovered a third curse beside property and marriage—it is *religion*; and we can well understand that it should be so. Religion—true, genuine religion—is of all things most opposed to dreams of epicurism, expediency, and licence. It sets up for the guide of man, not man himself, but law; stern, uncompromising law, for his reason as well as for his will. It speaks nothing of pleasure at first, but of pain and self-denial; that man must work before he rests; suffer before he is crowned; show, in the sight of heaven, that he can bear, and act, and be a hero and a martyr,—not merely that he can eat, and drink, and sleep, and fatten like a pig in his sty. And Religion has her truths—her fixed, indisputable truths—her message and commission from heaven, countersigned and attested—and she cannot slur over errors, or think light of blasphemies, or bear that men should walk on in ignorance and folly, without raising her protest, drawing her lines of exclusion, censuring, warning, condemning, and punishing. It is the task laid on her by God. The very office of the Church is to hold up the light of truth in the world; to save it from being blown out by every wind of fancy; to bring it constantly and firmly before the eyes of all men, that those who will see, may see. If bad men have gone beyond this, and made religion the mask of cruelty, religion is as much to be censured for it, as justice would be, if a judge gave a corrupt judgment and declared it law.

But all this illiberality, this condemnation of others for not thinking as we do ourselves, is to be banished from the New World. Unhappily the author of the New World, like others of the same school, does not set so good an example as we might hope from his profession—'Moral monsters,' 'robbers and murderers,' 'cruel and irrational creatures,' 'persons fit only for the cells of our terrestrial lunatic asylums,' 'the curses of mankind,' 'intellectual hypocrites,' which are the least uncomplimentary terms applied to all, who happen to differ from Mr. Owen's notions; surely these indicate something like the old leaven of illiberality. But then, Mr. Owen knows full well what liberality and toleration really mean. And he speaks the language of the day. It means, opening one's door, when a thief asks for admission;

sion; throwing down one's arms, when a murderer is threatening an attack—giving without taking—submitting without resisting—and all this, when under a solemn injunction to give nothing, and yield nothing, because, what we are placed to guard is not our own. But Mr. Owen is quite safe. All the haters of positive doctrines, all the lax sentimental religionists, who have made charity, not truth, their worship, and would sacrifice God himself for peace and quietness, have spoken, as he has spoken, for the last two hundred years; and they will all fall into the procession of absurdities, with which he hopes to be inducted into the throne of a New Moral World.

Still there is a difficulty to be surmounted. With all our laxity of principles—hollow as the ground is, on which every branch of sectarians have been resting their belief—the great mass of the British nation still do call themselves Christian—still profess their faith in the different creeds, which they each make for themselves, and all declare to be found, clearly and palpably written, in the pages of the Scriptures. Till this prejudice be overthrown, a system which denies Christianity, which denies all religion,* must be liable to illiberal censures.

The very judicious course taken in removing this difficulty cannot be pointed out better than in the words of a very eminent man, an eye-witness:—

'In private,' he says, 'I find their course to be this. A Socialist calls perhaps on a young man just leaving our Sunday school; he falls into conversation about the Church, admits that an *Establishment* is useful for many purposes, but insinuates objections urged by *dissenters*; and so he leaves him. After calling again a few times, he brings his friend over to *general Protestantism*; against *general Protestantism* he brings the *Romish* objections; at last he insinuates the objections against Christianity altogether; and, speaking of the *Bible*, affirms that the Socialists have a great regard for the Bible—"that is, for the *moral* parts, excluding, of course, the *immoral*." These are the very words often used, and then begins the attack on the Bible.'

The attack on the Bible is carried on, as may be seen in their tracts, and in the republication of Volney, and Voltaire's and Payne's exploded blasphemies, by the aid of physical science—by geology, chemistry, geometry, astronomy, and other modern onomies and ologies brought to bear on the historical facts of the Scriptures, forgetting that those very sciences rest on the same basis of testimony with Scripture itself, but testimony a million times weaker. When the Bible has been disposed of, the course is plain; for not having as yet any system of Mahometanism or

* 'All the Mythology of the Ancients, and all the Religion of the Moderns, are mere fanciful notions of men.'—*Owen's Book of the New Moral World*, p. 46.

Buddhism recognised by Parliament, and supported by grants from the Treasury, the unhappy beings who have been exposed to these attacks have no place of refuge from themselves but in the rational religion, of which Owen is the apostle, and halls of science the churches, and infanticide, in some shape or other, an article of its creed.

And now let us look back to Mr. Owen's allies—to those who, we are told, pave the way for him, and pave it smoothly. First and foremost, *Conservatism*; and by Conservatism we mean not loyalty and attachment to our old and sound institutions, both in Church and State—God forbid!—but the support of the Church merely as an establishment, as a civil functionary, not as an independent religious society founded by God himself. Secondly, *Dissent*—dissent which attacks the Church, but hopes to leave religion untouched; which calls for liberty of conscience—meaning, by liberty of conscience, the right of every individual to hold and to promulgate his own fancies, whether true or false, without check or rebuke. Thirdly, *Popery*—Popery with its strong and irrefragable arguments against the principles of dissent, and attested at every turn by the miseries of our distractions, and the destruction which they have wrought in society and in truth. Then *Ultra-Protestantism*, or a blind indiscriminate hatred of all that mixed system which is well called Roman Catholic—Catholic in its truths, Roman in its falsehoods—a hatred which condemns practices and tenets, not because they are novel interpolations of the Divine word, but because they do not accord with our notions of what is right or wrong, useful or pernicious, true or false. Then *morality*—the moral system of the day, which follows up the principle of Ultra-Protestantism, and makes it own conscience the standard of truth, and looks down calmly and contemptuously upon the combatants for theological dogmas, as they are called, without deigning to enter into 'questions of words, and names, and of your law.' Then follows *Biblical criticism*—the captious quibbling scepticism, coming in upon us from Germany like a flood; which, armed with the maxim of 'the Bible and the Bible alone,' strips it of all its defences, while nominally magnifying its authority,—which, instead of approaching it with a reverential and child-like spirit, and reading it as it lies open in the hands of the Church, under the guidance of her eye, and with the support of her testimony, snatches it from her, runs with it into a corner, doubts this point, disputes that, modifies another, is startled at a fourth, and tears out text after text, leaf after leaf, until nothing is left but the empty cover, and the word of God
has

has vanished, as before from the mouth of the Church, so now from the written page—vanished altogether from the world. And, lastly, *Physical Science*, in every age and country the great hand-maid of infidelity. Not as if the works of God were not also His word, though written in ciphers and hieroglyphics; or as if to know His works were not man's privilege and duty. But when men will study God's works before they have learnt His nature—when they will bury themselves in the darkness of the brute material world, till the very sun, as they turn to look up, becomes black to their dazzled eye—when they will fix men's thoughts and hearts on what they taste, and see, and touch, and handle, so that all the world unseen becomes unreal and visionary—when they make experience their teacher, instead of their assistant, distrust the power of the mind in generating truth, and call it a dead passive machine at the mercy of external impressions—and when they have traced the motions and the laws of matter till they can prophesy, and combine, and control them, worshipping it for its power, and yet governing it as a slave—then, indeed, physical science turns into an open foe of Christianity. It becomes idolatry. It raises up for man the same object of worship in Nature—precisely the same, as the person does, of whose more open blasphemies it is our pain to be now speaking.

These are the considerations which have induced us to notice him at present. By himself he would pass away like a Hone, a Carlisle, or a Thoms, or any other wretched being, who has been permitted to disturb the peace of society. But he has friends and agents in every class of the community, from the highest to the lowest—in our expediency politicians, in our evangelical clergy, in our pious dissenters, in our German scholars, and literary and scientific societies—all unconsciously but zealously doing his work, and preparing the minds of the nation for imbibing his poisons. And again we warn them all against attempting to battle with him openly, until they have provided other principles, and a sounder creed than they profess at present. Theirs are the premises—his is the conclusion; and a conclusion, which cannot be evaded by any subtlety of logic, or any horror at its atrocity.

But *such doctrines*, it will be urged in the vain hope of escape, *are contrary to the law of the land*. The Government has answered, No; the toleration system answers, No. There was a time when the doctrines of the Church were the law of the land. Then—when Protestantism was sufficient; for no one yet dreamed of a creed, which should go farther in modifying Catholic truths than the abjuration of Popery. Then came Christianity, anything which called itself Christianity. But Christianity has had its
turn

turn ; and now comes Rational Religion, avowing, as its boast, the principle of rationalism from which all the rest proceeded. You cannot punish the blasphemies of Socialism without following it up by the condemnation of Dissent. If you allow Dissent, receive it into your legislature, admit it to your homes, treat it as an erroneous opinion, but an opinion for which man is not responsible to man, you cannot shut your doors against only another species of dissent, though the dissent is from the name of Christianity, as well as from its fundamental axiom of One Apostolic Catholic Church.

But it is morally mischievous, destructive to the peace of society, not merely to the unity of religious belief! We had thought, and every lax, easy religionist, who has ridiculed polemical controversies, has made the outcry also, that of all things which destroy the peace of society, religious dissension was the most formidable—the most to be repressed. But whatever be thought of this—moral or immoral—Socialism is safe from attack. Our hands are tied. We have laid down the principle, and acted on it for years, that blasphemy and sedition are not the proper subjects of legal condemnation—that to punish the circulation of them only promotes it ; that we may trust to the good sense and wisdom of Englishmen to repudiate such absurdities. Let things alone, and all will come right. May we ask then, what is the use of a government ? What need of laws, and courts of justice, if the grossest of crimes—treason against God and our country—are encouraged by the sight of punishment ? If we are so sensible and so wise, what do we want with rulers ? But government has destroyed itself. It has abdicated its own functions. In flying from persecution it has sunk into indifference. It has abstained from punishment, till criminals are so hardy and so numerous, that punishment seems impossible. Even contempt can no longer be enforced. What the Attorney-General might shrink from producing before a jury, for fear, shall we say, of provoking opposition, or of uncloaking hideous vice—the bishops have been compelled to bring publicly before the House of Lords—to defile themselves and that assembly by details which we could not republish. And it is found that the wisdom and good sense of the English nation is in the condition in which all, who know the principles of the age, would expect to find them—at the lowest ebb—in a state, which is leaving at this moment a large portion of the population an easy, unyielding prey to the monstrosities of Socialism.

But public opinion will correct it! We answer that public opinion is itself corrupted. Public opinion can never sit as a stern

stern inexorable judge, without a volume of positive and undisputed law to support its decisions; and this has been taken from its hand by the same sophistical process, which has rested religion on individual ratiocination, and morals on individual feeling. And public opinion feels this; it dares not speak. How few would venture to turn off their labourers, who become Socialists—would refuse to meet such men in society—would order them from their presence as self-convicted criminals—as loathsome objects—if they ventured to appear within their doors. No! public opinion is at this moment a coward—bullied (it is the only word to express the abjectness of its submission to every new absurdity)—bullied by sophisms and nicknames, not knowing the grounds of its own belief, and therefore distrusting itself, and incapable of condemning others. And even if it dared to condemn, Socialism is deaf; and before it ran the risk of incurring the stripes of shame, it put on a hard tough skin, through which no pain can pierce. Bentham, and the French materialists, whom they translate and publish, have provided them amply with this. Our opinions, they say, are not in our power: they are made for by us our brain—by nerves, blood, skin, bones, sun, air, water, beef, mutton, brandy, everything we touch, or see, or taste—they grow, like potatoes in the ground; and as no potato can help being round or oblong, white or black, so no man's mind can resist the force which moulds it, and become other than it is made to become; and therefore all moral censure is unjust and criminal!

And here let us pause for a moment to warn any well-intentioned but not deeply-instructed antagonist against rashly venturing on the refutation of this metaphysical problem. Bishop Butler* has shown them already the only mode, in which the doctrine of necessity, and materialism as connected with necessity, can be safely met. It is by denying, not the minor premiss, 'that man's agency depends on organisation,' but the major, 'that he is therefore irresponsible,' that the argument, if argument is ever to be tolerated, must be conducted. It is one of the great mysteries of our being, that we are most intimately connected with an external creation, with the machines of our bodies as well as with the other detached parts of the material world. It is a mystery, involved essentially in the very fact of a creation—for a creation without laws to guide it, rendering it dependent on the Creator, is incomprehensible, perhaps impossible. And whatever be the degree of our dependence upon a material organisation without us, there is evidence of it to some extent,—sufficient to em-

* Analogy, c. 6.

barrass the metaphysical discussion. And why should we wish to escape from the fact, when Christianity itself, beyond any other system, has declared the close communion of mind and body, and made the resurrection of the body a very article of faith? But besides this, Socialism is not dealing with it blindly. It has at its back Locke and the sensualists, and Marat and the materialist philosophers of the French revolution; and materialist physicians and metaphysicians of our own times; and the Scotch school, who have been urging us so long to analyse our mental movements, just as we analyse the physical world; and, above all, it has the phrenologists, who have done Socialism admirable service, as a link-boy to a hangman's cart. Let it therefore be remembered that this question of external organisation and influence has nothing in the world to do with the real object, for which its advocates support it, the irresponsibility of man. As Butler admirably shows, human responsibility, whether right or wrong, just or unjust—of which points, in our present defective knowledge, we cannot be competent judges—is a fact of experience. Whether or not it ought to co-exist with a dependence on external circumstances, we know that it does and will exist. We are punished, we are blamed, censured and rewarded, liked and disliked, hated and loved, are thought good or bad, and must take the consequences of such opinions of our characters, however those characters are formed. So long as society has power, they will punish a murderer, whether he is influenced by his brain or not. So long as we have heart and head, we shall like one man more than another; shall approve such actions, and disapprove such others; shall follow up our likings and dislikings by acts of kindness or severity. Till man is disembowelled of his affections, till the works of his mechanism are taken out of him, he must feel and must act upon a distinction between good and evil. And Mr. Owen himself, whatever are his hopes of the millennium, when either men's likings and dislikings of moral actions shall cease altogether, or shall cease to influence their actions, as now he declares they do, has not yet exhibited any specimen of this anticipated phenomenon. He does himself praise and dispraise in very strong language: and though he acknowledges that he ought not to follow up his sentiments by any overt act, he does meditate an entire destruction of the characters, and opinions, and moral practices, which he so strongly detests. That in so doing he will cause considerable pain and inconvenience to those who adhere to the *old moral world* in preference to the *new* cannot be doubted; that he will justify his conduct by referring to the evil character of his antagonists' proceedings is equally clear; and also, that he will consider himself perfectly at liberty to deal with them

them according to their actions. Whether such dealings will be just or not is a question, into which we will not presume to enter. Mr. Owen himself declares they will be most unjust, for our actions to men ought in no way to be influenced by considerations of merit or demerit, good or evil : but that the dealings themselves will take place, we should be quite convinced, even without his repeated assertions that his whole system is founded with this object.

And here again it is singular to see how the infidel, in blaspheming Christianity, is compelled to adopt the very system which he contemns, omitting only those portions which make it practicable. We had thought that the Almighty Author of Christianity had, 1800 years ago, come down upon the earth, proclaiming the same melancholy fact of man's subjection to an external power, which, by himself, he was unable to control—speaking of him as ‘a captive,’ as ‘in prison,’ as ‘unable to get out,’ as ‘fast bound in misery and iron,’ as ‘the slave of his flesh, and of the prince of this world and of darkness.’ It was not left for the nineteenth century to make such a discovery. No good or wise man ever lived, who did not feel and groan over his state of bondage here upon earth ; and the very essence of vice is the omission of efforts to be free. But, of old, man also recognised within himself, not only his chains and fetters, but a spirit struggling to escape ; an eye turned up to heaven, looking longingly for release ; a voice crying for assistance, and catching at any sound which promised aid : this fact the new Folly has forgotten. Man is with it a slave, and a slave he is to remain, contentedly and inextricably—only society is to mould and form him anew, so as to prevent him from feeling his fetters. How society itself is ever to become emancipated from the influence of the old system—how the darkness in which we have been living could ever produce light, it is omitted to explain. If external impressions generate corresponding internal sensations, and those sensations again by necessity generate corresponding external acts, and these acts again generate more similar sensations, how in the world are we to escape from this never ending circle ? By some singular good luck the poor vain old man who has been dreaming of a new world, imagines that he has escaped from the fatality ; and, like Epicurus' atoms, has struck out of the tram-road to originate an entirely new course. His ignorance is only equal to his conceit. His lamentations over the present state of man, his desire of something better, a great part of the improvement, which he meditates, are nothing but the hackneyed principles, on which every scheme of philosophy, religion, and society has been instituted since the world began. The only parts, which can claim

to be novelties, are no novelties in Newgate or in Bedlam. Few fanatics have risen up either in religion or in politics, without promising a *new moral world*, though few have hitherto dreamed of accomplishing it by such means as his, without it being necessary to commit them to the care either of a gaoler or a keeper. He is claiming by his own confession a miraculous power, a power to interrupt the course of necessity, to make, first, society and then man entirely different from what the laws of his nature must make him by the Socialists' own confession. And that such a power has been sent into the world, and is working in the world at this moment, Christians well know, and that the end will be in time a new moral world—a wholly new creation—where men will neither hate, nor covet, nor censure, nor punish, nor fear poverty, or famine, or sickness; when they shall have all things in common, and all things beyond the utmost abundance of their desires. But then neither will they be sensual, nor blasphemous, nor passive slaves of sense, nor criminals, nor atheists, nor selfish and self indulgent, nor vicious in any other form, which Mr. Owen hopes to reconcile with the bliss of his promised millennium.

There were unhappy heretics in the first centuries of the Church, who claimed the same power with him of establishing a New Moral World, but claimed it as messengers from heaven, as supernaturally inspired, wanting only one thing—credentials in the shape of miracles to attest their mission. Then came others, who would work the same wonder by an usurpation in the name of the Church. The founders of the religious orders were prophets of a New Moral World—all enemies to covetousness—all forbidders of marriage—all declared reformers of the existing evils of society. Then came a third body, the friars and the jesuits. They also would form a New Moral World; and some shadow of authority they possessed in the assumed supremacy of the Pope, to whom they professed to subject it. On them followed Anabaptists, and Brownists, and Fifth Monarchy men, and all the other enthusiasts who set to work to reform the Church, that is, to establish a New Moral World, without reference to precedent or law, as individual Christians only. But even they claimed divine illumination. And then we had politicians, with their new codes of laws and new theories of civil government, backed by the House of Commons and the headsman who decapitated their sovereign. And lastly came philosophers of science—men, who would extirpate all abuses from the face of the earth—and make their fellow-creatures virtuous and happy by knowledge—by mechanics' institutes, and penny magazines, and a board of education, and lectures at the London University—by teaching

teaching men that a cat is not a dog, that A is not B, that it takes so many inches to go round the earth, and so many more to go round the sun; that Romans once lived at Rome, and Greeks at Athens—that twenty and twenty make forty—that if you swallow arsenic, it will poison you—and if you plant acorns, they will certainly grow, and grow with their roots downwards and their boughs up in the air.—These men had their miracles likewise—their steam-engines, and railways, and printing-presses, and calculating machines, and iron animals, which did man service, and made his clothes, and ground his corn, like Homer's tripods. Such things they hailed as miracles, for the very reason that they were not miracles; that they were explicable by man's power to combine the laws of nature—while with the same mouth they denied the existence of any miracle whatever, which they could not by experience discover to be none at all.

And now, a fit conclusion! as if, having cast off the Church, and every semblance of a Church, and religion, and law, and statesmanship, and all philosophy but sense, one after the other, the human mind was now ready to believe anything, however gross, there comes a man without any credentials whatever, with a denial of all authority, either original or delegated, boasting himself 'a passive machine in the hands of fate,' a selfish, interested, solitary, unsupported propagator of a system yet unheard of in the world, and holding out only four nostrums as a panacea for all the ills of life—atheism, divorce, infanticide, and the destruction of master manufacturers;—and hundreds are found to follow him—not miserable starving beggars, or gentlemen, whose organisation has developed itself in the shape of pick-pockets or rioters, but what are called educated men—educated as the nineteenth century educates her children, to read and write—men who can translate French, and write grammatically, and quote the Bible—who have been head-clerks in counting-houses, teachers in Sunday schools, small surgeons, notaries public, middling shop-keepers, 'enlightened mechanics,' and even, it is a fact, persons who can afford to subscribe thousands for the propagation of this new mania.

Surely in all this, if we wanted such an evidence—if the state of the country did not show it on all other sides alike—there is proof of a judicial blindness falling on an age, which calls itself wise—whose sins are remaining on it, because, with thick darkness on its sight, it says that it can see. Surely if our hands are powerless to quell the nuisance—if we dare not touch it, lest its stench should break out further and poison the land—what must be our own weakness, and the surrounding corruption? What is

to become of a nation, whose faith is so sickly that blasphemy, in the most silly of forms, is likely to overthrow it? Where are the powers of government, if it cannot, or dare not, punish what it professes to believe a hideous crime? What has become of public opinion—of that voice, which legislatures and judges, and priests, and kings, are appointed to sound trumpet-tongued throughout the land, proclaiming truth and goodness to a people, if it cannot speak without ruining what it is appointed to guard? If a dead beetle or any other noxious thing is found in a nest of ants, they do not carelessly proceed with their work, as if, by letting it remain, they would not ultimately be poisoned. They carry it away piecemeal, cover it up, destroy it, and never rest till it is destroyed, by the instinct which God has given them. And in the midst of this great country there is an organised society for the propagation of blasphemy and atheism; of maxims which destroy the very moral existence of man, and of foulnesses which cannot be written of—and yet this offensive carrion is to remain among us untouched—and swell in its putrescence, poisoning and defiling all around it! Is it because it is no nuisance, and blasphemy no crime—or because Englishmen are so seared in conscience that they would revenge its punishment as persecution?

For this, let us remember, is the real character of the nuisance. As a politico-economical speculation, Socialism has always failed, and always must fail. It is absurd, but it is comparatively innocent. Anything, which would put an end to the flagitious corruptions of our present manufacturing system—which would extinguish covetousness—which would prevent the accumulation of capital in a few hands, and distribute it among many—raising the mechanic from a mere drudge to comfort and independence—would indeed be a boon to the world. No Christian quarrels with this end—he only wonders, first, that man in his senses should think to accomplish it by the agency of joint-stock societies, uncontrolled by a higher and better power than their own; and, secondly, that the Church itself is not forming plans for some such institution under her own eye. But this politico-economical character is only the mask, under which the Owen sect has enrolled and legalised itself in the eye of the statutes. Mr. Tidd Pratt, they boast, has inspected their rules, and announced that they contain nothing contrary to the law. Surely we may observe, by the bye, this law* should be looked at. It was not of old the practice to allow societies to shoot up like mushrooms in the heart of the state, subject to no visitation, and especially with such objects as the following:—

* 10 Geo. IV., cap. 56, sec. 11.

'The objects of this Society shall be to raise funds for mutual assistance, maintenance, and education, which funds shall be applied for the purchase or rental of land, whereon to erect suitable dwellings, and other buildings; wherein the members shall, by united labour, support each other, and arrange the powers of production, distribution, consumption, and education, so as to produce among the members feelings of pure charity and social affection for each other, and practically plant the standard of "peace and good will on earth," towards all men.'—*Rules*, p. 11.

Where was the careless statesman who framed so lax a statute, under which a body of blasphemers, with nearly the very same watchword as that of the French Revolution, could enroll themselves in an organised form under the sanction of Mr. Tidd Pratt, and then defy the law?

'It was,' said the Bishop of Exeter, 'not merely an English society. No; it was an universal society. It professed its determination to extend itself all over the world; but at present he believed it had not gone beyond France. At this moment its influence was felt in England, perhaps he should rather say in the British isles, to a very great extent. According to its code, Great Britain was divided into fourteen principal districts. A congress met annually which assumed to itself a legislative power for directing the whole proceedings of the general body. The congress assembled, he believed, at different points in different years. Two delegates were sent from all the places where there were charter branches of the society, not amounting to less than sixty-one. There was besides an executive body—the Central Court. He did not know how often that met; but he believed it was in a constant state and capacity of meeting. That body superintended the formation of associations throughout the land, and appointed missionaries to each of the fourteen districts into which the United Kingdom was divided by the society. There were no fewer than 350 towns regularly visited by those missionaries. Very small sums were individually contributed for their support. Twopence, threepence, and even less, was contributed by each member. But such was their number, that the subscription afforded those missionaries not less than 30*s.* per week, which, with other incidental advantages, made the situation a matter of importance to persons in their situation of life.'—*Speech*, p. 3.

These missionaries attend public meetings of all kinds for the purpose of obtruding their views; 350 places are already exposed to their pollutions, and upwards of 100,000 members are reckoned among their hearers. Their blasphemies themselves have been already exposed in the Bishop of Exeter's Speech, and we may spare our readers the pain of quoting them; but the fundamental axiom which they put forth is the denial of a God, and of a future state, and this is stated broadly and nakedly, without equivocation, or any philosophical envelopment. In the case of lectures against their system, they anxiously promote discussion. They make regular

gular reports of their progress, distribute an immense number of tracts, (our table at this moment is covered with them,) cheap, not ungrammatically written; some veiled in something like philosophical language, others putting forward blasphemy and infidelity in the grossest form. They are men conceited, pragmatical, and busy, who have had a half-and-half education, and some experience perhaps in organising other local societies; the very class, let us remind the Church, who would have been made her most efficacious agents in disseminating truth among the poor, had they been taken up by a perfect Church system, and educated properly through a sound organisation of middle schools; and one thing is especially to be observed, that, as they act as individuals, they are enabled to put forth the secret opinions of the society in the boldest shape, without compromising the society itself.

This propagation of blasphemy was no part of Mr. Owen's original proposition. It is an afterthought, but, like many other afterthoughts, it seems to have swallowed up the original intention. Mr. Owen commenced *only with excluding religion under the pretence of admitting all*. It was the fault which Mr. Southey found with him. And it would have been happy if that distinguished man had been induced, by such a deficiency, to abstain from any panegyric on the person, of whose scheme it formed a feature. But when a man is to be condemned, or punished, and held up to scorn in the most efficacious way, we exclude him from society, we send him to Coventry. And so it is with the exclusion of positive religion from any place where, naturally and properly, it may hold a station. No blasphemy so effectually condemns it.

What, then, are the doctrines of this 'rational religion?' Atheism? Assuredly not. Atheism is as much an impossibility as the disbelief of one's own existence; for no man can be conscious that he exists himself without being conscious also that something else exists beyond him, to which he must conform himself—which is a power beyond and above him—and of which he will make his God. And yet Atheism is its profession, the material world being all the while its God:—

'We have been requested to state our opinion respecting that, at present, to us, mysterious Power, "which directs the atom, and controls the aggregate of nature."

'We reply, *That human knowledge is not sufficiently advanced to enable us to state, upon this subject, more than probable conjectures, derived from those laws of nature which have been made known to us,*

'From these laws we deduce the following conjectures, as probable truths:—

'1st. That an eternal, uncaused Existence has ever filled the universe, and is, therefore, omnipresent.

'2nd. That this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent Existence possesses attributes to "direct the atom and control the aggregate of nature;" in other words, to govern the universe as it is governed.

'3rd. That these attributes, being eternal and infinite, are incomprehensible to man.

'4th. That these eternal and infinite attributes are, probably, those laws of nature by which, at all times, in all places, the operations of the universe are incessantly continued.

'5th. That it is of no importance by what name men call this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent existence, because such names alter nothing, explain nothing; and man knows the forms and qualities of those existences around him only so far as his senses have been made to perceive them.

'6th. That, if this Power had desired to make the nature of its existence known to man, it would have enabled him to comprehend it, without mystery or doubt.

'7th. That, as this knowledge has not yet been given to or acquired by man, it is not essential to his well-being and happiness.

'8th. That man is formed to be what he is by this Power; and that the object of his existence is the attainment of happiness.

'9th. That the Power which made man cannot ever, in the slightest iota, be changed in its eternal course, by the request or prayer of so small and insignificant a being as man is, when compared with the universe and its operations.

'10th. That all dissensions among men, on these mere *speculative* matters, are the greatest mistakes that man has ever made, and are now the most formidable obstacles to his attainment of happiness—the ultimate object of his nature.

'11th. That, for the convenience of discourse, it is necessary that some concise term should be adopted, by which to designate this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent Power; and that the term God is, perhaps, as unexceptionable for this purpose as any one word that can be employed; and it has the additional recommendation of general use in its favour.

'12th. That, therefore, this eternal, uncaused, infinite, incomprehensible Power, will probably be called God in the Millennium.

'The next question which has been asked is, What is the whole duty of man to this Power?

'We reply, *That the whole duty of man is to attain the object of his existence; which is, to be happy himself, to make his fellow-beings happy, and to endeavour to make the existence of all that are formed to feel pleasure and pain, as delightful as his knowledge and power, and their nature, will admit.*

"What!" will the superstitious and irrational exclaim, "no compulsory, or *state* religion—no forms and ceremonies—no temples—no prayers—no gloom—no mortification of the flesh or spirit—no anger on account of religious differences—no religious persecution? What! friendship, and kindness, and charity for Jew and Gentile? What!

nothing to be done by man for the glory of God, but to make himself
and

and all other living beings as happy as possible? This is downright blasphemy and infidelity!"

"Yes, this is what men trained according to the notions of the old immoral world think and say; it is the language of insanity and madness; and, as men have hitherto been trained to be insane or mad, it is natural for them thus to feel and express themselves.

"But in the Millennium state, to produce happiness will be the only religion of man; and the worship of God will consist in the practice of active benevolence and useful industry; in the acquisition of knowledge, in uniformly speaking the language of truth, and in the expression of the joyous feelings which a life in accordance with nature and truth is sure to produce.

"Thus will a religion be established which will offend no sensible man, be adopted first by the intelligent and rational of all sects, in all countries, and afterwards by the human race, when it shall become one nation and one people, having one language and one interest, and when Truth, or the "knowledge of the Lord, shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."—*Robert Owen's New Moral World*, vol. ii. No. 5.

If the miserable man who wrote this trash knew anything of that mighty Nature, whose laws he dares to speak of, the very first thing which he would be compelled to recognise is, that he is placed from his birth in a covenant with it. Why will he not thrust his hand into the fire? Because the fire declares that, if he does, it will burn him. Why will he not attempt to walk upon the water? Because the water threatens to drown him. And yet the fire will warm, and the water will refresh him, if he will learn their nature and submit to their laws. Ay, and these stern, inexorable elements, which can thus destroy him in a moment—without whose ministering aid his life cannot subsist for a day—which, when he disobeys or neglects them, break loose to ravage cities and swallow up navies, are yet, to those who will obey them, who will recur to mediating powers which they submit to, as docile and as flexible as infants. Who shall dare to say that the Spirit, which made man, cannot be bent by prayers of man, when the hard and senseless matter, which He has placed against us like a rock, becomes yielding as water to the hand, when we have learned and conformed ourselves to the mediations which He has appointed? And what is the first thing which this poor worshipper of Nature will have to learn? A creed, a formula of faith, describing the laws of Nature, its attributes, its mysteries—for mysteries they must be before they have been reduced to his own personal experiences. And is this creed a short or easy one? No, it contains the whole code of every branch of physical science. And is it of little consequence? Will it bear to be trifled with? Will it be punctilious and scrupulous in exacting a most rigid conformity, even to an iota of the truth, under penalty of

of entire destruction? What does this rational religionist say to the damnatory clauses in that Athanasian creed of nature, according to which he believes, that a spark dropped in a powder-magazine—a mere spark, dropped carelessly, doubtfully, ignorantly, will explode it as well as a conflagration—by which a pin's head of deviation from the right line will hurl a man over a precipice—by which a touch will spread a plague through a nation as well as universal contact? These creeds, therefore, are to be learned by him at his peril. And learned how? He answers, by experience. By experience! What will become of the child, who is to learn the suffocating law of water by running into it; and the universality of that law by running into it always?—who must not abstain from putting his finger into the candle, until after a valid number of experiments—who must taste and empty all the bottles in his mother's medicine-chest, before he is convinced that they are poisons? Mr. Owen, of whose sanity the Bishop of Exeter may well doubt, and wish to doubt, founds all knowledge on experience; and experience, we think, will inform him, if nothing better has done so before, that it is wisest, and safest, and most usual, to learn our creeds of Nature from the testimony of men—to begin with taking Newton's word for the movement of the planets—to consult Dr. Buckland when we are boring for coal—to go to Sir Henry Hallford or Sir Astley Cooper if we require to know the mode by which a fever is to be quenched, or a bone set. Experience, we think, would tell him that testimony—the testimony of man—testimony, not so much to opinion, but to facts—is the very sheet-anchor of our existence, the guide of our actions, the record of the past, the light of the future, the criterion of truth, the foundation of belief. What right has Mr. Owen, or Mr. Anybody, to advise, or rebuke, or form plans, or propagate opinions, except on the validity of testimony? And therefore, when he stands before the Power of Nature, and asks how to discover its laws, the first warning of that Power is, that he look carefully to testimony—consult those who have studied it before, to whom it has revealed itself already. And where are they to be found? Has that same Power left him without such witnesses and guides? How came he to be born with parents? How is it that the very presence of a fellow-man is a warning to him, and a teacher? *Qui habet comitem, habet magistrum.* How is it that he is born into a state of society under kings, magistrates, legislators, and tutors, whose interest and duty it is to testify to him his own interest and duty? No, Nature has not left this need of man unprovided for. She has given him a cloud of witnesses to her material laws; founded a Church of science, as well as of religion,

gion, appointed a hierarchy, established a line of tradition through which we become acquainted with her physical truths. And what is the first truth, which they witness? It is, that they have received from past generations—and they prove that it has been received by a concurrence of independent witnesses—a *fact*; a fact, as much a matter of experience to the senses as the gravitation of a stone or the flowing of water; a fact relating to that very Nature, of which it is our bounden interest to understand the whole constitution—which warns us in the most threatening accents not to omit the slightest iota in our judgment of its history and truths; not to make the least mistake in our conduct respecting it, for fear it should turn upon us and destroy us, and not to be guided in our judgment by the evidence of our senses only. This fact is the following:—that, at a certain period in the history of man, this fabric of the material world, which now stands before us as our stern and absolute master, beyond which we see no other, did fall down and worship a Being, whom by every act of submission it owned for itself, and pointed out to us, as its Lord and Master. Air and water, trees and animals, man and beast, spirit and matter, life and death, each and all acknowledged in Him that empire, and claim to our allegiance, which, if paid to themselves, is idolatry. It is a fact in physical science. This testimony of Nature to the supremacy of Him, who sent us His Gospel, is as strong and as unerring,—nay, infinitely stronger, and supported by infinitely better witnesses, than any the most simple facts of physical science on the knowledge of which our life depends, none of which have been maintained by thousands at the sacrifice of life—none formally embodied in the rituals and creeds of a Catholic Church—none handed down and accepted by generations after generations as tried, certain, invariable, eternal truths. And if men choose to set such testimony aside, they must do it at their peril—just as, at the peril of their lives, they would swallow arsenic in defiance of their physician, or sit upon the valve of a steam-engine when warned that it would certainly explode.

And this brings us to the great question, how is this atrocious system to be combated? The first person to look to is the State—the Crown, whom the Bishop of Exeter most wisely admonished of its duty by reading the Queen's solemn pledge on her first entrance on the throne. These are times when it cannot be brought forward too publicly:—

‘Victoria Regina—We, most seriously and religiously considering that it is an indispensable duty on us to be careful *above all other things* to preserve and advance the honour and service of Almighty God, and to discourage and suppress all vice, profaneness, debauchery,
and

and immorality, which are so highly displeasing to God, so great a reproach to religion and government, and (by means of the frequent ill examples of the practices thereof) have so fatal a tendency to the corruption of our loving subjects, otherwise religiously and virtuously disposed, and which, if not timely remedied, may justly draw down the Divine vengeance on us and our kingdom; we also humbly acknowledging that we cannot expect the blessing and goodness of Almighty God (by whom Kings and Queens reign, and on whom we entirely rely) to make our reign happy and prosperous to ourselves and our people, without a religious observance of God's holy laws—to the intent, therefore, that religion, piety, and good manners may (according to our most hearty desire) flourish and increase under our administration and government, we have thought fit, by the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our royal proclamation, and do hereby declare, &c.; and we do expect and require that all persons of honour, or in place of authority, will give good example by their own virtue and piety, and to their utmost contribute to the discountenancing persons of dissolute and debauched lives, &c.: and for the more effectual reforming all such persons who, by reason of their dissolute lives and conversations, are a scandal to our kingdom, our further pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command all our judges, mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and all our other officers and ministers, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all other our subjects whom it may concern, to be *very vigilant and strict in the discovery and the effectual prosecution and punishment* of all persons who shall be guilty of excessive drinking, blasphemy, profane swearing and cursing, lewdness, profanation of the Lord's-day, and other dissolute, immoral, or disorderly practices.'

Now, either this is a mere farce and mockery—or the blasphemies of the Socialists are not profane—or some great change has come over the principles of government since this proclamation was made;—without one or other of these alternatives the government cannot escape from prosecuting these wretched men. Their meetings are open, their tracts publicly dispersed, their books avowed. If there is any law in the land, or any power of enforcing it, here is the occasion. If this be omitted, what other crime shall we ever attempt to punish, the moment it has become common, and organised itself in a society? If a set of murderers had formed a congress at Birmingham, would the government prosecute them, or say that to prosecute a murderer only encouraged murder, only brought him into notice? Yet murder is mainly injury to man—blasphemy is insult to God—and murder of the worst kind—of man's spirit as well as of his body.

Let it be remembered that the great duty of a government is to assert its own principles; to put forth its own moral character; to warn its subjects against evil. When this has been done, the rest must be left to God. There may indeed be cases, in which it may be necessary to seem not to see an evil, and when as not

seeing

seeing we compromise no principle by abstaining from punishing:—the Bishop of Exeter well distinguished between cases of sedition and cases of blasphemy; in the former of which political considerations might at times be allowed to suspend prosecution. But an organised body, for the propagation of blasphemy, numbering 100,000 members, and 350 places within its reach, and 61 chartered societies in connexion with it, is rather too large an object to escape the eye even of the most somnolent of ministers:—the Bishop of Exeter did not drag the thing before them, until the public had been compelled to see it; and compelled to ask the question whether or not the government of this country deemed blasphemy a crime punishable, and which they were resolved to punish, by the laws of the land. Let the answer be given boldly, and the blasphemy will soon disappear. Already the dread of prosecution has checked its openness.

But beside the supreme government much may be done by its representatives among the educated classes of society. A little tract, published, we see, at Romsey, is very short but very sensible:—

‘Mr. Trueman (walking in his garden) stops before the border where Tom Moore is digging.

‘Mr. T.—How much do I owe you for wages, Tom?

‘Tom.—’Tis just a week’s, Sir.

‘Mr. T.—There!—Take your money.—Is it right?

‘Tom.—Yes, Sir!

‘Mr. T.—Now, then, put down your tools, and go off my premises directly.

‘Tom.—Why? What have I done, Sir, to be turned off in this way?

‘Mr. T.—You have disobeyed my orders and advice, by going to hear the Socialists “discourse,” both last Sunday and the Sunday before—that is what you have done.’

Let us not hear of persecution. Persecution is a hard word, but punishment is not persecution; and vice must be punished, and ignorance warned, and truth proclaimed—and no way of doing this is so easy and effectual as the course recommended here with the lower orders, and a similar course, that of expulsion from society, with all others. They have set a mark upon themselves: it is our business to avoid them, lest we should be swallowed up in their condemnation.

If there are persons who, as not being connected with the Church, or not interested in the suppression of blasphemy as a matter of religion, are willing to overlook it, we recommend to them some other considerations more nearly affecting their pockets. Even Locke allows* that ‘those are not at all to be

* 1st Letter on Toleration, p. 47.

tolerated who deny the being of God. Promises, covenants, and oaths, which are the bonds of human society, can have no hold upon an atheist. The taking away of God, though but even in thought, dissolves all.' We beg to ask them how they like the following application of the non-responsibility doctrine—and which has been publicly applied in the Socialist meetings even to the murderer of Lord Norbury, and to Messrs. Frost and Williams:—

'A "WORD IN SEASON" TO JURORS.

'[Under the present distressed circumstances of the operative classes, when the influences which surround them are of a nature to stimulate them to actions—conventionally named crimes—it seems peculiarly appropriate to republish the following paper; we recommend the reasoning it contains to the serious attention of all whose position may place them in the jury-box.—Ed.]

'OBJECTIONS to convict for offences having their origin in misgovernment and the vicious influences or arrangements which confessedly exist, but of which society, and those who administer the laws, are either ignorant or powerless to counteract and remove—convictions that lead to punishments which all experience proves inefficient to repress crime, or to reclaim criminals—presented to the Commissioners at the Old Bailey, November 27th,' &c. &c. &c.

The following recommendation, quoted with the highest applause from Mr. Shelley's *Queen Mab*, and placed as an appendix to Mr. Robert Owen's *Lectures on Marriage*, may also deserve attention:—

'Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition; a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.

'I conceive that, from the abolition of marriage, the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connexion would result. I by no means assert that the intercourse would be promiscuous: on the contrary, it appears, from the relation of parent to child, that this union is generally of long duration, and marked above all others with generosity and self-devotion. But this is a subject which it is perhaps premature to discuss. That which will result from the abolition of marriage will be natural and right, because choice and change will be exempted from restraint.

'In fact, religion and morality, as they now stand, compose a practical code of misery and servitude: the genius of human happiness must tear every leaf from the accursed book of God ere man can read the inscription on his heart. How would Morality, dressed up in stiff stays and finery, start from her own disgusting image, should she look in the mirror of nature?'

The view encouraged of the middling classes in the minds of the lower orders is also not without instruction. As for kings
and

and lords; they never can expect *these* to be others than tyrants and madmen;—but Mr. Owen's denunciation is more extensive—

‘ Thus, also, have the middle classes of society, in what are most erroneously called civilized countries, been made, by the existing classification, anything but rational beings.

‘ The professions, civil and military, the leading merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and tradesmen, are, one and all, systematically trained, by the objects and persons around them, to become deprived of every rational perception, and fit only to occupy one of the larger or smaller cells in our, at present, terrestrial lunatic asylums.

‘ It is indeed doubtful whether they have yet advanced so far as to admit their best and kindest friends to attempt their cure, without arousing all their angry or irrational feelings. For, hitherto, when their least mentally injured and most disinterested fellow-men have made, at great personal risk, some effort to convince them of some important error, and to show them a valuable truth, these comparatively wise men have uniformly experienced severe persecution, and many of them have suffered death, and some even under the most excruciating tortures.

‘ These so-called civil professions are real enemies, and most formidable ones too, to the human race. They destroy the minds and morals of all, and materially injure the health of all; they are, in fact, the cause of all the deception and hypocrisy which spoil the human character, and make the earth a pandemonium instead of a terrestrial paradise; a paradise which truth, with the progress already attained in the arts and sciences, would now soon form it to become. The irrationality of these professions will appear the more glaring, when it is called to mind that individuals are taken out of families to be trained to deceive and prey upon the other members of the family; for the priests, lawyers, and medical men, continually deceive and prey upon every other class in society, but especially upon the agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, traders and operatives, who they consider are trained to be their dupes, and are fair game, from whom to make their fortunes.’

But perhaps the following cover, repeated on many of their tracts, will supersede any farther hints. We only beg our readers to observe the medley:—

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We see that two self-constituted societies, called the City of
 London Mission, and the Christian Instruction Society, have
 taken, one of them the theatre of the London Mechanics' Institu-
 tion, and the other a chapel near Red Lion Square, in which
 courses of lectures have been delivered on the subject of Socialism.
 If these are merely lectures, not *discussions*—such as have been
 rashly undertaken in many parts of the manufacturing districts,
 to the great triumph and encouragement of the Socialists—the
 principal thing to be lamented is—that parties should have
 ventured on the task, who, by their own principles, must be de-
 feated in it; for we observe they are almost exclusively Dis-
 senters; and Owenism, we beg to assure them, is only a species
 of Dissent.

The lists of these lecturers and their chosen topics are before
 us; and we must confess ourselves entirely in the dark if they,
 one and all, mean anything but an appeal to the understand-
 ing, to the moral sentiments, to the personal interests, and the
 personal

personal experience of each hearer, as the proper standard by which to measure Divine truth, and right and wrong. If this be not the standard appealed to, what is it? Is it revealed law? But the Dissenters must prove the fact of their revelation, and for this they must go to the witness, the historical witness of the church—for its witness not only to the simple fact, but to the definite form of the revelation itself: since a revelation not definite is a contradiction in terms. But throw themselves on this, and what becomes of dissent? If there be this positive witness, why secede from, and set it at nought? And, therefore, dissent dares not grapple with these blasphemies by bringing forward a positive, definite, external, revealed law; and its other standard the blasphemer will gladly accept, for it is the very foundation of his system. We do go by our reason, they will say, and we do not understand Christianity; and, therefore, we reject it. We do act according to our conscience, and our conscience is shocked at nothing which promises to be useful. We do lay, with you, the greatest stress on morality, on charity, on the absurdity of fixed theological creeds, of established hierarchies. We consult, as you recommend, our own interests, and find it much more agreeable to make a paradise upon earth at once than to struggle on in fearful obedience with the prospect of heaven at a distance. We have read the Bible, as you recommend—the Bible, and the Bible alone—by ourselves;—not carelessly, for the innumerable inconsistencies which we produce in it show we have studied it deliberately. To you it seems inspired, to us not; and who will decide between us? We do agree with you, that marriage is not a rite which requires to be solemnly consecrated by God's appointed ministers: therefore, it is left to man's will—therefore we may do as we like with it, and we think it very inconvenient, and are logical and bold enough to remove the inconvenience without any prudery or false shame. You appeal to the misery of vice. We have no intention to be vicious. We mean to be prudent, and temperate, and amiable—to omit nothing from our catalogue of virtues but that one item of Christianity, on which item you yourselves evidently are quite in the dark, quarrelling with yourselves, and only agreeing in separating from a body, who have authority, which you want, for their belief, and in protesting against its receiving the assistance of the State to make your fellow-creatures Christians. Like you, we have a right to our opinions; and if any of you are now too prejudiced under circumstances to be reformed up to our point, the young, at least, will understand us, and appreciate our proposal for their happiness.

And to this there can be no answer.

But the Church has a very different ground. It must raise up
more

more boldly than ever its historical testimony to the fact of a revelation, and to the definiteness of the revelation itself. Beyond this, it has no concern with minds without its pale. When it has given its witness publicly '*to what it has seen and heard*,' its task is done, and God will do the rest. For those within it, who acknowledge that testimony, and act upon it, it may pour out the whole abundance of its knowledge, to show the reasonableness, and wisdom, and benevolence, and usefulness of the system which, as coming from God, we are bound and glory to receive, whether we can explain it or not. And we are rejoiced to see that one of the most valuable members whom the Church can boast, Dr. Hook—who is happily stationed at Leeds where the Socialists have fixed their head-quarters—is engaged with a body of his brother clergymen in composing and disseminating some very judicious tracts for this purpose. Few persons have done more for the Church than Dr. Hook; and his view of the mode in which the evil must be met, is worthy of his high reputation. But the very first lesson to be taught to churchmen is to listen to no suggestions, to read no books, to attend no meetings, to abstain from polluting themselves by any communication whatever with infidels and blasphemers. It is the rule laid down in the Church—by the Bible—by common prudence, which prohibits the indulgence of curiosity in tasting poisons, or the attacking an enemy rashly with weapons, which we do not know how to use; and, happily, in this case, there can be nothing to confuse its application, as when poor people are led away to dissenting chapels, under the notion that they only hear the same truths as in the Church. Punishment is the only form by which a Christian can recognise them, and punishment by the law of the land.

If to this the Church could add her own solemn Excommunication, it would be a movement of incalculable importance. Excommunication, even Locke confesses, is no persecution. It is a privilege essential to the very existence of a religious society, indeed of any society. There never was a case in which its reasonableness would be more intelligible, or its duty more obviously imperative. It would act as a solemn warning—convey the denunciations of the Church in a clear and indisputable form to every part of the country. It would remind men of the great truth, that the Church has within her power a fountain of spiritual blessings, which she can open and shut, which she herself trusts in unfeignedly, which she will not permit to be profaned, however others may scorn them. And the first step to make others recognise the existence of a privilege is to exert it ourselves. It would be an act of authority wholly independent of the State. It would also be an act of power, like a city surrounded

rounded by enemies, who had gone out and come in at their pleasure, at last rousing itself, and shutting its gates; and the moment the Church begins to show this power, it will find numbers to rejoice in it, and throw themselves under her protection. Socialism itself is a symptom of the craving now rising on all sides for the development of some realised society out of the present disorganised atoms of our civil and ecclesiastical ruins. If in the present anomalous state of the law any temporal evil, such as outlawry, followed the excommunication, it would be necessary to clear this away, and let the spiritual punishment stand quite alone. The man, indeed, on whom it fell might laugh at it as a penalty for which he cared nothing; but the Church itself would be invigorated and relieved, and animated for fresh exertions; and the clergy, especially, would be saved from one most painful and distressing situation, to which they are now exposed. There is nothing to prevent these blasphemers from bringing a dead body to the church, and compelling the clergyman by the law of the land to read the burial service over it. Even now there are numberless instances, in which the existing state of this law, and the suspension of the act of excommunication, press most anxiously on the minds of the clergy. But what would be the mockery, and triumph, and ridicule, the perplexity of ignorant Christians, the humiliation of the clergyman, the doubt thrown on the reality of all we hear uttered and professed by ministers of God in the most solemn of moments, if a man, whose profession it has been to defame the Bible, to insult Christianity, to deny God, to mock at another life, may claim to have his remains accompanied to the grave with the same words of comfort and thanksgiving which are uttered over the body of a Christian! It is scarcely possible to imagine a circumstance which would inflict a more deadly blow on the character of the Church, and on the faith of its members. It may be hoped that the same Providence, which has already roused the heads of the Church to attack the nuisance in the legislature, will save it from this calamity under their own spiritual jurisdiction.

And yet, even if this be done, and if the law succeeds in repressing all overt acts of blasphemy, will the Church be satisfied? Will all be safe? No! most assuredly not! The Church never can be satisfied—religion, and virtue, and obedience, and loyalty never can be free from these outrages, again and again to be repeated, so long as things continue in their present position. Socialism has not dropped from the clouds, but sprung out of the earth. It is the rank produce of a rank soil, uncultivated, and full of poison.

How is it, that our manufacturing towns, occupying as they do
the

the very vitals of the country, are hot-beds of this profligacy and sedition? First, because they are full of poverty. But poverty will increase and multiply until either some legislative enactment, or the ruin, which sooner or later must fall on unbridled competition, or the growth of manufactures in foreign countries, shall have put limits to our present unbounded market and gambling speculations, and made demand regular, and wages adequate. You may destroy your corn-laws, and with them your agricultural population, and so purchase a short respite from ruin to the master—though none to the workmen—but competition will only advance so much more rapidly, the convulsions of trade become more frequent, the population more alarmingly corrupt. But, if the market is diminished, what is to become of the population created by the present demand? You must provide for them by colonisation, both abroad and on our own waste lands. Still there is the influx of Irish labourers. Now there are poor-laws in Ireland, this ought to be stopped. Then rise up the national encumbrances. How is our debt to be paid, if our manufactures are curtailed? We answer, that, if our manufactures continue as they are, they will in a few years generate sufficient power to sweep away at one explosion, not only a national debt, but a national constitution, a national religion, a national name. Any amount of debt may be tolerated, if the heart and mind of the people is sound and healthy. None will be safe, if corruption advances as at present.

But who then is to attempt to grapple with this dense mass of population, and throw this chaos into form and order? It must be the Church; without the Church, the State is powerless. It cannot teach, nor guide, nor watch over, nor infuse moral principles, nor communicate, what is greatest of all, that, without which all other things must fail, the supernatural power to resist evil, and work out good—without the Church. And never had a Church to perform a task so grand or so difficult. Oh, that she would raise herself up to fulfil it as she ought! Oh, that she would look the whole battle in the face; measure it in its height and breadth; measure her own weakness first, and gather up her arms for the conflict; that, if she did not conquer, at least she might perish nobly. One thing she has provided in abundance, the written word; but bibles alone are powerless. The Socialists have bibles, read them, quote them, and even praise them, in defence of Atheism. Churches she is now adding, and with an energy, if not equal—or anything like equal—to the demand, yet full of comfort for the present, and hope for the future. But churches require preachers; and preachers will produce churches much more easily than churches will produce preachers. We

want

want clergymen—a whole army of clergy, sufficient to act regularly, consistently, efficaciously, on the millions who are dependent upon them. What should we say to a Secretary of State, who proposed to keep the population of London in order by twenty or thirty policemen? What should we think of a schoolmaster who, single-handed, undertook the education of 1000 boys? And yet the moral police, the spiritual education, and in that all the other education of the English people, is in this condition. And why is it thus? Because the Church has no means of sending out more labourers—She is impoverished. And yet in some way or other this miserable blank must be supplied. We want some bold and master hand to trace out the old outlines of our ecclesiastical polity—not those excrescences added on by Romanism, which only encumbered and pulled down by their own weight the original solid walls, but—all that really belonged to the old Catholic scheme of Christianity; and to lay the foundations anew, or raise a new building on their ruins. Of these the very first part required is a nursery for the clergy. At present we have none. The Universities give general education; and a very imperfect outline (for they cannot do more) of the rudiments of Theology. But we want seminaries, which shall create a body of men, who may be most useful in the Church without having been able to incur the necessary expenses of an University education. For these we must look to our Cathedrals, if the Providence, which has hitherto postponed the deadly blow aimed at the Church through them, is continued to preserve them. The Bishops of Chichester, and Bath and Wells, have already formed plans of this kind: and the seminaries thus established may be judiciously fed, both from the national schools and the middle schools now forming under diocesan superintendence, so as to draw off from the inferior classes the most gifted and intelligent scholars, raise them to a highly respectable position in society, save them from becoming, as they now become, the half-instructed, half-witted agents of mischief, and bind the classes from which they are taken to the interests of religion, as the Irish poor are attached to their Romanist system, by opening to them an entrance into the highest spiritual offices, from which they are now generally excluded. In this diocesan-education plan, and in the germs of a clerical education-system lying dormant in our cathedral institutions, there are the rudiments of a grand design for rebuilding the walls of the Church, and let us pray that they may be fully developed.

But this is not all. Until we have opened our eyes to the great crying mistake in our present system, no multiplication of clergy will effect much. When the Duke of Wellington was re-

solved to stand the charge of the enemy's army, or to charge them himself, it was not his practice, we are sure, to spread his troops, soldier by soldier, with spaces of miles between each, over a whole country. No! he threw them into dense columns—into hollow squares; and we must form our clergy into dense columns and hollow squares. We must have colleges of clergy established throughout the land—not monasteries, let us remember—we want no vow of celibacy, no vow of poverty, no self-invented asceticism, no new excrescence in the Church exempted from the discipline of the Bishop;—all these were inventions of man, and they ended, as such inventions obtruded on the plans of God naturally would end, in the crimes of Popery and of the Reformation. But we do want, in our parochial system, collegiate bodies, which may give mutual support to the clergy, which may exhibit to the eyes of the people a permanent, living, moral power in the Church—not subject to the errors, and infirmities, and mutability of individuals—which shall grasp their minds as with a hand, not, as now, attempt it with a little finger, from which the thumb and other fingers have been mutilated. Such bodies, properly organised, would, in the first place, be the best and most appropriate provision for the additional parochial clergy. They would maintain them at the least expense; confer on them a respectability and dignity which would render them indifferent to smallness of income—enable them to continue their studies—to divide their labours—to bring under their immediate superintendence the many important operations which, to be well performed, must be carried on by the Church herself—such as educating the young, assisting the poor, contriving plans for bettering their condition, not wholly unlike Mr. Owen's with the one exception of their being systematically religious; and providing refuges and occupations for the many of all classes, who now lie idle and unhappy about our country towns, and dissipated watering-places, with good feelings, and active minds, and small incomes—all ill-employed, but who, under proper training and instruction under such collegiate bodies, might form a most important part of the moral machinery of the Church. Not one of these ends can be accomplished till, as of old, our clergy are stationed in colleges. The Bishop of London, we are rejoiced to hear, has made the first step towards this grand restoration, by an establishment of the kind in one of the worst districts of the metropolis; and he deserves the gratitude of the Church for showing us such an example.

When this has been done, then we shall be able to attack, boldly and successfully, the real root of all this mischief—the self-will of man. Raise up legislators, or witnesses to the laws, whom the people will respect, and you may teach them to respect

law

law itself; and until we all have learned, from the highest to the lowest, to respect *law*, Socialism, in some form or other—that is, discontent with the condition in which we live—contempt for the will, and the revelation, and institutions of God—vain, conceited schemes of reformation—mischievous associations for carrying them into practice—shameless defiances of appointments which shackle our self-indulgence—and irrational reasonings on mysteries beyond our reach—this, which is the spirit of Socialism, will continue to prevail among us; and its irruption upon religion, and morality, and society, in the gross naked form, in which it has now been laid bare, will only be a question of time.

Lawlessness is our sin and our curse throughout the whole range of society—in our morals as in our politics—in our philosophy as in religion—in our practice as in theory. We despise antiquity, abhor restraint, recognise no power beyond us, and in the mists of a vague speculation overlook all the limits and warnings, which God, and not mere experience, has raised up to be our guides. It was not so with those great men, to whom we owe our liberties and grandeur; it never was so with any man deserving the name of greatness, or wisdom, or goodness—for man is never great except in submission to law, never wise but when he distrusts himself, never good but when obedience triumphs over self-indulgence. Few things, indeed, so strike a thoughtful mind as the timid, cautious, superstitious delicacy, with which the best of past generations recognised the obligation of *law*. Even when to common eyes its lines were scarcely visible, they seemed to feel them—they moved about with caution, as certain blinded animals avoid by instinct the net spread before them. 'Our polity,' says Bracton,* 'is founded upon usage.' Our common law is governed by precedent; our religion established upon authority; our church system modelled after antiquity; our property perpetuated by inheritance; our government based upon succession; the dearest rights and liberties of Englishmen claimed not as new inventions, but as our ancient and undoubted birth-right. We owed everything to our fathers, we trusted nothing to our will.† So men used to think; so they will think again, if Providence has yet in store for us the rescue of this country from destruction;—and they, who would aid in this great work, whether in resistance to Socialism or to any other nuisance must here take their stand, and teach others to stand likewise. When schemes for man's improvement are imagined, they will test them by the statute-law of a past and adequate experience.

* Cum autem fere in omnibus regionibus utantur legibus et jure scripto, sola Anglia usa est in suis finibus jure non scripto et consuetudine.—Bracton, lib. i. c. i.

† See Burke French Revolution, quarto edit. p. 57.

When infidelity starts up, they will crush it with the historical fact of an indisputable definite revelation. When nature's laws are outraged, they will support them by the positive commands of God. They will not hope for any Millenium in the future, which is to begin by overturning the past and mocking the present.

They will not be afraid of that prejudice of antiquity 'which makes a man's virtue his habit, and his duty a part of his nature.'* They will not cut off that chain of association, which links them to the whole human race, to all that have been, and all that are to come, by a mutual responsibility and dependence—which gives them their partnership in society, not in the perishable atoms of the day, but in the one eternal system which holds all generations together—'a partnership in all science—a partnership in all art—a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection.† They will not act as if they were 'masters of their possession in the state—not cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the fabric of their society, ~~hazard~~ing to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of an habitation, and teaching these successors as little to respect their contrivances as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers.‡ They will be quiet instead of restless, humble instead of ignorant, willing to learn, and cautious to teach; as tolerant of conscientious error as they are firm in condemning the error, and zealous in enlightening the conscience. They will never dream of 'beginning reformation by subversion'—of sacrificing justice to indulge benevolence—as if any benevolence could exist apart from order, and one man could possibly be benefited by the injury of another. They will venerate the doctrines of their religion and the constitution of their country; not as a bundle of statutes, worm-eaten and illegible, which any hand may cast behind the fire, or scrawl over with visionary projects; but as a body of imperishable truths above and beyond all temporary edicts—which were spoken by the mouth of God or written in the heart of man long before Englishmen existed; which, to the envy of the world, our forefathers embodied in their practice *because* they came from God; which they clung to in every Revolution, and chained down the State upon them—so that neither in war nor peace, nor in the usurpation of kings, nor superstitions of popes, nor popular madness, nor the downfall of dynasties nor vicissitudes of fortunes, not even in the heat of successful resistance to oppression, did they let loose the polity of their country or the faith of their Church, to be carried up recklessly into the air, and torn about by every wind of heaven. The

* See Burke, French Revolution, quarto edit. p. 124.

† Ibid. p. 136.

‡ Ibid. p. 134.

will live by *law*—a law external to themselves; law over their consciences, law over their actions, law to temper their feelings, law to guide their belief. They will deem it neither shame nor hurt to a reasoning being, nothing perilous to man's welfare or derogatory to his freedom, to have that for a counsellor and rule, which is the rule of God himself; the golden chain, which holds creation in its place, by which the seas know their bounds, and the stars roll in their courses,

'And the eternal heavens are fresh and strong;'*

which alone raises man from the earth, and gives energy to his acts, constancy to his will, immutability to his knowledge, safety to his weakness;—to recognise it in the humblest of its forms—as men of a holy nature knew God, who is the Author of law, even in the degradation of humanity—and as wisdom can trace it still as much in the whirling of a leaf as in the revolution of a planet;—to live with it gratefully, and humbly, as her 'whose seat is in the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world; to whom all things in heaven and earth do homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power, whom angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort, yet all with uniform consent admire as the mother of their peace and joy.'†

ART. VII.—*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*. pp. 77. London. 1840.

THIS is a very interesting little volume, which an elegant and Ciceronian dedication '*Viro eximio Henrico Brougham, Amico suo dilectissimo*,' informs us is the production of Lord Wellesley. His lordship's reputation as a statesman is known to all the world: amongst his friends and contemporaries he was distinguished as an accomplished scholar; and his recently published dispatches, and, short as it is, that beautiful biographical sketch of Mr. Pitt, with which we were permitted to enrich a former number,‡ had proved him an eloquent master of English composition; but we were not, before this publication, fully aware of the success with which he had cultivated in his youth, and has improved in his age, an exquisite taste in classical and English versification, and how high it might have been his lot—

'— *inter amabiles*

Vatum ponere se choros—

if he had not been called to the graver duties of the Senate and the Cabinet—

* Wordsworth, Ode to Duty.

† Hooker, b. I.

‡ Quarterly Review, vol. lvii. p. 487.

‡ Lost,

‘Lost, lost too soon, in yonder House or Hall—
 There truant Wyndham every muse gave o’er;
 There Talbot sank, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid Murray was our boast;
 How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!’

We hear and read every day grievous lamentations of the utter inadequacy—particularly for the *businesses of the world*—of the system of education pursued in our great schools; much virtuous indignation against *longs and shorts*; and a deal of *nonsense prose* against the futility of *nonsense verses*. We are not now going to enter into the details of that question; but the occasion obliges us to say that, if the tree is to be judged by its fruits—a test which is peculiarly applicable to schools—Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and Harrow—with all their enormities of *hexameters* and *pentameters*, *choriambics*, and *hypercatalectics*—have turned out such men—in *all the walks of life*—as no strictly utilitarian seminary has ever equalled, or we believe ever will. Let us take, for instance, that class of men to which Lord Wellesley belongs. What affairs of life can have less relation to *dactyls* and *spondee*s than the duties of a practical statesman and the complex arts of governing mankind?—yet our greatest political leaders have ranked amongst our best scholars. To go no farther back than Mr. Pulteney—who is suggested to us by Pope’s testimony—we know that he and his great antagonist, Sir Robert Walpole, two as *practical* men of the world as the world ever produced, were both scholars—Sir Robert a distinguished Etonian—Pulteney a Westminster—and so eminent that, on his removal to Christ Church, he was selected to pronounce the oration to Queen Anne on her visit to the university. At the close of twenty years of political struggle, in which they exhibited such an admirable variety and extent of practical knowledge, the last personal contest between the two great rivals—in the very crisis of their fate as public men—was about the reading of a line in Horace. Walpole had concluded a brave vindication of himself and his quarter-of-a-century of administration by professing,—

‘*Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ*!’—

‘*Nullā pallescere culpā*,’ interrupted Pulteney; and while the House was dividing on the fate of the minister, a bet of a *guinea* was to decide the grammatical controversy. Hardinge,* the clerk of the House—a superior man of business, *though* a scholar—decided for Pulteney, who, when Walpole good-humouredly threw him the guinea, held it up, and exclaimed ‘that it was the first public

* The great-grandfather of Sir Henry Hardinge.

money he had touched for a *long time*,* and should be the last.' We need hardly remind our readers of the *all-accomplished* Chesterfield, who deserves that designation at least as well as Bolingbroke himself, and who in after life ridiculed his own *early pedantry*, as he called it, without considering how much he might have owed to it. Their bold and able contemporary, Lord Granville, was a first-rate classical scholar—a patron of learning—who, if he had not been a patron, would have deserved to be patronised.† The great Lord Chatham has left us specimens of Latin and English verse; Lord North was an elegant scholar; Lord Grenville a profound one. Mr. Fox was a contributor to the *Musæ Etonenses*, and understood Demosthenes even better than he imitated him, and in his retirement beat Gilbert Wakefield at his own weapons, in criticism and philology. Mr. Pitt was, in the opinion of an eminent Greek scholar, 'the best Greek scholar that he had ever conversed with;' and we suspect that Mr. Fox would have found him as powerful an antagonist on a text of the Philippics, as on the Regency question. We know not that any of his juvenile exercises have been preserved; but he contributed, we have reason to believe, some of the cleverest papers, both prose and verse, serious and comic, in the 'Antijacobin.' One unpublished specimen of his poetical taste we can vouch for. Strolling one day with a friend in the walks of Holwood, his companion happened to quote that noble stanza of one of the noblest odes of Horace (II. ii.) :—

' Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ,
Cætusque vulgares et udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ :'

of which Mr. Pitt immediately extemporised this spirited paraphrase :—

' On wing sublime, through trackless paths she soars;
And spurning vulgar haunts and earthly shores,
To those whom godlike deeds forbid to die,
Unbars the gates of immortality.'

Need we mention Windham, Canning, Peel, Lord Grey, Lord Holland, Lord Stanley, Lord Wellesley himself, and

* He had been in office in the reign of George I.

† Swift records with his peculiar humour, the scholarship of Lord Granville—"His Excellency, the present Lord Lieutenant, was educated in the University of Oxford, [Christ Church College, to which he removed from Westminster,] from whence, with a singularity scarce to be justified, he carried away more Greek, Latin, and philosophy, than properly became a man of his rank: indeed, much more of each than most of those who are forced to live by their learning will be at the unnecessary pains to load their heads with."—*Findic. of Lord Carteret, Swift's Works*, vii. 476.

is, we fancy—notwithstanding the rapid march of modern intellect—still far distant.

From these preliminary observations—much too cursory for a subject of so much interest and importance, but which are at least appropriate to our present task—we proceed to give our readers some specimens of the compositions of Lord Wellesley.

Where all are elegant, there is no difficulty but in selection; and as the general defect of modern Latin verses is that they are rather reminiscences than effusions, and conversant rather with ideal than real existence, we shall, in the few extracts of which our limited space allows, make choice of—not perhaps the best examples of classical beauty, but—those which seem best to express the feelings of the individual.

The following ode, written at Eton in Lord Wellesley's seventeenth year, though liable to the objection, if indeed it be one, of personifying in '*Pudor*' the double character of modesty and shame, is creditable at once to his poetical and his moral taste, and exhibits, as Cicero says of Drusus, '*in adolescente singularem severitatem*':—

Ἀῖσχα δειδιώτες καὶ ὀνειδέα.

HOM. IL.

' Dilecta cœli Progenies, Pudor!
 Puro supremus quem Pater æthere
 Demisit in terras, potentem
 Ritè vagos revocare mores
 Ad sancta Recti limina; et addere
 Insanienti vincla Licentiæ,
 Mentemque delicto paratam
 In mediâ cohibere culpâ;
 Secretus imo corde Nocentium
 Curas, et acres exacuis metus,
 Scelusque furtivum sequaci
 Exagitas face certus ultor.
 At innocenti gratior assides
 Menti magister; gaudet enim tuæ
 Parere tutelæ, vigetque
 Voce tuâ stabilita Virtus.
 Tu Castitati Te comitem admoves
 Semper decorum; non oriens aquas
 Aurora fulgentes colorat
 Splendidior, variumque cælum,
 Quàm Tu pererras Virginum amabili
 Genas rubentes luce Modestiæ,
 Rosasque vivas per venusta
 Ora seris, nitidumque collum.

Tu

her duties and loftier aspirations of a Christian spirit; and it remarkable and gratifying, that these feelings, which dawn so ghly in Lord Wellesley's earliest productions, shine, with increased brilliancy in those of his middle age, and with confirmed endour in his last. Twenty years later—just before his embarkation for India—he thus expresses his horror of the excesses the French revolutionists:—

‘ At quæ Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
Cernis ibi, priscâ morum compage solutâ,
Procubuisse solò civilis fœdera vitæ,
Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet alma verendi
Religio, Pietasque et Legum fræna sacrarum.’—*Reliquiæ*, p. 1.

He builds his hope for England on the solid basis of order and religion:—

‘ Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis
Libertate probâ, et justo libramine rerum,
Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum;
Antiquosque colit mores, et jura Parentum,
Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
Servat adhuc, hominumque fidem, curamque Deorum.’—*Ib.* p. 2.

And more than thirty years later still, he amplifies and illustrates the same principles in the longest, and, in our humble judgment, decidedly the best of all those compositions—of which either our classical nor our Christian readers would forgive us if we suppressed a line. The occasion was not, as is too often the case in modern Latinity, supposed for the sake of the verses—these verses were prompted by the happy occasion. It appears that Lord Wellesley, last summer, hired a villa near Windsor; and this residence led him to his earliest haunts in the beloved neighbourhood of Eton. There, a weeping willow on the banks of the Thames suggested the following lines:—

‘ SALIX BABYLONICA.

‘ THE WEEPING WILLOW.

The first of this race of willow was introduced into England in the sixteenth century: it was brought from the banks of the Euphrates, near the ruins of Babylon, where this willow abounds. This is the willow on which the Israelites “hanged their harps” according to the Psalm 137, “super flumina Babylonis.”—“How shall I sing the Lord’s song in the land of a stranger?”

‘ Passis mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
Quæ, flenti similis, pendet in amne Salix,
Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylone sub altâ
Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras;
Cum, terrâ ignotâ, Proles Solymæa refugit
Divinum Patriæ, jussa movere melos;

Suspensisque

Beheld upon Thy melancholy boughs
 The Harps unstrung of Israel's captive band,
 When heart, and voice, and orisons, and vows
 Refused the haughty Victor's stern command

To move great Sion's festal lay sublime,
 To mingle heavenly strains of joy with tears,
 To sing the Lord's song in a stranger's clime,
 And chant the holy hymn to heathen ears.

Down by Euphrates' side They sat and wept,
 In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead ;
 Oh Sion !—voice and harp in stillness slept,
 But the pure mindful tear for Thee was shed :

To Thee beloved Sion ! vain were given
 Blessing, and Honor, Wealth and Power—in vain
 The glorious present Majesty of Heaven
 Irradiated Thy chosen holy Fane !

Fallen from Thy God, the heathen's barbarous hand
 Despoils thy Temple, and thine Altar stains ;
 Reft of Her Children mourns the Parent Land,
 And in Her dwellings death-like silence reigns.

Rise, sacred Tree ! a monument to tell
 How Vanity and Folly lead to Woe ;
 Under what wrath unfaithful Israel fell,
 What mighty arm laid Babel's triumphs low.

Rise, sacred Tree ! on Thames's gorgeous shore,
 To warn the People, and to guard the Throne ;
 Teach them, their pure religion to adore,
 And foreign Faiths, and Rites, and Poms disown !

Teach them, that their Forefathers' noble race,
 With Virtue, Liberty, and Truth combined,
 And honest Zeal, and Piety, and Grace,
 The Throne and Altar's strength have intertwined :

The lofty glories of the Land and Main,
 The stream of Industry, and Trade's proud course,
 The Majesty of Empire to sustain,
 God's Blessing on sound Faith is Britain's force.

Me, when Thy shade and Thames's meads and flowers
 Invite to soothe the cares of waning age,
 May Memory bring to Me my long-past hours
 To calm my soul, and troubled thoughts assuage !

Come, parent Eton ! turn the stream of time
 Back to Thy sacred fountain crowned with bays !
 Recall my brightest, sweetest days of Prime !
 When all was hope, and triumph, joy, and praise.

Guided by Thee I raised my youthful sight
 To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,
 And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light
 That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.
 O Blest Instruction ! friend to generous youth !
 Source of all good ! you taught me to intertwine
 The Muse's laurel with eternal truth,
 And wake Her lyre to strains of Faith Divine.
 Firm, incorrupt, as in life's dawning morn,
 Nor swayed by novelty, nor public breath,
 Teach me false censure, and false fame to scorn,
 And guide my steps through honor's paths to death.
 And Thou Time-honoured Fabric stand ! A Tower
 Impregnable, a bulwark of the state !
 Untouched by visionary Folly's Power,
 Above the Vain, and Ignorant, and Great !
 The Mighty Race with cultured minds adorn
 And Piety, and Faith ; congenial Pair !
 And spread Thy gifts through Ages yet unborn,
 Thy Country's Pride, and Heaven's parental Care !'—pp.1.

Lord Wellesley adds in a note, that '*a reform of Eton Col on the principles of the new system of education, has been men by high authority.*'—If Eton has not very much degenerated, Wellesley's beautiful deprecation of the menaced reforms sufficient proof that they are supremely unnecessary.

Our last extract shall be his lordship's last production—al Latin and English—in which, however, contrary to the opi expressed on the last specimen, we rather prefer the transk to the original.

' INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF MISS BROUGHAM, THE ONLY DAUG OF LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHT HER LIFE WAS A CONTINUAL ILLNESS ; BUT HER SUFFERINGS V ALLEVIATED BY AN AMIABLE, CHEERFUL, LIVELY, AND GAY TE OF MIND, WHICH WAS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF CONSOLATION TO SELF, AND TO HER AFFLICTED PARENTS AND FAMILY.

' Blanda Anima e cumis heu ! longo exercita morbo
 Inter Maternas heu ! lacrymasque Patris,
 Quas risu lenire Tuo jucunda solebas,
 Et levis, et proprii vix memor Ipsa mali ;
 I pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus !
 Et Tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies !'

[Translated.]

' Doomed to long suffering from your earliest years,
 Amidst your parents' grief and pain, alone
 Cheerful and gay, you smiled to sooth their tears ;
 And in their agonies forgot your own ;

Go, gentle Spirit! and among The Blest
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest.'—pp. 18, 19.

These verses, like all that we have quoted, and indeed all that we have not, are elegant and amiable—creditable to the scholar and the man; but of all, our judgment assigns the palm to those on the *Salix Babylonica*, which would be remarkable for their elegance and spirit, their force and feeling, if written in the full vigour of youth, by one who made poetry his chief pursuit; but when it is recollected that they are the production of a statesman who has spent his life in such very different and absorbing occupations—who was the parliamentary companion of Mr. Pitt in his greatest struggles—who has been Governor-General of India (and such a Governor-General)—Ambassador to Spain, when Spain was to be raised from the dead—Secretary of State at home, and Lord Lieutenant in 'still-vexed' Ireland; and above all, that the piece is written in his *eightieth year*—it appears to us not merely one of the best productions of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, but a literary curiosity almost without parallel. It fully proves, we think, the happy accomplishment of the wishes expressed in the *rotine* and very appropriate motto, which Lord Wellesley has prefixed to his volume:—

' Valido mihi
Lalœ donec, et, precor, integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec CITHARA CARENTEM!'
HOR. Ode xxxi., l. i.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.* By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, of Trinity College, Cambridge, M. A.
 2. *The Opium Crisis. A Letter addressed to Charles Elliot, Esq., Chief Superintendent of the British Trade with China.* By an American Merchant (King), resident at Canton.
 3. *The Rupture with China, and its Causes, in a Letter to Lord Viscount Palmerston.* By a Resident in China.
 4. *The Opium Question.* By Samuel Warren, Esq., F. R. S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
 5. *Brief Observations respecting the pending Disputes with the Chinese, and a proposal for bringing them to a satisfactory Conciliation.*
 6. *Some Pros and Cons of the Opium Question, with a few Suggestions regarding British Claims on China.*
 7. *The Opium Question as between Nation and Nation.* By a Barrister-at-Law.
 8. *Is the War with China a just one?* By H. Hamilton Lindsay

Lindsay, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service in China.

9. *The Chinese Vindicated, in Reply to S. Warren, Esq.* By Capt. T. H. Bullock, of H. H. the Nizam's Army.
10. *Correspondence relating to China. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1840.
11. *Additional Correspondence, do. do. do.*

THOUGH some of the publications, whose titles are here enumerated, may not be considered of much importance, yet their number will serve to show that the subject they embrace is highly so. No. 1. Mr. Thelwall, true to his text, has heaped such a mass of 'iniquities' on the traders in opium, and on the cultivators of the poppy in India, as, if strictly true, would overwhelm the whole parties concerned with shame and remorse. He admits, however, that he knows nothing of either India or China—which indeed is proved by his book. The only pages of the least use are those appropriated to a collection of edicts and proclamations, printed at Canton, which throw considerable light on the motives of the recent proceedings on the part of the Chinese. The remainder of the *farrago libelli* is hashed up chiefly from the exaggerated statements collected, from hearsay only, by the Missionary Medhurst. 2. This is an ingenious, smart, but self-conceited, and, we suspect, not over honest letter of advice, addressed to Captain Elliott, *after* the facts, as to what he should have done *before* them. 3. The 'Letter to Lord Palmerston, by a Resident in China,' gives a plain and correct statement of the present rupture, its causes, and probable effects. 4. The 'Opium Question,' by Mr. Warren, is a piece of pure special pleading, in favour of the traders, spun out to 130 close-printed pages. The avowed object is to prove that smuggling into China was not criminal, and that the loss sustained by those who have practised it entitles them to indemnification by *the British public*. 5. The 'Brief Observations,' of 14 open-printed pages, contain a proposal to bring the disputes to a 'satisfactory conclusion,' by laying Canton in ashes, and marching to Peking! 6. These '*Pros and Cons*' run alternately through the whole pamphlet, neutralising each other in the most amusing manner. The author comes, however, at last to something like a decisive conclusion, which will be noticed as we proceed. 7. 'A Barrister-at-law' we take to be a mere *nom de guerre*. The 'opium question' is not honestly discussed here, but treated with great levity, and mutilated: argument costs more trouble than assertion. His concluding paragraph gives him occasion to pass somewhat of a vulgar sneer at 'a certain Kilkenny Jos.' and 'the Melbourne clique;' but what either of them

them have to do with the matter we cannot discover, unless it be that the 'Barrister' supposes they are among those who may not be likely to sanction the guarantee of the Superintendent at Canton. 8. Mr. H. Lindsay, from his late position in the factory of Canton, and his present connexion with a mercantile house trading to China, is entitled to, and shall receive from us, much consideration; the more that he has had the manliness to come forward under his own name, and that his manner of writing indicates a well-bred gentleman. 9. The 'Chinese Vindicated' is not an ill-written tract—but it goes as far wrong on one side as Mr. Warren does on the other, and is not without a taint of cant, which one would hardly have expected in a servant of the Nizam.

We are fearful that the subject, on which we are about to enter, and the events now passing in the distant empire of China, will prove more 'untoward' than the affair of Navarino was pronounced to be, and more disastrous in their immediate and remote consequences. A summary of the unhappy results, as far as known, amounts to nothing less than these:—the national honour compromised—British subjects insulted, imprisoned, mutilated, and even barbarously massacred—a flourishing commerce annihilated, and with it three or four millions of annual revenue lost to the state. We foresaw and stated, some years ago, in this journal (See Quar. Rev. No. C.), what would be the probable issue of depriving the East India Company of their exclusive privilege of trading to China, of substituting the *free trade* system, and encouraging an indiscriminate intercourse with that country. We were then fully aware that, sooner or later, that which has happened would come to pass; and as some of us have a local and personal knowledge of China and its inhabitants, we undertake our present task of examining the numerous documents claiming public attention, and of expressing our opinions on them, and on the subject generally, with less hesitation than we should otherwise have done.

It is hardly necessary to apprise the reader that opium, the extract from the poppy plant, is an article of almost universal use in Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Sumatra, Java, and the whole of the great Malayan archipelago,—not merely as a drug, but as a source of consolation or of misery, as used sparingly or abused by excess; that it is also in very general use in India, more especially, we may almost say universally, among the Rajpoot race—and a fine race of men they are; we understand also that it is served out as a ration to the Malay troops in Ceylon. In China, however, the use of opium would appear to have been known but little, if at all, in ancient times—nor indeed till a recent

date—as it is still without a name in their own language, and called by a corruption of the common name in the East, *afuoyung*. It may, perhaps, have been introduced in the eighth or ninth century by the Arabians, who then had considerable traffic with China; but however that may be, down to a comparatively modern period it would seem to have been thought of only as a drug. By degrees, however, its exciting qualities, with a people whose almost only beverage is weak tea, or an unpleasant spirit distilled from rice or millet, seem to have proved too tempting; and as the dose after a short time requires to be repeated to keep up the stimulus, it is peculiarly the case with opium-eaters, that ‘the increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on.’ The importation, therefore, naturally kept pace with the increased demand—which certainly was not practically interfered with by repeated prohibitory edicts from Pekin—the earliest that of the emperor Kia-king, in 1796. Mr. Davis, the last chief officer of the East India Company’s factory, states it to have been as under:—

Year.	Chests.		Dollars.	Sold : Dollars.
1821 . .	4,628 .	average price	1,375 .	6,132,100
1825 . .	9,621 . .	„ . .	723 .	6,955,983
1830 . .	18,760 . .	„ . .	587 .	11,012,120
1832 . .	23,670 . .	„ . .	648 .	15,338,160

The American merchant, Mr. King (*Opium Crisis*), states the progressive increase as follows:—

‘The East India Company, whose manufacture had fluctuated between 3,000 and 5,000 chests through the first twenty-four years of Chinese interdiction (1800—1824), rose rapidly to 10,600 in 1833, and to near 17,000 in 1837!

‘The Malwa product went on with even greater rapidity—from 1,600 chests in 1821, to upwards of 20,000 in 1837! The total profit and revenue accruing to the East India Company on both descriptions, for that year, exceed 12,000,000 rupees.’—p. 5.

In 1838 it had acquired its maximum, but fell back, as the same author states, in 1839, to about 20,000 chests, which is something less than the quantity given up by Captain Elliott, and said to have been wantonly destroyed by the Pekin commissioner; the few hundred chests above this quantity appear to have been purchased by the superintendent, to keep faith with the commissioner Lin, by making up the amount originally given in.

It does not appear that, while the importation continued small, the Chinese government took much notice of their own prohibitory decrees, either as they affected their own subjects or the foreign merchants. The first edict of 1796 declared, that all who should be found smoking were to be bamboosed and pilloried, and that both smugglers and venders should, on conviction, suffer a
more

more severe punishment. Other edicts followed from time to time, and in 1833 an imperial decree was published to the following effect:—

‘Let the buyers and smokers of opium be punished with one hundred blows, and condemned to wear the wooden collar for two months. Then, let them declare the seller’s name, that he may be seized and punished; and, in default of his discovering the vender, let the smoker be again punished with one hundred blows and three years’ banishment, as being an accomplice. Let mandarins and their dependants who buy and smoke opium be punished one degree more severely than others; and let governors of provinces be required to give security that there are no opium-smokers under their jurisdiction; and let a joint memorial be sent in, representing the conduct of those officers who have connived at the practice.’—*Iniquities of the Opium Trade*, p. 121.

From this time down to the year 1836, there were issued from Peking various decrees, interdicting the import of opium, under heightened penalties; but they were still either disregarded, or the practice connived at, or it was found impossible to carry them into effect. So early, however, as 1821, the governor of Canton, by energetic measures, had succeeded in expelling the opium ships from Whampo, an anchorage high up above the Bocca Tigris (or Bogue, as usually called), and about twelve miles from the factories. In consequence of this, the contrabandists formed a *dépôt*, or receiving ships, for the prohibited article, at Lintin, an island below the Bogue, and in the bay between Macao and the main land to the eastward; from whence, ever since that time, smuggling was carried on with Canton by means of clippers, or fast-sailing craft, and long row-boats.

It may be right to give a few extracts from the official documents above alluded to, not only to show that the traders in opium were fully forewarned of the consequences that were likely to happen, but also as a specimen of the manner in which the Chinese, in the upper ranks of society, express their thoughts and opinions, and which will prove, as appears to us, that we have been used to underrate their intellectual faculties. This has arisen mainly from the general ignorance that prevails respecting their language, moral character, and domestic habits, in consequence of the restricted intercourse of Europeans, confined almost wholly to the people of Canton, whose morals may be suspected not to have received much improvement by their dealings with foreigners. It should be observed that nothing could be more wretched, *till very lately*, than our translations of the state papers and official edicts published in the Gazette of Peking.

In 1836 *Heu-Nae-tse*, a Vice-President of the Sacrificial Court, calls the attention of the emperor to a long series of enact-

ments concerning opium-smoking. He commences by stating that the more severe the edicts have been made, the more had the evil increased.

‘When any one,’ he says, ‘is long habituated to the inhaling it, it becomes necessary to resort to it at regular intervals, and the habit of using it being inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life; of those who use it to great excess, the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the face sallow, the teeth black; the individuals clearly see the evil effects of it, yet cannot refrain.’—p. 46.

He adverts to the reigns of Kia-king and Kien-lung, when opium paid a duty, and passed through the hands of the Hong merchants, in exchange for tea and other goods; ‘but now,’ he says, ‘the prohibitions of government being so strict against it, none dare openly exchange goods for it; all secretly purchase it with money. . . . The foreign merchants have clandestinely sold opium for money, which has rendered it necessary for them to export foreign silver (that is, dollars): thus, foreign money has been going out of the country, while none comes into it.’

One of the arguments he makes use of, to induce the Emperor to return to the practice of imposing a duty and legalising the trade, is the impossibility of stopping the illegal importation. He also disclaims the vaunting affectation of the government officers, that China has no occasion for, despises, and would rather be without, foreign trade.

‘Is it proposed entirely to cut off the foreign trade, and thus to remove the root, to dam up the source of the evil? The Celestial Dynasty would not, indeed, hesitate to relinquish the few millions of duties arising therefrom. But all the nations of the West have had a general market open to their ships for upwards of a thousand years, while the dealers in opium are the English alone; it would be wrong, for the sake of cutting off the English trade, to cut off that of all the other nations. Besides, the hundreds of thousands of people living on the sea-coast depend wholly on trade for their livelihood; and how are they to be disposed of? Moreover, the barbarian ships, being on the high seas, can repair to any island that may be selected as an entrepôt, and the native sea-going vessels can meet them there; it is then impossible to cut off the trade. Of late years, the foreign vessels have visited all the ports of Fuhkēn, Chēkeāng, Keāngnan, Shan-tung, even to Teēntsin, and Mantchouria, for the purpose of selling opium. And although at once expelled by the local authorities, yet it is reported that the quantity sold by them was not small. Thus it appears that, though the commerce of Canton should be cut off, yet it will not be possible to prevent the clandestine introduction of merchandise.’—p. 49.

He notices the removal of the vessels to Lintin, and shows how well he is acquainted with all the usages and tricks of Canton.

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‘Here are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which the opium is kept, and which are therefore called “receiving ships.” At Canton there are brokers of the drug, who are called “melters.” These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are carrying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called “fast crabs” and “scrambling dragons.” They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military posts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue.’—p. 50.

He again urges that, as the closing their ports against commerce would not be expedient, and as the laws against the importation of opium are quite inoperative,

‘the only method left is to resort to the former system, and to permit the barbarian merchants to import opium, paying duty thereon as a medicine, and to require that, after having passed the custom-house, it shall be delivered to the Hong merchants only in exchange for merchandise, and no money be paid for it. The barbarians, finding that the amount of duties to be paid on it is less than what is now spent in bribes, will also gladly comply therein. Foreign money should be placed on the same footing with *sycee* silver, and the exportation of it should be equally prohibited. Offenders when caught should be punished by the entire destruction of the opium they may have, and the confiscation of the money that may be found with them.’—p. 52.

He suggests, therefore, an enactment, that any *officer, scholar, or soldier*, found guilty of secretly smoking opium, shall be immediately dismissed from public employ, without being made liable to any other penalty. ‘In this way,’ he says, ‘lenity will become in fact severity towards them. Lastly,’ he adds, which is very remarkable, ‘let no regard be paid to the purchase and use of opium *on the part of the people generally!* If any one should suggest a doubt, that to remove the existing prohibitions will detract from the dignity of the government, I would ask,’ he says, ‘if he is ignorant that the pleasures of the table and of the nuptial couch may also be indulged in, to the injury of health? Nor are the invigorating drugs *footzee* and *wootow* devoid of poisonous qualities, yet it has never been heard that any one of these has been interdicted.’—What these two drugs may be we have not been able to discover; but it is evident that Heu-Nae-tse thinks much less of the poisonous quality of opium than some of his countrymen and our own philanthropists do. He has much more consideration for the silver taken out of the country, than for the health of the people.

This

bewildered by it, think that a prohibition, which does not utterly prohibit, is no better than one which does not at all prevent the importation of the drug. Day and night I have meditated on this, and can in truth see no wisdom in the opinion.'—*Thelwall*, pp. 68, 69.

In speaking of the broad cloths and camlets and cotton goods 'brought to China by foreigners, he observes, 'these are in constant request, though the silk and cotton goods of China are not insufficient in quantity;' 'but,' he adds, 'all men prize what is strange, and undervalue what is in ordinary use.'

We learn from this minister that no laws had availed to prevent either the cultivation of the poppy plant, or the preparation of opium, in China itself. 'Of any of these provinces,' he says, 'except Yunnan, I do not presume to speak; but of that portion of the country I have it in my power to say, that the poppy is cultivated all over the hills and open champaign, and that the quantity of opium annually produced there cannot be less than several thousand chests. . . . The lack of silver in that province is, nevertheless, double to what it formerly was, and the cause is, that the consumers of the drug are very many, and that those who are choice and dainty, with regard to its quality, always prefer the foreign article.' He goes on to ask, 'if all the rich and fertile ground be used for planting the poppy, and if the people, hoping for a large profit therefrom, madly engage in its cultivation, where will flax and the mulberry-tree be cultivated, or wheat and rye be planted? To draw off in this way the waters of the great fountain requisite for the production of food and raiment, and to lavish them upon the root whence calamity and disaster spring forth, is an error which may be compared to that of a physician, who, when treating a mere external disease, should drive it inwards to the heart and the centre of the body.' He concludes this part of his subject in the following words:—

'To sum up the matter,—the wide-spreading influence of opium, when regarded simply as injurious to property, is of inferior importance; but when regarded as hurtful to the people, it demands most anxious consideration: for in the people lies the very foundation of the empire. Property, it is true, is that on which the subsistence of the people depends. Yet a deficiency of it may be supplied, and an impoverished people improved; whereas it is beyond the power of any artificial means to save a people enervated by luxury.'—*Thelwall*, pp. 73, 74.

Heu-Nae-tse considered the people, in reference to the opium question, as not worth notice; implying, that the small quantity used by each could do them no harm; all his concern is about 'officers, scholars, and soldiers:' these, he thinks, by indulging to excess, would be apt to neglect their important duties, while the labouring poor can only afford to take it occasionally, as
laborum

laborum dulce lenimen. Tchoo-tsun, on the contrary, has an eye to the enervating effects of two centuries of peace; and, admitting 'that it is now not practicable to put a sudden and entire stop to the commercial intercourse of foreigners,' thinks, nevertheless, 'the danger should be duly considered and provided against, the ports of the several provinces guarded with strictness, and *some chastisement* administered, as a warning and foretaste of what may be anticipated.' He distinguishes the English in particular, who, he says, 'are of the race of foreigners called *Hung-maow* (red-pates)'; and has no doubt that 'in introducing opium their purpose has been to enfeeble the celestial empire.' And he warns the red-pates that—

'If they dare to continue in violent and outrageous opposition, and presume to pass over the allotted bounds, forbearance must then cease, and a thundering fire from our cannon must be opened upon them, to make them quake before the terror of our arms. In short, the principle on which the far-travelled strangers are to be cherished is this:—always, in the first instance, to employ reason as the weapon whereby to conquer them, and on no account to assume a violent and vehement deportment; but when it becomes necessary to resort to military force, then never to employ it in a weak and indecisive manner, lest those towards whom it is exercised should see no cause for fear or dread.'

He adds, that the instant effect of the proposal to alter the law had been, 'that crafty thieves and villains on all hands begun to raise their heads and open their eyes, gazing about and pointing the finger, under the notion that, when once these prohibitions are repealed, thenceforth and for ever they may regard themselves free from every restraint and from every cause of fear.'

Mr. King gives his testimony that in the interval, between the receipt of the two memorials, 'crafty thieves and villains *had* on all hands begun to raise their heads;' and abroad, he says, 'we know the cheer was sent up—a *few more doses of the drug, and all is ours! the opium trade for ever!*' This rejoicing, however, was but short-lived, as, before the close of October, a decree of the emperor was received at Canton, declaring the drug 'to have pervaded the country with its baneful influence;' commanding the provincial officers 'to apprehend the traitorous natives who sell opium, and all others concerned therein;' and at the same time giving strict orders for the expulsion of the importers from China. This expulsion, however, was not so easy to be effected; the fact was, the Hong merchants, during the year 1837, forbore to press the departure of the proscribed with their opium vessels. But the Canton government saw the necessity of doing something, in consequence of the orders from Peking, and the first step was the breaking up of the native communication between the Lintin depôt

depôt and the city, which took place in May, 1837. The importations, nevertheless, continued to increase, and many thousand chests were delivered at Whampoa, and several of them are stated to have found their way even into the foreign factories. The deliveries continued till September, 1838, exceeding in the five preceding months 10,000 chests, all in direct violation of the emperor's edict. About this time, however, many seizures and bloody collisions took place, and continued until the month of December, when one of the *English* adventurers, being detected in the act of smuggling opium into one of the factories, a general stoppage of trade was declared; one of the Hong merchants, implicated in the transaction, was sent down to wear the *cangue* (or wooden collar) round his neck at Whampoa, and the rest of this body employed themselves in devising a mode of ejection for the detected foreigner, to save him and themselves from the peril that threatened them.

At the same time, it pleased the governor of Canton to try the effect of a public execution of a native opium dealer before the doors of the factories. A document from that officer to the Chamber of Commerce, in answer to their remonstrance, informed them, that the penalty of death, to which the culprit had subjected himself, was the result of the pernicious introduction of opium into Canton by foreigners; that the leading out of the criminal to the ground adjoining the foreign residences, was designed 'to strike observation, to arouse reflection, that the depraved portion of the foreign community might be deterred from pursuing their evil courses;' for, it is added, 'those foreigners, though born and brought up beyond the pale of civilisation, have yet human hearts.' The American pamphleteer says:—

'This remarkable reply at once placed the fearful act in its right aspect. It was not a disrespect to flags—a public insult—it had no national bearing whatever. It was a holding up before the eyes of the introducers of opium one of the miserable partners of their trade, one of the wretched victims of their seductions. Awful as was the mode of appeal, it was yet a most moving appeal to what its director knew that barbarism could not extinguish—to human sympathies. It was while reading this humiliating paper that I resolved to interfere no more with the threatened executions. It was not for me, it was not for my nation, to remonstrate. It was for the opium importer to look on until his heart sickened, and his hands refused to continue the deadly importations. My sorrow should go with him if he were called to attend again on the scene of agony, but it should be the grief of indignation. My pity, my appeal for mercy, I would reserve for the mangled and dying victim'.—*Opium Crisis*, p. 11-12.

It would be supposed from this pathetic paragraph that the writer and 'his nation' had no concern in the prohibited article.

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We certainly felt no disposition to give them the credit of abstinence from a trade, when anything was to be got by it; and Mr. Lindsay has confirmed us on this point:—

‘ I will here add a few words to correct a very prevalent impression, that the Americans have had but little to do with the opium trade: on the contrary, with one or two exceptions, every American house in China was engaged in the trade. There were American depôt ships at Lintin, and on the coast. One of the sixteen hostages detained was the head of a highly respectable American firm: in fact, both in the acts which originated the dispute, and the insults and outrages consequent thereon, our transatlantic brethren have had their full share.’—*Lindsay*, p. 14.

The Chinese opium dealer, above mentioned, was strangled in the market-place, the foreign residents having succeeded in driving away the executioner from their premises, together with the mob that attended him. But the viceroy was not to be thus defeated in his object; and two months afterwards another poor wretch was strangled on a cross in front of the factories. Intelligence was also received at Canton that Heu-Nae-tse, who had recommended a duty on opium, had been banished to the confines of Tartary, and degraded to the lowest rank—a further omen of what was approaching;—and thus ended 1838.

The year 1839 commenced by a fresh proclamation, warning the people that, ‘ in a few days a new and severe law will be put in force,’ and ending with an appeal to ‘ the sons of China, no longer to take the substance of their native land, and give it to foreigners.’ Mr. King, seeing the crisis approaching, warned the residents of the necessity of drawing a line between the licit and illicit trade; but ‘ his well-meant warnings,’ he tells Captain Elliott, ‘ were disregarded; he was denied a hearing in the *Consol-house*, in the Chamber of Commerce, and at the factories.’ A second proclamation came out—a paper, says the same gentleman, full of meaning:—

‘ It spoke of the long duration of foreign intercourse; charged the hurtful traffic in opium on the lust of gain; taunted the residents with their favourite epithet, “honourable men;” and declared that the indignation of the Emperor was now aroused, his line taken, and his will waiting only to be carried into execution. Pursuing the same strain of mingled statement, warning, entreaty, and invective, it told of the preparations making to uproot the traffic; adverted to the apprehensions and the executions that had lately taken place; and asked, if while the people of the country are thus severely visited, the villany of the foreigner can escape an even-handed justice. “Most earnestly do we command you,” said the authors of the proclamation, after a long preamble, “to turn from your vile courses, AND SEND BACK TO ITS COUNTRY

EVERY

EVERY ONE OF THE RECEIVING SHIPS NOW anchored in the outside waters."—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 13, 14.

This proclamation also notified the appointment of an Imperial Commissioner from Peking—his hourly expected arrival—his strict orders and fixed purpose to eradicate the vice of opium-smoking, —and it closed with earnest and reiterated intreaties, that the foreigners would take the counsels offered, and thus escape more serious alternatives. Still the opium merchants, the ships, and the smuggling appear not to have undergone any change until March, when the Imperial Commissioner arrived; 'on the eve of his appearance,' says the American to Captain Elliott, 'the last of the small craft yielded to your instances, backed by the Chamber of Commerce, and reluctantly left the river.' For the first week, this Commissioner confined himself to the making of inquiries, 'close and searching;' 'the officers were all surprised by the variety and minuteness of his information;' and it was given out that, by way of strengthening his resolution, the Emperor, on appointing him to his present situation, had declared with tears, that he could not meet his august father and grandfather after death, unless the vice of opium-smoking were abolished!

The first proclamation of Commissioner Lin declared all the opium, within the Chinese waters, forfeited to the government, allowing three days only for the submission of its holders, and also for the receipt of their pledges, that they would cease to introduce that article into the country; disobedience to these commands to be visited with stoppage of all trade, personal restraint, and even severer penalties. This proclamation was accompanied by another, addressed to the Hong merchants, in a tone of bitter upbraiding; making them responsible for the submission of the foreigners—and failing this, menacing one or more of their number with exemplary (*i. e.* probably *capital*) punishment.

Though these edicts fell like a thunderbolt on the general trading community, not a few affected to hold them cheap, as they had done others, and boldly pronounced the demand a mere *ruse*—a trick of the Commissioner to raise money. The American merchant, however, says he regarded them in a very different point of view. He says that strongly but vainly he advised Captain Elliott to act in concert with the Commissioner; to propose that the drug should be given up to his disposal, on his guarantee (as superintendent), that the opium should be reconveyed to the places of its origin.

We doubt the wisdom or the policy of the latter part of this advice, the tendency of which must have been at once to identify the Queen's superintendent with the opium dealers. However, the three days having expired before any answer was given,
and

and the Commissioner being highly irritated, the opium dealers began to be alarmed, and tried to buy off the danger as cheaply as possible, by offering 1036 chests of opium, as a sop to Cerberus, which Mr. King calls 'a compromise between generosity, pity, and calculation.' The Commissioner was more enraged by this offer than before; he sent an invitation to Mr. Dent, whose name appears at the head of the dealers, to wait on him in the city; but Mr. Dent refused to go, as advised by the other dealers, unless with a safe-conduct under Lin's own seal. This, we should say, was highly impolitic, as, by personal communication, he might have succeeded in coming to some amicable adjustment; indeed the officers, who came from the Commissioner, said he only wished to see and admonish Mr. Dent;—the worst that could have befallen him was that which actually followed the refusal;—personal restraint in the Commissioner's palace, instead of his own house, until some satisfactory pledge, or arrangement, could be agreed upon. This refusal, added to the well-intentioned but highly imprudent conduct of the English Superintendent, led to the immediate and fatal crisis of the opium transaction. The following allusion to this conduct is important: speaking of the refusal of Mr. Dent, the American merchant says to Captain Elliott,—

'Escape had been guarded against by the measures of the previous day (the detention of ships, &c.), and additional guards were now posted. The Sabbath intervened (December 24); and in deference to the foreigners' "worship day," proceedings were suspended. Early in the evening your arrival was announced; and, acting on the spur of the occasion, you proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. Dent, and removed him to your own roof, under your own protection. The departure of this gentleman from his own premises, while the truce was still pending, had no sooner taken place, than the idea of an escape spread through the native guards, officers, &c. It was hastily communicated to their superiors, and the reply came back to us, in the cry of "Kwan-chap," "Kwan-chap,"* ringing through the neighbourhood. The avenues to our residences were shut up; our native servants were ordered away; and a strong land and water guard enclosed us. I then read, for the first time, your official notice of March 23, issued at Macao, evidently under erroneous apprehensions. It was now backed by a further communication, in conformity with which you proceeded to ask passports for your countrymen, leaving it to them to continue at their own risk within the empire. This call lying unanswered, you issued a farther notice (6 A.M. 27th), declaring your duress, and requiring all the British owned opium within the Chinese waters to be surrendered to you before the close of the day, "for her Majesty's service," holding yourself and the British government re-

* Meaning, we believe, *Shut up, shut up.*

sponsible for it, in order that it might be delivered up to the Chinese government. Such was the turn given by you to the *OPIMUM CRISIS*; nine hours after a leading opium holder had declared to me his full belief that the Commissioner was a rogue, and his whole demand a mere scheme to extort money!—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 22, 23.

We certainly cannot help thinking that Captain Elliott would have acted a more prudent part, had he not gone to Canton at all at this moment of excitement, but asked for an audience while at Macao; as he did go, it would have been politic, we think, to have demanded such an audience of the Commissioner, if not with the view 'to act in concert with him,' as the American advised, at least with a view of explaining to him, that the Superintendent had no authority whatever over smugglers—that his duties were connected only with the legal trade. Had he done this, instead of hastening to take the offensive part of releasing Mr. Dent, things might have taken a very different turn, even though he had unfortunately, to a certain degree, committed himself before he left Macao, by advising or sanctioning resistance on the part of the opium dealers. The Chinese knew this, for to the blessing of a *free trade* there had been added that of a *free press* at Canton; and not a note passed from Captain Elliott but instantly found its way into one or other of the antagonist free prints of the place. The immediate and unfortunate result of Mr. Dent's release was some such demonstration on the part of Lin, that Captain Elliott issued an order, by which 20,283 chests of opium were required to be delivered to him, for her Majesty's service, to be by him surrendered to the Commissioner Lin; and to induce compliance in the opium dealers, he gave them a pledge that her Majesty's government, for whose service it was so delivered, would restore to them the full value of the article ceded; Captain Elliott, in short, making himself fully responsible as Superintendent under her Majesty's warrant. Captain Elliott has been very much censured for this surrender, and the pledge he gave to Commissioner Lin; but, before we condemn him, we should ascertain the position in which he stood. It is stated by the Superintendent's party that it was very similar to that of Gil Blas, when the bandit beggar asked his money with a carbine pointed at his head. Lin's weapons were, it is said, not less effective,—insult, starvation, imprisonment, and menace of death. The parliamentary papers have many remarkable omissions, to be sure; but here, *in limine*, we do not find in them any distinct trace of such extreme threats as are assumed in the reports we have alluded to. However, whatever Mr. Elliott's urging motive had been, the opium dealers, as may readily be supposed, were not averse to deliver up, on such a pledge, their cargoes, which, even under more favourable circumstances, might have remained
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a long time on their hands. Mr. Lindsay bears favourable testimony to the character of Captain Elliott as a zealous and conscientious officer; but says, there can be no doubt that in his public acts he has committed great errors, and shown a want of firmness. We must add, that his letters and despatches are evidently those of a gentleman who could have had very little experience in the management of any business of importance; and, moreover, that the style he writes in is often utterly unintelligible to us—what then must it have been, with the additional flourishes of translation, to the Chinese authorities?

We know little of the circumstances which brought about Captain Elliott's connexion with these Chinese affairs. He went out, it seems, with Lord Napier, when the blunder of appointing that unfortunate nobleman to supplant the supercargoes of the East India Company took place, and was made harbour-master at Canton. We need not recur to the unhappy administration of poor Lord Napier; but on his death Sir George Robinson succeeded to the chief post, and during the two years that this gentleman held it his skill, temper, and caution produced most excellent effects: everything seemed to have returned much to the old channel, and we heard nothing of complaints, either on the part of English or Chinese. The British government, for some unexplained reason, thought fit to supersede Sir G. Robinson by Captain Elliott; and though he was, we have good reason to believe, strongly warned on the subject of opium and the opium dealers, it seems to be clear that he, almost from the beginning of his superintendency, got into relations of private intercourse with some of the chief parties engaged in the illicit traffic. This appears to have been the *origo mali*. If he could not put a stop to this trade, he ought to have done what he could to discountenance it; but step by step he was led into the snare that had been artfully set for him; and, after many vacillations, he is found, when at Macao, publicly warning the opium people that he could never interfere in their behalf, and then, on reaching Canton, immediately releasing, *brevi manu*, from duress, a trader particularly obnoxious to the Commissioner,—at least Lin brands Dent as 'the greatest opium trader.'

For this act Mr. Elliott was himself, with others, put under restraint the very evening of his arrival, the 24th of March. On the 25th he writes to the Governor of Canton, claiming passports for all the English ships and people at Canton. In the reply of the same day the passports are refused, and the commands of the imperial Commissioner signified that the opium in the ships must be at once delivered up. On the 26th the Prefect of Canton transmits him an order from the Commissioner,
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laying on him the responsibility, if the surrender of the opium be not forthwith carried into effect, adding, 'if he have aught that he would say in the way of entreaty, he is permitted to make a clear statement thereof.' Another letter of the same date, from the Prefect, repeats the Commissioner's commands to the Superintendent, and says, the offence of 'contumacious resistance and opposition is turned away from Dent and fixed on Elliott;' but concludes with a promise that, if the opium were speedily given up, not only the Chinese servants would be restored, but entreaties would be laid before the Great Emperor 'that favours may be shown beyond the bounds of law.' Next morning, at daylight, (the 27th) Captain Elliott writes the following letter to the Commissioner:—

'Canton, March 27th, 1839.

'Elliott, &c. has now had the honour to receive, for the first time, your Excellency's commands, bearing date the 26th day of March, issued by the pleasure of the Great Emperor, to deliver over into the hands of honourable officers to be appointed by your Excellency, all the opium in the hands of British subjects.

'Elliott must faithfully and completely fulfil these commands; and he has now respectfully to request that your Excellency will be pleased to indicate the point to which the ships of his nation, having opium on board, are to proceed, so that the whole may be delivered up.

'The faithful account of the same shall be transmitted as soon as it is ascertained.

(Signed)

'CHARLES ELLIOTT.'

(*Parliamentary papers*, p. 373.)

Now, it appears to us quite plain that this most submissive letter must have been a reply to some communication late in the day of the 26th, which has been suppressed in the compilation of official papers. Why are we left in ignorance of what the Imperial Commissioner really threatened? We certainly shall not easily believe that the mere duress of two days, with a vague intimation that offenders of the laws were liable to punishment, could have frightened Captain Elliott into his grand step!

It can scarcely be doubted that the Commissioner, on finding Dent had been released by the superintendent, thought himself justified in shutting up the superintendent in return. The American merchant more than hints at this. He says, 'When you came in a boat to Canton and wished to take Dent and abscond with him, preventive steps became necessary; for the same reason the native servants were removed also.' Mr. Elliott, however, says he was told by the merchants that these orders had been given in the morning of the day he arrived. Here, again, we desiderate conclusive details.

But to proceed. This summary mode of dealing with a handful
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of defenceless men, is stated by Mr. King to be, as it certainly was, 'very un-English;' but it is perfectly Chinese, and had often been practised on the factory servants of the East India Company, though not to such an extreme degree. We even find it at the earliest period of our intercourse with the Chinese, as in the instance of Captain Weddell, whose adventure is disinterred in the 'Letter to Viscount Palmerston.' In the year 1635, an association was formed for trading to India and China, under the patronage of Charles I., when Captain Weddell was sent out with four ships. In proceeding up the river of Canton, his boat was fired upon, in consequence of which he attacked a fort, landed a hundred men, and carried off forty-six guns, fired a house, and, having seized some junks, the Chinese, not much relishing so determined a character, made overtures for peace, and gave permission for his supercargoes to proceed and trade at Canton. From thence he received 'a patent for free trade, and liberty to fortify any place outside of the mouth of the river,' on the condition, however, that he gave up the guns which he had taken on board his ship, and intended to keep; but the Chinese, 'with their usual treachery and bad faith,' soon after arrested one of his supercargoes with the goods in his possession, placed him in confinement, and sent down fire-junks to burn Weddell's ships; and the two supercargoes at Canton '*were confined to their house, their domestics expelled, their fire quenched, victuals denied them, and a guard of soldiers set over them to prevent all access.*' After this, Captain Weddell attacked sixteen men-of-war junks, burnt five of them, dispersed the rest; burnt and destroyed several towns and villages, the inhabitants of which fled with their complaints to Canton; and this had the desired effect of bringing the officers of government to their senses; all sorts of apologies were made and indulgences granted to Captain Weddell. How very like all the first part of this story is to the recent proceedings of the Chinese!

The American merchant, in his letter to the Superintendent, wherein he truly, if not kindly, reminds him over and over again of his vacillating conduct, says,—

'In the first place, you warned (December 18th) the British owners of small craft engaged in the opium traffic *within* the Bogue, that "Her Majesty's Government will in no way interpose, if the Chinese Government shall think fit to seize and confiscate the same:" whereas, on the issue of the decree of March 17th, confiscating the *materiel* of the same traffic *without* the Bogue, you charged the several commanders named in your notice, with "the duty of protecting" the same property. Again, in the former notice you declared, that "the forcible resisting of the Chinese officers, in the duty of searching and seizing, *is a lawless act*, liable to the penalties of forcible resistance opposed to officers of our own Government:" while in the latter, you directed "*all ships o*

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her Majesty's subjects, at the outward anchorages, to proceed to Hong Kong, and, *hoisting their national colours*, to be prepared to resist every *act of aggression* on the part of the Chinese Government."—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 34, 35.

In the same tone he tells Captain Elliott that his language, in a moment of excitement, 'has already gone far to involve two great nations in *causeless* hostilities.'—More wormwood:—

'I must be permitted to repeat that, if there were one principle of more importance than any other—a principle never to be contravened, never to be lost sight of in the progress of this question—it was the separation of the British flag, the British name, from all responsibility for the illicit commerce. What, then, must be our decision on a course of measures which, instead of accomplishing this grand end, has, within the period of two years, completely identified the two; exhibiting the British factory at Canton as the refuge of the opium-importer; her Majesty's sloop at Hong Kong as the armed defender of the drug after confiscation; and the British superintendent himself as its open assumer, its real controller, its forced transferrer, its public deliverer, to the extent of 20,283 chests; and all "in the name and for the service of her Majesty's Government?"'—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 43, 44.

Had the admirable *Memorandum* on Chinese affairs, drawn up by the Duke of Wellington when last in office, in the beginning of 1835, been duly consulted and acted upon, how different would have been the present position of things!—In the spirit of that strikingly simple, clear, and comprehensive paper (*Correspondence*, p. 51), it was undoubtedly Capt. Elliott's duty to adhere to his first resolution, not to interfere in any way with the opium traders, and inform the Imperial Commissioner that his office was confined to the protection of the legitimate trade. The opium people might then have taken their own measures; as they were at that time under no restraint, and their ships in safety at Hong Kong, they might have remained there in defiance of Admiral Kwan and the whole force of the Chinese, and disposed of their *drug* along the coast, as it is well known other opium ships have been doing, and that to a great extent, since the violent measures of the Commissioner. This is the line they undoubtedly would have taken, had not the bait been too tempting to resist—an immediate market for the whole quantity—the purchaser her Majesty's Superintendent,—the paymaster the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No wonder, then, that matters should have taken a different and a most unfortunate turn. The opium was delivered up, and deposited at a place within, and five or six miles above, the Bogue—Mr. Johnstone, who held some situation under the Superintendent, acting as a landwaiter of the customs, and the latter, as Collector, registering the daily account of the deliveries. This done, Commissioner Lin is said to have lost no time in making

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preparations for enjoying the triumph of witnessing in person the whole destroyed (it is alleged by a mixture of salt and lime), and then swept into the river. A letter of Mr. King, detailing these preparations, and the process of launching the drug into the water, has appeared in all the newspapers. But has Lin acted honestly in this proceeding? Did he really destroy the whole of this immense mass of opium? We ask the question, because the 'Resident in China' assigns some grounds for doubting it. None of the Chinese boatmen even were allowed to approach the place. The editor of the 'Canton Register' applied for permission to see the process, on the ground that foreigners, if excluded, would not believe the opium had been destroyed—but he was refused. The Commissioner's friend—Mr. King—we are told, and he alone, was allowed that favour. He went to the place one day, protected by the armed boats of two American ships of war, and was at once admitted. But the doubts of the 'Resident' are mainly founded on this:—The emperor's edict for the destruction was promulgated at Canton on the 3rd June; and a letter from the agent of Lloyd's, dated 25th June, states, 'The last of the opium is to be destroyed this day.' Now, the intervening period of twenty-two days, at 300 chests destroyed per day (the number stated to have been settled for the process), would give no more than 6600 chests, not one-third of the quantity delivered. Has LIN, too, become a smuggler of opium? Whatever may be the case, the crisis has passed: the sacrifice has been made—it did not satisfy the Chinese, but forthwith tempted them to new audacities—and the consequences are to follow.

The American letter-writer deprecates war, which, he says, would not be against the Chinese government, but the Chinese people. We were once of the same opinion. We indeed deemed the proceedings of the Imperial Commissioner to have been carried to an extremity which could admit of no justification, considering how long a legitimate commercial intercourse (valuable to both parties) had subsisted, and the great number of years that the opium trade had been tolerated, so far, at least, by the Peking government, that it had entirely overlooked its own decrees, both as regarded foreigners and Chinese. But, nevertheless, had matters remained as they were at the point to which we have brought them, and had the Commissioner Lin not proceeded to acts against British subjects still more outrageous than the violence by which he obtained possession of the opium, we should still have advocated a peaceable adjustment of the question; but this appears to be now impossible.

The question is, however, a very grave one. Notwithstanding all the irritating reflections to which these recent occurrences give
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in every English mind, we cannot get rid of a certain predilection in favour of China. We cannot divest ourselves of the notion, that it is the oldest nation on the whole earth, at present existing; one whose annals extend to at least 3000 years, brought down in a regular and uncontradicted history, in which we find an unbroken series of dynasties, ruling over a population exceeding that of any other empire in the world in numbers, yet *one*, unchangeable, to all appearance, unmixed. When, moreover, we find such a multitudinous population, possessed of the largest, most fertile, and best watered country on the globe, intersected with numerous navigable rivers (two of the greatest magnitude), and their affluent streams; an internal navigation, unparalleled even in Europe, extending in one line 1200 miles, with a single portage, and connecting the northern capital with the great southern emporium of foreign trade;—when we find that this great mass of human beings are supplied with all the necessaries of life, and most of the luxuries, without foreign aid; that they are living in a state of peaceful industry, governed by a set of laws peculiarly their own, and wholly unlike those of any other nation: using a written, original, and philosophically constructed language, which bears no affinity to any other, and of so great an antiquity that neither the records nor the memory of man can go to the contrary;—when we find the arts almost all in a state of high advancement, and many of them of extreme beauty;—for example, their silks, satins, sculptures in wood, in ivory, in horn, such as those exquisitely-wrought ivory fans and horn mirrors, which we have not yet been able to imitate;—their porcelains, to the beauty and transparency of which none of the nations of Europe have yet attained;—when we reflect that the art of printing has been practised by them from time immemorial, and thousands upon thousands of volumes published on the various subjects of government, laws, morals, and religion (as it is), on agriculture, gardening, and other domestic matters together with the lighter kinds of reading, as novels, plays, romances;—when, moreover, we find, what is not to be found elsewhere in the whole Eastern world, this vast population lodged in houses of stone, or brick, or wood, neatly fitted up and finished, the upper and middle ranks dressed in silks and satins, the peasantry in cotton clothing—advantages, too, which their ancestors possessed when our own were rudely wrapped in the skins of animals;—when we find them enjoying the luxury of lying in beds surrounded with curtains, sitting on chairs and sofas, and eating their meals off tables, while other orientals are still squatting on the ground—when we consider these things, we confess ourselves unable to regard the Chinese without a feeling of respect;

nor are we surprised that, to quote only one eye-witness, the Right Honourable Henry Ellis, after traversing the land from Peking to Canton, should say:—

‘It is impossible to travel through the emperor of China’s dominions without feeling that he has the finest country within an imperial ring-fence in the world.’

It seems to us absurd to contemplate such a nation, with such a history and such a country, without far more respect than European writers are in the habit of expressing. Whatever defects we may see in the details of its government, still we must feel that there is some grand principle of good management at the bottom—something which no other nation has been able to match. And indeed we must take the liberty of remarking that, in comparing the official Reports and other Chinese state documents, comprehended in the parliamentary folio now on our table, with *almost all* the specimens of English diplomacy bound up within the same blue cover, we are more and more disposed to pause about adopting the self-satisfied contemptuous tone of thinking and speaking as to China, which has been so much in fashion both in and out of Downing Street.

While on this part of the subject, we may here introduce an extract from a letter in our possession, written last summer at Canton by a gentleman wholly unconnected with trade.

‘You will, of course, be acquainted long ere this can reach you with the desperate state of our affairs in China. I can scarce find words to describe the pass to which matters have been brought. The opium trade is the cause; but it does not end with the opium trade. It has also embarrassed seriously our *legal* trade, which is in such a position that I can see no medium course to re-open it, except by means of a successful war, or the most cringing and humiliating concessions. The former I deprecate, as we have a bad, a notoriously unjust, cause to build upon; and if circumstances compel us to the second, why then the sooner the better, and let us put the best face upon matters that we can. Meantime the Americans, most luckily for them, not being politically mixed up with the opium trade, as we unfortunately are, are preparing to renew their commercial intercourse with the Chinese, as if nothing had happened; while all the British subjects are ordered out of Canton by the chief superintendent. The British ships and property are ordered by the same authority to remain outside; and any transactions for British accounts must pass, *pro tempore*, through the hands of the Americans. I cannot tell you how ashamed I feel at the state of affairs here. I am certainly averse to retrace our steps, and confess to the Chinese that all we have said and threatened before is just so much bullying and blustering, to which they need pay no attention; and yet to try the *voie de fait* and *fail*, would, I fear, be to have our flag banished from those seas, and the whole of the foreign trade to pass through the hands of the Americans;

cans, as took place at Japan some couple of hundred years ago, in the case of the Portuguese and Dutchmen.

‘Again, with reference to the force required for the renewal of our intercourse with the Chinese on higher or more honourable grounds, little as the English people know of the internal power of the country, they are about to enter the lists with three hundred millions of intelligent human beings, forming the mightiest nation upon earth; one not to be coerced by some sixteen hundred men, as Mr. Lindsay proposes. If the Chinese are determined, *as a nation*, to resist, then, I fear, the scale of warfare on which we must engage will be of such a magnitude as to be totally out of the power of the British empire to follow up; and yet of the two evils, since we have now crossed the Rubicon, since we have now drawn the sword and cast away the scabbard, I would rather fight it out manfully than bend our necks for the Chinese to set their feet upon; for, with all their good qualities, they are not magnanimous and would show but little generosity towards a fallen foe.’

Thus far from Canton.

‘Macao, 8th July.

‘I had written the above at Canton some days previously, and have now come down here, leaving but *one* British subject behind me; but he lives with the Americans, and passes for one of them. The American ships are now at Whampo, in security. The British ships are lying at anchor at Hong-Kong; and in the event of any hostilities ensuing between our government and that of the United States, would all be easily captured by the two American ships-of-war at anchor here. Strange to say, in this important crisis we have no English vessel of war here!*. . . The commissioner Lin is a very remarkable man, especially for a Chinese. He has frequently sent to me for information upon subjects of history, geography, coins, medals, the steam-engine, &c. &c., and seems to feel an interest in matters that the other mandarins affect to look upon with contempt.

‘There is now in circulation here a very curious document, being no less than a letter from the imperial commissioner, the viceroy, and foyuen, to her majesty the Queen of England; but as they insisted on writing to her as their *equal*, Captain Elliott declines to forward it. It refers chiefly to the opium trade, praying that she will take steps to put it down. It is a very good and sensible letter; and with the exception of one or two expressions, respectful enough throughout. I am, &c.’

One of the expressions here alluded to is the address ‘To the barbarian Queen Victoria.’ We have shown elsewhere† how wholly mistaken is this translation; and we are only surprised that Mr. Morrison did not take a lesson from his late father’s ‘Chinese and English Dictionary,’ where he will find that, in the

* The Duke of Wellington, in his memorandum of March, 1835, recommended two things: first, that the English authorities should most carefully abstain from mixing themselves up with the opium traders; and second, that, in order to enable them to transact their proper business with security and dignity, there should always be at hand ‘a stout frigate’ and a lesser vessel of war!

† Quarterly Review No 100.

eighteen significations of the character *E*, the word *barbarian* is not included. Its general meaning is something *strange, foreign*; and the sense in the address is, simply, 'To the Foreign Queen Victoria.' We do not see that anything would have been gained in courtesy had the usual name of *English* (*Hung-mou*) been adopted—nor yet that the Commissioner Lin would have been more accurate had he written, 'To the *red-haired* Queen Victoria.' Great offence was given to the late Lord Napier and his friends by his being styled, in some of the translations, the *Barbarian Eye*—meaning neither more nor less than the *foreign superintendent or overseer*; but we thought the blunder had been sufficiently exposed. Enough, however, for the present, of the Chinese: we shall know them better soon, and they us.

Among other questions of importance to which the opium crisis has given rise, is one of a financial nature,—Whether any, or what, or by whom, restitution is to be made for the value of the large amount of property delivered up on Captain Elliott's order, said to be about two millions and a half sterling;—that is to say, is the British government, or is the East India Company—in whose territory the greater part of the opium was produced, and through whose custom-houses it was sent to China—or are the opium dealers themselves to sustain that loss? This question, in our opinion, is not yet ripe for solution. The now unavoidable and immediate hostilities must first be brought to a point, before some of the most important practical *data* can be ascertained.

In the mean time, the opium traders are using their best exertions to induce the British government to indemnify them for the whole amount of the loss. The government would, in our opinion, establish a most dangerous precedent, by thus consenting to reward illegal transactions, on the promise or pledge of an unauthorised agent. If such an agent, the mere superintendent of trade, can bind the government to the payment of millions, what might not an ambassador, *chargé-d'affaires*, or even secretary of legation do? The thing appears to us utterly inadmissible. The ablest advocate for the traders is Mr. Warren,* who argues the case as between a principal and his agent, and maintains that the former is responsible for the acts of the latter. That doctrine, however, in the broad view taken of it, cannot be sustained. The instructions to an agent, we apprehend, are defined; and if any of his acts fall beyond the scope of his commission, the principal is not responsible. Suppose, for instance, an agent for the owner of a great estate on the west coast of Ireland, availing himself of the name, character, and

* Mr. Warren is a barrister of the Inner Temple—and the author of the highly popular work called 'Diary of a late Physician.'

credit of his principal, should be able to raise a large sum of money, ostensibly on his account, and embark with it for that happy land where runaway rogues can dwell in security and unmolested—will Mr. Warren maintain that the owner of the estate, whose name was made use of, is bound by the fraudulent act of his agent to replace the money? But Mr. Warren takes up another ground equally untenable: he asks, 'Can it be seriously suggested that the "*trade and commerce*," which Captain Elliott was sent to protect and promote, did not extend to the traffic in opium, which was contraband?' In reply, we do 'seriously suggest' that the *trade and commerce* in question did *not* include opium. Would any British minister so far stultify himself as to instruct, for instance, the superintendent, or chief of the commission, or by whatever title he may be called, to protect and promote *smuggling* at Canton, at the same time that he is instructing a consul 'to take special notice of all prohibitions, so that he may admonish all British subjects against carrying on an illicit commerce;' and, moreover, that 'he is diligently to attend to this part of his duty, in order to *prevent smuggling*?' But Mr. Warren will find, on referring to Captain Elliott's instructions, which we understand to be the same as those of the late Lord Napier, that they are not 'vague and obscure,' as he pronounces them to be, on this point; but that the mercantile interests, which these officers were sent to protect, are such and no other than, as expressed therein, 'the trade and commerce of our subjects in the peaceable prosecution of *all lawful enterprises*.' He will find, too, that Captain Elliott himself perfectly understood that his commission was thus limited; that it was not until the very day he signed the grand *order* that he ever compromised himself to the Chinese as having any concern in, or control over, the traders in *opium*. It is the sudden change of resolution as to this matter, which forms the most extraordinary point in the whole story as told in these Parliamentary documents.

Another learned advocate, who calls himself 'a barrister at law,' has made a discovery we were not prepared for—he qualifies it, indeed, with an *if*, but we fear his *if*, in the present case, will be no peacemaker—he says, '*if* the emperor gave his sanction to his authorities in Canton'—(which he never did, but the contrary)—'to permit the importation of opium, notwithstanding the law (of 1796), it was as much a repeal of the law, as if the formal revocation of it had actually taken place, and the punishing persons for the violation of it, is as unjust and cruel, as if it were an *ex post facto* law altogether.' Were this good law, what a number of our old statute-books might be committed to the flames! Choo-tsun argues the point much better. We

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agree with him that the non-execution of a law may happen from ignorance, indifference, or connivance, but that none of these can repeal the law or affect its validity.

We apprehend that Captain Elliott stood precisely in the same position with the late East India Company's supercargoes. These gentlemen, as well as the commanders of the East India ships, were strictly prohibited from having, directly or indirectly, any concern with the importation of opium; not from any abstract moral aversion to the drug, but simply *because* it had been declared contraband by the Pekin government; and it will not be denied, that every government has a full right to declare what foreign articles may, and what shall not, be imported. But, say the advocates for the traders, the poppy is grown in the possessions of the East India Company, the drug is carefully prepared there for the China market, it passes through their custom-houses, and its destination is well known. What then? Do no smuggled goods for France, Spain, and the two Americas pass through our custom-houses, with a sufficient knowledge of their several destinations, and is any attempt made to stop them? Does France make any attempt to prevent her brandies, silks, or any other article from being smuggled into England? Or the Dutch their gins or sweet waters? Do any of the smugglers of these nations, or their governments, make any reclamation on ours for property lost, or vessels destroyed by our coast blockade or revenue cruisers? Certainly not; the smugglers and their employers take upon themselves all risks of their illegal enterprises, well knowing that no man can take advantage of his own wrong.

But it is alleged that the Indian ryots, or farmers, are compelled to cultivate the poppy, to the exclusion of other products. We doubt this very much. It is true, no doubt, that the Company have advanced money to help ryots engaged in this as well as in other branches of cultivation—the growth of rice, for instance, out of which *arrack* is made—but we cannot see that the persons who bought opium for the purposes of an illegal trade, and lost it in the course of their proceedings, have any legal claim of indemnity against the government of Bengal. The House of Commons, we are told, refused on one occasion to interfere with these internal territorial arrangements of the Company, and therefore the British nation is compromised! But we reject such inferences. Firstly, why should the House of Commons conclude that one of the most blessed of medical articles could only be grown in India with a view to immoral indulgences in China. So much for those who argue this whole question as if it were one of pure ethics. Secondly, for rational persons who look at matters

matters of business with common sense, would it not have been rather hard on the East India Company, after stripping them of all the benefits derived from trade, and particularly that most lucrative branch of it with China, to dictate to them the manner in which they should raise a revenue from the cultivation of their land? Lord Sandon, we perceive, has been prevailed upon by a certain set or sect of persons to present a petition against the growth of opium in India. Among them are 'Quakers sly and Presbyterians sour,'—excellent people, but sometimes more busy than wise. Has the noble lord consulted his constituents of Liverpool?

Lastly, it has been said that the opium ships were not in China waters when the seizure was made. This plea cannot avail: Hong-Kong is close to the continent of China, in the bay of Macao, and as much in China as Spithead is in England.

But we must say a word or two more on a plea which has already been glanced at: we mean the alleged encouragement given to the introduction of opium by the Chinese themselves. No doubt it has been winked at by inferior officers, as in other nations, where smuggled articles are generally sought after with avidity; it was this that made our coast blockades and coast guards necessary. 'Most men,' says Choo-tsun, 'prize what is strange;' and so we find it at most of our own great ports. It is well known how eagerly, at the bathing-places on the coast, the ladies seek to gratify their desires in procuring *Brussels* lace (frequently *de facto* English), French gloves, silks, &c., through the means of some old woman, who is always at hand to wait on them well stuffed with such-like commodities. We all remember the carriage of the lady of a lord-chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench being stopped on the highway, the smuggled goods seized, and a penalty of 1000*l.* laid on the coach. If smugglers had not been encouraged along our shores, why should we have to pay 400 commissioned officers of the navy and 4000 seamen, as a coast-guard against their illicit practices? This plea, then, of encouragement by the subaltern officers, while the government was denouncing the trade under severe penalties, will not, we think, avail.

Mr. Lindsay, however, assures us, that 'during the peaceful and regular days,'—that is, from 1821 to the time when the traders were forced to quit Whampoa—there was neither mystery nor secrecy in the mode of carrying on the traffic.

'At that time there must have been from thirty to forty fine Chinese boats, each pulling from thirty to fifty oars, employed in the trade. These boats plied up and down the river in open day, passing to and fro, in front of the forts and government cruisers, without any notice what-
ever

ever being taken of them. In Canton, boating was a favourite diversion; and we had several first-rate six-oared London wharries, in which we used generally to go out for a pull about four in the afternoon, and many a race have we held with these large opium boats, which generally used to arrive at Canton about that hour. For the honour of London wharries, I must say that I never saw a fifty-oared boat which we could not beat. Several times, during the winter, certain large boats used to leave Canton bearing divers foreign articles for the imperial palace. These boats carried the imperial flag, which privileged them against all search or examination; and thus each flotilla carried away several hundred chests of opium for sale and distribution in the various towns along the road, forming another valuable perquisite of office to some functionary.'—*Lindsay*, pp. 10, 11.

He goes on to tell a most strange story: it is neither more nor less than that in 1836, when the proposal of Heu-nae-tse to legalize the opium trade was agitated in the cabinet at Peking, the trade was suddenly stopped, and the leading opium dealers thought it safe to burn their boats;—but

'The viceroy of Canton was thus reduced to a serious dilemma as to how the opium trade should be conducted, and the mode he adopted to arrange the matter was strange indeed. He built four of the largest-sized boats, each pulling fifty oars, carrying his own flag, and with these he carried on the trade himself, through the agency of his own son. This fact was so notorious that the whole of Canton was placarded with pasquinades in doggerel rhymes about the viceroy, his four boats, and his hopeful son. About the same period, for the first time in the history of the opium trade, foreigners commenced actually to carry on a smuggling trade themselves in European boats.'—*Lindsay*, p. 15.

If any one of less authority than Mr. Lindsay, who was on the spot, had stated this, we should scarcely have felt disposed to give it credit. But, with such an example before them, can it be surprising that all the inferior officers of the government became active smugglers of opium?—that they not only connived at, but participated in the profits of, the trade—their share of which, upon a moderate estimate, is stated by Mr. Lindsay at not less than '280,000*l.* annually;' this sum 'being divided between the viceroy, the hoppo, the admiral of the station, and their dependants?'

'There is a singular fact connected with a small fee or perquisite of a dollar per chest, which especially belonged to the admiral. It would appear that this sum had not been very regularly paid, so, in order to secure himself against being cheated by his own countrymen, his excellency, some years ago, sent a very civil message to the various depôt ships at Lintin, requesting, as a special favour, that his perquisite might be collected on board the foreign ships, and paid over to him monthly, which had actually been done, so long as the regular trade lasted.'—*Lindsay*, p. 10.

Under

Under all the circumstances of the case—the Superintendent's (however absurd) identification of himself with the opium traders—his order (however rash) for the surrender of the opium to him when it was placed securely in their ships, and utterly beyond the power of the Chinese—the encouragement given to the culture and manufacture of the drug by the East India Company—and the indifference as to its prohibition by the Chinese authorities, 'during the peaceful and regular days,' thereby encouraging its importation:—all these things being considered, we are not disposed to deny that a case, not of strict right and justice, but *ad misericordiam*, may be made out for the opium dealers;—especially if the report in the city should prove unfounded (of which we know nothing), that the gains made by those concerned in the trade have been enormous;—that one gentleman boasts having put in his pocket 180,000*l.*; and that one house has cleared not less than 400,000*l.*!

Some of their advocates suggest a partial remuneration for their losses; but the main question is, who is to advance the money? The '*Pro and Con*' gentleman finds no difficulty on this point. He decides at once, and only once, while wavering between his two little *parts of speech*, as follows:—'If the pagan semi-barbarians,' as he calls the Chinese, 'have really destroyed the drug, and are desirous of stopping the opium trade, through fears regarding the morals of their people, or the loss of their *sey-cee* silver, let us demand immediate payment, with interest, of only one half the value of the opium seized, at an average of seven years' price; let our two governments pay one-fourth, and let those concerned bear the loss of the remaining fourth part; say, China pay fifty per cent., England and India twenty-five per cent., and the concerned lose twenty-five per cent.' On this point of indemnification, we should once more say,—wait the issue of the contest with China; after which, and, perhaps, indeed before, the Chinese may not object, on a very slight pressure, to announce that their benevolent emperor, out of compassion for the ignorance of foreigners in the sublime and merciful laws of the 'Central Flowery Land,' and as an act of *charity* to the *starving* English, whose property has been so properly destroyed, to save the lives of millions of his beloved subjects, has ordered, &c. &c. A friend of ours, who, from long experience, knows the Chinese better, perhaps, than any other individual, has suggested to us the same notion, and that it will be done by four or five annual instalments, as was the general practice with regard to the debts of Hong merchants, whenever they became insolvent. By a juggle of this kind the government knows well how to indemnify itself, at the expense of future traders, by laying on additional imposts.

But the question of indemnification forms but a small portion of the evil :—a lucrative legal trade destroyed ;—the merchants engaged in it in danger of being ruined ;—a defalcation in the revenue of four millions :—these are the most important and serious results of the opium crisis. We are told, on the best authority,* that the extent of the China trade, separate and distinct from that of opium, was as follows, on an average of four years, from 1835 to 1838 :—

Imports into Canton	£2,666,194
Exports from	3,825,744

£6,491,938 ;

that the amount in the year, from April, 1835, to March, 1836, was

£8,844,044 ;

and that the annual average quantity of *tea* imported in the four years above mentioned, was 37,827,774 pounds, producing an annual revenue to the exchequer of 3,830,000*l*.

Compensation for these losses of trade and revenue is at this moment suspended, and placed in imminent peril. The deprivation of the article of tea alone would prove a public calamity of no slight importance. It is an article that affords a luxury to the rich, and a blessing to the poor. The moral effect of this beverage, as preventing recourse to stronger stimulants, is inestimable.

It is easy to say we shall get it through other channels : we are not so sure of that ; for should our trade be cut off, the supply of tea itself in China will undoubtedly fail. Immense as is the empire in population, not a fourth part of the quantity of tea produced is consumed by the inhabitants ; and if foreign export be cut off, the cultivation will to a very large extent be abandoned.

The Chinese now admit, and we believe for the first time, that the loss of foreign trade would be to them a great misfortune ; but they have brought it upon themselves, and let them look to the recovery of it : and as to the prevention of opium, whether on account of its destructive quality, or as to its draining the country of its specie, it is their business, not ours. If, with a population of three or four hundred millions, they cannot afford a coast-guard sufficient to prevent its introduction, let them suffer the whole inconvenience—the loss of their *sey-see* silver—and all those deplorable effects of smoking, which, however, we have reason to believe are greatly exaggerated—and that not so much by them as by us. We give very little credit to the following statement drawn from the methodist missionary who collected it, with other tales, from an American house at Canton—none of whose partners, we venture to say, ever saw a Chinese smoking-shop :—

* Report of the London East India and Chinese Association in 1840.

‘Opium is not only regularly introduced, but openly sold in all parts of China. Notwithstanding the prohibition, opium shops are as plentiful in some towns of China as gin-shops are in England. The sign of these receptacles is a bamboo screen hanging before the door, which is as certain an intimation there as the chequers are here that the slave of intemperance may be gratified. Into these shops all classes of persons continually flock, from the pampered official to the abject menial. No one makes a secret of the business or the practice; and though the officers of government are loud in denouncing the indulgence in public, they privately wink at what is patronised by their own example, or subservient to their own interests.’—*Thelwall*, p. 123.

We fearlessly assert that this is not a true statement; it wears an absurdity on the very face of it. *Openly!* why, the poor Chinese that was strangled had only a little opium concealed in his back premises; and can it be supposed that, after its solemn denouncement on penalty of death, opium is *openly* sold, and that opium-shops are as plentiful as gin-shops in England? Opium, in fact, is *not* openly sold; opium-shops are *not* plentiful; a bamboo screen is *not* the sign of these receptacles; such a screen may be seen hanging before the door of almost every poor peasant. If Mr. Thelwall, who seems to be courting a crusade against opium, is not satisfied with our denial, let him inquire of any or all of the gentlemen of Lord Macartney’s and Lord Amherst’s embassies, who traversed the country from Peking to Canton, through the very densest part of the population, and mixed with the people,—let him ask any of those gentlemen, whether they ever saw one of these shops, ‘into which all manner of persons continually flock?’ Nay, let him ask Mr. Medhurst himself, who supplies him with a text-book, if *he* ever saw one? He traversed the whole coast of China, from Canton to the promontory of Shan-tung, landed at various places, visited cities and villages, found the people civil, sober, and quiet; talks of their tobacco pipes and pouches, but never once mentions the word opium. One gentleman of the Company’s factory, hearing of one of these shops in Macao, visited it, and found three Chinese smoking. He tried a pipe himself, and the only effect it had on him was to make him very sick. Mr. Lindsay, indeed, says, ‘the public smoking houses were open to all; and no one who has been in Canton can have failed observing opium pipes, with all the apparatus for smoking, publicly exhibited for sale, not only in shops, but by common hawkers in the streets.’ But all this was in the ‘peaceful and regular days,’ when, he tells us, there was no mystery.

One would really suppose, from Mr. Thelwall’s lamentations, that the whole population of China were opium-smokers, a drunken, depraved, and immoral set of beings, wholly absorbed in inhaling this deadly poison, destructive both of body and mind.

Nothing

Nothing can be more incorrect. It is stated by Sir John Barrow,* who appears to have walked a great part of the way along the banks of the grand canal, that in the whole distance (about 1900 miles) he did not see one man in a state of intoxication; and we believe that this smoking of opium is, in fact, a very confined and limited practice. The 'Resident in China' has made a calculation, the result of which is, that 40,000 chests a-year will just afford a daily whiff to no more than one person in 166, men, women, and children, out of a population of 350,000,000 inhabitants; that is to say, about 2,110,000 individuals would smoke opium, and the cost to each person would be something less than a penny a day.

If we must extend our sympathies to the other side of the globe, let them be, at least, in favour of our own subjects, in preference to those who have nothing in common with us, whose religion, morals, and habits are altogether at variance with our own, and whose natural protectors ought to be the authorities under whom they are governed. But there are among us a certain description of persons, whose sensitive feelings are ever ready to expand in proportion to the distance of the objects. To such philanthropists may we suggest a little compassion for the condition of our subjects in Assam, so painfully described by Mr. Bruce, the superintendent of the tea plantations:—

'I might here observe,' he says, 'that the British government would confer a blessing on the Assamese, and the new settlers, if immediate and active measures were taken to put down the cultivation of opium in Assam, and afterwards to stop its importation by levying high duties on opium land. If something of this kind is not done, and done quickly too, the thousands that are about to emigrate from the plains into Assam will soon be infected with the opium mania—that dreadful plague, which has depopulated this beautiful country, turned it into a land of wild beasts, with which it is overrun, and has degenerated the Assamese, from a fine race of people, to the most abject, servile, crafty, and demoralised race in India.

'This vile drug has kept, and does now keep, down the population; the women have fewer children, compared with those of other countries, and the children seldom live to become old men, but in general die at manhood, very few old men being seen in this unfortunate country, in comparison with others. Few but those who have resided long in this unhappy country know the dreadful and immoral effects which the use of opium produces on the native. He will steal, sell his property, his children, the mother of his children, and, finally, commit murder for it. Would it not be the highest of blessings, if our humane and enlightened government would stop these evils by a single dash of the pen, and save Assam and all those who are about to emigrate into it as tea

* Travels in China.

cultivators, from the dreadful results attendant on the habitual use of opium? We should in the end be richly rewarded by having a fine healthy race of men growing up for our plantations, to fell our forests, to clear the land from jungle and wild beasts, and to plant and cultivate the luxuries of the world. This can never be effected by the enfeebled opium-eaters of Assam, who are more effeminate than women. I have dwelt thus long on the subject, thinking it one of great importance, as it will affect our future prospects in regard to tea; also from a wish to benefit this people, and save those who are coming here from catching the plague by our using timely measures of prevention.*

Now, we have already intimated our suspicion that the evils of opium are greatly exaggerated—we have very strong doubts whether they are worse than those of gin and whisky; but supposing the above picture to be not a gross caricature, surely our government has reason to be alarmed for things nearer home than the habits and health of the Celestials. The importation of opium into England is rapidly increasing;* the use of the drug is extending especially in our manufacturing districts; and, we understand, many of the temperance societies are making up for their abstinence from gin by the use of opium. What will they do when tea is no longer to be had? They will, no doubt return to gin, or have recourse to opium. We cannot but think that a strict inquiry should take place as to what the effects of opium-taking really are; but that in the mean time no evidence is required as to the necessity of putting down the open, profligate, and unblushing manner in which those glaring buildings in the metropolis, known by the name of gin-palaces, are frequented. On this point we entirely concur with the writer of the 'Letter to Lord Palmerston.'

'Canton,' he says, 'is said to contain 800,000 to 1,000,000 of inhabitants; but I do not remember to have seen in its crowded thoroughfares the same debilitated frames, the flushed faces or squalid features, that constantly meet the eye in the streets of London, and traceable to the haunts of the gin-drinkers. They talk of the smoking shops, or opium dens—as some have been pleased to call them—of the Chinese, but *they* at any rate have the merit of retirement from the public eye. *Here* the petty gin-shop has swelled out its dimensions, and assumed all the splendour of a gorgeous palace, affronting the eye and ear of the sober and respectable passenger, with the disgusting appearance and language of the deluded beings that throng its portals. I remember the time when those who visited these, then more humble, resorts of

* By a return made to the House of Commons in the year ending

	lbs.		lbs.
5th January, 1839, Imported	95,832	Consumed	31,204
Ditto 1840, Ditto	196,246	Ditto	41,671
	<u> </u>		<u> </u>
Increase	100,414		10,467

pretty well for one year!

the

the wretched and vicious, used to stop and look round to see if they were observed; but now all such precaution is abandoned; for in they go, both men and women, ill dressed or well dressed, without shame or remorse.'—p. 6.

Most undoubtedly we have human depravity and human misery enough at home, not to trouble ourselves with the subjects of the emperor of China. The authorities of Canton, at least, have very little claim on our compassion or forbearance. We have frankly done them justice as to all the early series of transactions; but the haughty intractable violence of Commissioner Lin, in not being satisfied, as he had pledged himself he would be, with the great surrender of March—but trampling on the English Superintendent, who had but too far complied with his previous demands, in proceeding to tax Captain Elliott with a farther and apparently unlimited supervision of all who were, or were suspected of being, engaged in this opium trade—above all, the brutality of the Imperial Commissioner in expelling, *en masse*, our countrymen, who had neither offended him nor the laws of China, from Macao, where they were living under the protection of a friendly power—forcing men, women, and children, at twelve hours' notice, to flee to the ships already crowded, depriving them when there of all provisions, and preventing them by armed vessels from taking off those they had purchased from the willing natives—these are proceedings for which we suppose no Englishman, but 'Captain T. H. Bullock, in the service of H. H. the Nizam,' would have the courage to demand applause. We are bound to admit that the parliamentary papers give but an obscure notion of the whole *res gestæ* subsequent to Captain Elliott's final abandonment of Canton; but still the outline seems to be one of unquestionable atrocity. There appears to have been something so vindictive in the conduct of this Commissioner Lin, in subjecting the victims of his persecution to all the horrors of dying by famine, that it is utterly impossible to imagine he can have been acting under, or sanctioned by, the orders of his government; and all this because the Superintendent very properly refused to give up an innocent person, who happened to have been one in a general scuffle of English, Americans, and Chinese on shore, in which one of the latter was unfortunately killed; but to point out any particular individual, who gave the fatal blow, was utterly impossible, and if possible, no Englishman would dare to give him up to certain destruction *without trial*. We will not accuse Lin of the diabolical act of murdering five innocent lascars, when carrying over an English gentleman of the name of Moss from Macao to the ships, of hacking or stabbing this gentleman, and, when in a state more dead than alive, of
cutting

cutting off his ear and cramming it into his mouth. He could not be so far lost to every feeling of humanity as to give direct sanction to such fiendish doings; but he is strongly suspected of having ordered the seizure, and his inveterate conduct towards the English must have been quite enough to countenance the wretches who actually committed the enormity. But whether or not—taking into consideration the whole of this imperial commissioner's conduct—whether the extreme outrages committed had or had not his assent, he has done enough to make the interposition of the English crown inevitable.

And the truth is, that sooner or later the commercial intercourse of China with the nations of Christendom must have been brought to some crisis of a nature enforcing the necessity of a very serious demonstration at least, on the part of one or more of the 'outside foreigners.' It is practically impossible for any nation to carry on a great and lucrative commerce with others, and yet refuse to enter into some species of diplomatic relation with them. The inconveniences of the want of such recognised relations may be endured for a season; but individual violences, on one side or the other, are sure; at some time or other, to bring the *reductio ad absurdum*; and now that *the* crisis has arrived in this case, our only prayer is that it may be made use of wisely.

We hear of troops being ordered to join the naval expedition from India. Will not Lord Auckland find enough for the services of his soldiers in that territory? We cannot imagine in what beneficial way land troops could be employed in the dispute with China: seamen and marines appear to us the proper description of force for that service. In every part of China the population is abundant; and though their soldiers are not in the best state of training and discipline, their numbers are so great, that near every city they will be found to swarm like a hive of bees; and like them, they can sting; nothing short of a whole army could be of any avail, or *safe*, in inland operations. Their troops may not be expert in the field, but, generally speaking, few people are more clever at expedients than the Chinese.

The general feeling of the British nation seems to be for war with the Chinese; ministers are for it; almost all the writers of the pamphlets we have recorded are for war—but differ as to the manner of prosecuting it. One would level the forts at the Bogue, and lay Canton in ashes; and, not satisfied with this, would march on to Pekin (1200 miles). We hope, however, he knows the road somewhat better than a Mr. Walter Stevenson Davidson, who, when examined by a committee, proposed to march thither with 20,000 men, but admitted that he had no hints to offer for the details of such a movement. The present

writer would not only 'march on to Peking, but conclude a commercial treaty in the imperial palace.' Nay, he tells us very briefly what might be the tenor of this treaty :—'You take my opium; I take your island in return, we are therefore quits; and henceforth, if you please, let us live in friendly communion and good fellowship. You cannot protect your *sea-board* against pirates and buccaneers—I can! So let us understand each other, and study to promote our mutual interests.'—(*Brief Observations.*) We have even seen a proposal for paying a visit to Peking in a first-rate man-of-war, though 100 miles inland. The 'Barrister-at-Law' would also 'penetrate to Peking,' and see what they were doing there. But none of them tell us how we are to reach that city, much less how we are to get back again. And as to 'seeing the emperor,' we must first cross the great wall, and penetrate not only to Peking, but into Tartary, for thither he would certainly betake himself. What (besides the emperor) the invaders would *not* find at Peking, we have stated elsewhere. They would, however, find, among other articles exposed for sale in almost every shop, in the four wide streets, what might somewhat surprise them, as many most splendidly-decorated coffins, as would be sufficient to hold the whole of a more numerous party than will ever reach that capital. Some, again, are satisfied with blockading the whole coast of the Eastern and Yellow Sea; taking, sinking, or destroying every species of craft fallen in with, from the Gulf of Pechelée to Hainan, an extent of 1400 or 1500 miles, full of fine rivers, bays, and harbours, which would require more than half the navy of England efficiently to blockade. But almost every one calls out for the seizure and occupation of some island; though whether Amoy, or one of the Chusans, or Hong-Kong, Lantao, or Lintin, they seem not to agree.

We cannot say that we should reckon on much advantage from the possession of an island on the Chinese coast, whether seized or granted. In either case it could not fail to be a source of jealousy and dislike; and instead of benefiting, would be more likely to damage, our commercial interests. Let us suppose one of those outside the Bocca Tigris; what should we gain by our exclusion from the great mart of trade at Canton, while all other nations were on the spot taking the earliest advantage of the market—except the immense benefit of involving ourselves in perpetual broils with the natives, probably in frequent homicides? Or, of what use would it be, if we were still to live in the Canton factory? Those who talk of taking possession of Hainan or Formosa, islands nearly as large as Ireland, are not deserving of notice. If we could succeed in obtaining leave to establish a *factory* on the eastern coast,—at Amoy, for instance,

—in

—in the neighbourhood of the tea districts, or on the great island of Chusan, as a *dépôt* from whence a most extensive trade in silks and other valuable articles might be carried on with the wealthy city of Hong-cheu-foo, and the populous districts bordering on the Imperial Canal; one or both of these would be worth contending for; but neither these, nor any island, should be taken or held by compulsion. On this point we are glad to find that Mr. Lindsay concurs with us:—

* Many people are disposed to maintain that some insular possession on the coast of China is desirable, where we might carry on our trade under the protection of our own flag. I confess that in my mind I see great and serious objections to such a measure. Nothing would tend so much to degrade the imperial government before their own people as demanding such a concession; and merely looking to our own interests, anything having such a tendency is most seriously to be deprecated. Our object in China is mere commercial intercourse, not territorial aggrandisement; and I cannot help fearing, that if we once planted our flag and built a fort within the Chinese dominions, circumstances would compel us to extend our limits, and our career of British India would be repeated in China.'—*Lindsay*, pp. 36, 37.

But Mr. Lindsay says, 'to prevent future quarrels, free access to the imperial court is the first and foremost point, which can *only be attained by the residence of an ambassador at Peking*.' Then we can venture to assure him, it never will be attained; but if it were possible, God help the unfortunate ambassador! The indignities and insults he would constantly receive would soon drive him away. We have had one embassy too many already. The treatment which Van Braam and Lord Amherst met with—the one for a full compliance with the degrading demands of the Chinese court, the other for non-compliance—ought to be quite sufficient to deter any man of rank or character from accepting such an appointment. But the Russian mission, says Mr. Lindsay, is a precedent. We know, in modern times, of but one mission from Russia, which was accompanied by Mr. Charles Stuart (the present Lord Stuart de Rothesay). After a long and tedious journey through Siberia, and just as they were approaching the great wall, they were met by a deputation from the emperor of China, conveying more of condolence for their fatigues, than congratulation at their arrival in his dominions, and expressing his hearty wishes for their safe return—but anything rather than the remotest hint of a desire that they should extend their labours by proceeding to Peking. Others, we perceive, talk of the Russian *legation* at Peking: this too is a mistake. They have what they call a *college* there, where half-a-dozen youths are instructed in the Chinese language, for the mutual benefit of the two nations,

in their commercial transactions at the great market of Kiatcha, near to which they are conterminous; a permission granted so far back as in the time of the Empress Elizabeth, nearly one hundred years ago.

The American friend of Captain Elliott points out, very obligingly, various modes in which we may settle the Chinese.

‘ Finally, there are two powers in the hands of Great Britain, capable of being wielded for the subduing of the Chinese—the power of inflicting infinite harm, and the power of imparting infinite blessings. To recommend the latter means, is the object of this publication. If, however, all confidence in truth, in peaceful policy, is lost; if resistance to rival aggrandisement can be reconciled with these remoter usurpations; if it be consistent to uphold the Mohammedan power in Europe with one hand, and to force changes on Asia, in the name of Christianity, with the other—seize the present occasion to make war on China. And, as there is no assignable stopping-place between the assumption of arms, and a thorough reduction of the Chinese spirit and force, take measures accordingly. Find the way to the mouths of the “two rivers” by sea; and the way to Yunnan by land from India. Cut off the coasting trade, and destroy the canal approaches to the Imperial residences. Look out for some talented traitor; call him the sole representative of the old Ming family; set up his throne in the deserted courts of its ancient capital. Make free intercourse with the southern half of China the price of this “protection;” and on coming away, bring a reimbursement, and leave a subsidy. Superiority in arms and discipline *may* make all this easy. To render it more sure, let it appear, that Providence shall always wait in vain for western piety to give Christianity to the East, and that its angry ambition is the only means within its reach, I mean its only *human* instrumentality.’—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 81, 82.

We are not disposed to agree with any of this gentleman's suggestions, least of all with the hint about encouraging the disaffected partisans, if there be any, of the old *Ming* dynasty, to put down the present government. England is not the nation to foment rebellion, and encourage revolution, in foreign states. Perish the tea, the opium, the silk, and the whole trade of China, rather than she should be concerned in such nefarious plans! Something, however, must be done; a solemn example is necessary, after the brutal and vindictive measures of the Chinese at Canton; and on that spot, too, where the English character has suffered insult, and the British flag has been dishonoured in what, certainly, appears to have been a foolish attack by a cutter, a pinnace, and a small armed vessel, on three large men-of-war junks, protected by a battery. Captain Elliot admits that he fired the first shot, ‘which was answered, both by them and the battery, with a spirit not at all unexpected by me; for I have already had experience that the Chinese are much underrated in
that

that respect.' After a fire of half an hour, the boats retreated from a want of ammunition.' It would have been still worse, if there were truth in the story of the Volage having looked at these junks, and retired the following morning, *because* Captain Elliott had changed his mind in the course of the night. The Volage acted as she did, *because* it was felt to be wrong that deliberate hostilities should be committed by one of her Majesty's ships without direct authority from the government. Let us, however, put the most favourable construction on this affair, the Canton people will attach to it the very worst, and call it cowardice. It is highly expedient, therefore, that those who have seen our disgrace, should be the first to feel our power.

Whatever is to be done, we trust will be effectual; that our demand upon them will be peremptory—the execution prompt. Active measures, and these alone, will make an impression on the Chinese authorities, and do away that slight and contempt of our power, which we have unfortunately allowed to spring up among them. Written correspondence, in the first instance, we are decidedly of opinion, should be avoided: their aim will be *delay*, and a reference to Peking would give them two months. Written discussion once admitted, and they will assuredly beat us at it; no people on earth are such adepts at what is called, 'passive resistance,' as the Chinese. The two rivers, the one within and the other without Macao, (the eastern and western passages) ought to be immediately blockaded; but not, we trust, until a declaration of war, and a subsequent or simultaneous notification of blockade, according to ancient practice, shall have been promulgated; for why should we follow the lawless example of modern France? We mention this with a view to prevent cavil from neutral nations, who are at all times naturally annoyed, and extensively injured, by a blockade. The short blockade of two or three days of the Canton river by the Volage produced from twelve 'free and independent citizens' of the United States, the following remonstrance:—

'To H. Smith, Esq., Captain of her Majesty's ship Volage, Hong Kong Bay.

'We beg leave most respectfully to present to you, and through you, to her Majesty's chief superintendent of trade in China, that the right of such a blockade cannot be recognised by the undersigned; and, if attempted to be carried into effect to their injury, or the injury of the American shipping and interests, will be considered by the undersigned, and by their countrymen, an infringement of their legal and just rights; it being contrary to the laws of nations, existing treaties, illegal, and without precedent.

'We hereby enter our most solemn protest against such a blockade, as we understand, from report, is now proposed to be enforced. And

we

we do hereby give notice, that we shall hold her Britannic Majesty and her government responsible in the fullest manner for whatever lives may be sacrificed, and other losses that may be sustained by American citizens, in consequence of said blockade and sudden proceedings of her Majesty's officers in China, and we shall further hold you personally, and all persons acting under your authority, responsible for whatever lives may be lost or injury sustained, in person or property, by any American citizen.'

Nothing of this protest appears in the papers laid before parliament; but that such a blockade was illegal, must, we think, be admitted by all. No power, we believe, can legally institute a blockade except a *belligerent*, and we were not then at war with China. We may, perhaps, blockade the port of a foreign power, who has done us an injury, or on whom we have claims, without a declaration of war; but under such a blockade, we have no right to prevent the free ingress and egress of the ships of a neutral power.

Supposing, however, that neither a blockade nor a declaration of war be adopted, but that the flag-ship should at once pass the Bocca Tigris, and proceed to the second bar, perhaps to Whampoa:—From thence the admiral would probably send a message to the governor, or commissioner, if he should still be there, to demand an interview, either on board the flag-ship or in the city—both of which, we doubt not, would be refused. But the flag-ship, in passing the Bocca, it is probable, would be fired upon by the fort: hence the commencement of hostilities. The fort would soon be silenced, taken possession of, and the blockade necessarily follow, and probably an order given to take, sink, or destroy, the whole of the shipping between the mouth of the river and the city, consisting of many hundreds—thousands, indeed, of one description or other. This proceeding may be deemed advisable, to prevent the enemy making them to impede the navigation of the river. A desire to communicate may at this point, perhaps, be signified by the Chinese authorities, and the answer might properly be, that the conditions must now be settled at Peking, and that a powerful squadron is already gone up the Eastern and Yellow Sea for that purpose.

A part of the squadron with the flag-ship will no doubt go into the Gulf of Petchelee. The despatch of a peremptory demand of satisfaction from the emperor, sent by one of the mandarins at Takoo (close to the mouth of the Pei-ho) may be proper, accompanied probably with proposals for a treaty. This would not fail to occasion considerable alarm at Peking; but any attempt to proceed thither, or, indeed, up to the great northern emporium, Tien-sing, would, we think, be attended with vast difficulty, and probable disaster. There are thousands of junks, barges, and
various

various kinds of craft, the whole way from Ta-koo to Tien-sing, the distance being about eighty miles by the river, and from forty to fifty by land. The barges either go under sail or are dragged by men, according as the wind suits or not; but it is more than probable that the country around would be driven, and no trackers to be had. Admitting this, however, not to be the case, and that the party were suffered to reach Tien-sing with little molestation, they would find abundance of wealth, no doubt, in this immense city, which, according to Lord Macartney, extends along both banks of the river, as far as Milbank is from Limehouse, and is said to contain 700,000 inhabitants; but the objects of plunder or confiscation would be of a bulky description: no precious metals or jewellery, no articles of great value and small compass. Indeed it may be considered a matter of doubt, whether the invading party would be able to bring anything away, even themselves; for it can hardly be doubted that the troops, the militia, and the whole *posse comitatus*, would be called to the banks of the river, where thousands and tens of thousands would be assembled, and the river itself most easily rendered impassable, by the sinking of barges or junks, or whatever might effectually stop the navigation. Our opinion, then, most decidedly is, that any attempt of the kind would fail, the result be fatal, and defeat and disgrace certain.

The more we think on what has happened at Canton, the stronger is our conviction that the first and great blow must be struck *there*; because it is there that insult, oppression, robbery, defeat, and disgrace have been sustained. Having struck this blow, which would soon be known at Peking, then proceed to the northward, and let the flag-ship, with part of the squadron, anchor before the mouth of the Pei-ho; or, for the purpose of increasing the alarm, take possession of the Mia-tau islands in the gulf, where there is excellent anchorage. The very appearance of these ships would, no doubt, create such an alarm in the capital, as to induce the ministers of the imperial court to sue for peace. This would be infinitely more desirable than anything, in the way of treating, that could be effected with the officers of Canton; for even supposing their intentions honourable (a most liberal supposition!), whatever one triennial governor might concede, his successor would be very likely to set aside. But if a treaty could be concluded, with the seal and signature of the emperor, it would bear the stamp of law, and be considered in all parts of China valid and permanent. The concession of a just and reasonable indemnity for the past aggressions, and security for persons and property for the future, placing our commercial intercourse with China on an honourable and stable footing, might reasonably be expected

expected from the imperial court, rather than the entertainment of any hope on its part from the continuance of the war.

Before making such a concession, however, it is a matter of course that the emperor should demand from England, what Lin would fain have extorted from Elliott—a solemn pledge that no more opium should ever be imported into China in English ships; and this we must say, is a pledge which would not and could not be given, because it would be impossible to redeem it. All we could promise would be, to discountenance its introduction, while it must be their business, not ours, to effect its prohibition. They should be made acquainted that we can have no control over the cargoes of ships from Manilla, Batavia, Singapore, and various parts of the eastern world, nor can we possess any power to prohibit such ships from attempting to smuggle opium into any of the numerous ports of a coast 1300 or 1400 miles in extent. Captain Elliott, however, has proposed a measure, which appears to be unobjectionable, that ‘unless the consignee and commander of every English vessel, on the day of arrival, hand in to the superintendent a solemn declaration, in Chinese and English, that she has brought no opium to China, has none on board, neither will receive any, she shall not be allowed to trade.’ This, we think, goes as far as can reasonably be required. All Lin had—all the Peking government ever can have—a right to demand from us is, that our public officers shall neither give nor claim protection of any sort, for the behoof of those who choose to prosecute an illegal traffic.

If the conceit and ignorance of the Chinese should induce them, notwithstanding what is likely to happen, to refuse all reasonable demands, in such case, undoubtedly, nothing would be left but to let loose our ships of war along the whole extent of the eastern coast, to take or destroy their coasting trade, and to threaten their towns and villages. But the force employed on such a service need only consist of two or three small frigates and as many sloops, which would be more than equal to lay waste the whole face of the country from the Pei-ho to the Bocca Tigris. They must not, however, from mistaken humanity, or whatever other feeling, let any of the public ships of war escape, as those of Admiral Kwan’s squadron were allowed to do. After sinking two (not five or six) out of thirty or thereabouts, and the destruction of four or five hundred men, by the Volage and Hyacinth, without a single man killed on our part, the letting the rest quietly escape may have been dictated by a generous and humane feeling, added to the consideration that these British vessels were only on the defensive; but the Chinese will give us no credit for any such feelings, and we shall see, by the next account,

account, that this gallant admiral, who boasts his descent from the Chinese god of war, will claim a victory.*

It is scarcely possible to conceive the state of poverty that prevails on a great part of the coast; and the public buildings and works of defence, where there are any, are almost everywhere a mass of ruins. Medhurst, the missionary, who coasted downwards from the promontory of Shan-tung, thus describes one of the places at which he landed—adding, that many others were very similar to it:

‘We had now time to look around us and survey the town, which we found to have been originally surrounded with a mud wall, and provided with gateways, but now miserably out of repair. The ramparts were so low and so sloping that it was easy to walk up one side and down the other, while the portals were dilapidated and exposed. Only one fourth of the space within the walls was occupied by houses, many of which were in ruins. All things marked decay rather than improvement; and the place must have sadly deteriorated within the last century, as the Jesuits have marked it down in their map as an important military station. The same observation holds true of all parts of Shan-hung which we have seen.’

And yet this is one of the finest provinces, and adjacent to that of the capital.

With the exception, therefore, of the immense group of the Chusan Islands, into the midst of which flow two navigable rivers, the one leading to the city of Ningpo, a flourishing place, and the other to Hong-cheu-foo, one of the wealthiest cities in the empire, and excepting, also, Amoy, a town of considerable trade, there is no spot on that extensive coast that would be likely to tempt the hostility of a British man-of-war. Some of the writers talk of the numerous ships in the Yellow Sea, bearing tribute to Peking. This is a mistake; the valuable articles of *tribute*, as it is called—tea, silks, grain—are all conveyed to the several public depôts by the great internal navigation—the Imperial Canal. The coast-trade is of a mean description: all the junks, with the exception of those conveying rice and salt to the northern provinces, being carried on by poor families, several of them living in separate departments of the same junk. There are the various kinds of fishing craft, in which myriads of poor people are employed along the whole line of the eastern coast; others, again, obtain a livelihood by a petty coasting trade from port to port. All these and the numerous villages along the sea-coast might most easily be swept away, and universal distress be inflicted on the unoffending natives; and to no good purpose, for

* We were right; a report has been sent to Peking of Kwan's victory over two British ships of war.

this would make but little impression at Peking; it would be set forth in the Peking gazette, as the act of foreign pirates and robbers, whom his imperial majesty had ordered his admirals to drive away from the face of the ocean. But these extreme proceedings, we trust, will not happen. God forbid it should fall to the lot of British naval officers to carry into execution such severities, in order to avenge the local tyranny of a few menials of a despotic government!

We are quite aware that, to make the results of war efficient, a proportion of the inhabitants of the country, against which it is waged, must suffer; but in all cases, and especially with regard to China, whose people can offer little or no resistance, our efforts should, as much as possible, be directed to establishments and edifices of a public nature; if contributions are to be levied, it should be only on the wealthy and accessible cities of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, and Hong-chew-foo. As steamers will probably be employed on the present occasion, they might ascend the two great rivers, the Whang-ho and the Yang-tse-kiang, to the points where they intersect the Grand Canal, and where, if destruction were the object, there are the means of inflicting the greatest possible degree of distress, both of a public and private nature, not only by intercepting all the supplies proceeding along that populous line, but by breaking down the banks, in consequence of which the whole adjacent country for many thousand square miles might be completely deluged.* But in whatever way the circumstances of the war may compel the brave officers of our navy to act, we may be quite sure that their own sense and feeling will be '*parcere subjectos, debellare superbos*.'

We are not, however, by any means, clear as to the expediency of ascending either of these great rivers. Steamers would, undoubtedly, get up—though the currents are so rapid, that sailing craft would not be able to stem them; but the safe return even of steamers might be doubtful: the Chinese, as we have said, are a crafty people, and full of expedients, and little would be thought by them of blocking up the navigation by sinking a multitude of their huge junks, which are to be found in every creek and stream on the banks. The same observation indeed will apply to all the rivers; but the Pei-ho, which leads to the great emporium of Tien-sing, could be more easily blocked up than the others. Our caution not to hold the Chinese too cheap is not to be despised. The 8000 Tartar troops in the vicinity of the capital may be better than we are apt to fancy. We did not expect to find that, in the fort protecting the bay of Cooloon, there was mounted a thirty-two pounder gun; or that one of their junks

* Quarterly Review, No. C.

should have fired a twelve-pound shot into the mast of the Hyacinth.

But of one thing we are quite certain—that whatever the issue of the ‘crisis’ may be—whatever concession we may obtain in the way of apology, indemnification, restoration, or even extension and enfranchisement of our legitimate trade—in short, whatever advantages we may gain by the contest—and by prudent management we cannot fail to gain some—none of them will long avail us, if dependent on any agreement concluded with the Viceroy of Canton; on the contrary, all our exertions—all the expense of the armament—loss of time and delay—will produce no permanent effect, unless, as we have already said, we shall be able to obtain a solemn treaty, written in the two languages, and ratified under the seal and signature of the Emperor of China, confirming the future security of the lives and property of our mercantile subjects, employed in *lawful enterprises*, granting full permission to communicate freely and directly with the provincial authorities, and embracing all other points which it may be deemed necessary to secure in our future intercourse with this great kingdom. The demand of such a treaty cannot well be resisted on the plea of want of precedent, for *Russia* obtained a treaty, signed at Peking, regulating the trade of the two nations at Kiatka and Mai-mai-chin; but even if there were no precedent in Chinese history, it is sufficient that the time has come when China can no longer be allowed, from whatever jealousy or haughtiness, to refuse to bind herself to something like the diplomatic *jus gentium*. And it is needless to conceal that, even in regard to the *status*, and *animus* too, of this Empire, we and the other civilised nations of the world have excellent reason to keep in consideration the past and present course, tendency, and extent of Russian influence and Russian intrigue.

ART. IX.—1. *Reports of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Printed Papers.* 1837-1840.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel on the Question of Privilege*, 8th June, 1837.

3. *Remarks on the Report of a Select Committee of the late House of Commons on the Publication of Printed Papers.* 1837.

4. *Letter to Lord Langdale on the recent proceedings of the House of Commons on the subject of Privilege.* By Thomas Pemberton, Esq., M.P. Third Edition. 1840.

GOOD cases make bad precedents: when the merits of a particular question are very clear, mankind in general are not disposed to be critical as to its minute forms, nor jealous of

of its possible consequences. And it was probably under the influence of some such feeling, in the case of *Stockdale and Hansard* (where the merits were so decidedly against the plaintiff), that the House of Commons was led to pass certain resolutions of a wider scope and more comprehensively penal character than they would probably have adopted if the *subject-matter* had been more questionable. Whether this was from mere natural impulse, or whether there was in any mind a latent desire to seize a favourable opportunity for *extending* the privileges of the democratic branch of the legislature, we cannot presume to form an opinion, except only that we may confidently assume that neither this latter object, nor any other constitutional change, ever entered into the imaginations of some of the most eminent persons who gave their approbation to those proceedings. Certain, however, it is, that these resolutions seem to involve some very alarming principles, and have in fact produced a conflict between *law* and *privilege*, of extreme difficulty, and even of considerable danger.

It may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in us to hope that our opinion can have any effect in accommodating a difference where the most eminent of our lawyers and statesmen seemed to have failed; but as we have a strong impression that the *real and fundamental* principle of the case has been, if not overlooked, at least overlaid, in a vast quantity of extrinsic matter, and as we fancy that we see a mode of reconciling all—except, perhaps, the very extreme opinions—we feel it our duty to offer our humble attempt towards so desirable an object.

We shall begin by a short statement of the facts.

The great expense of printing the vast, and, in too great a proportion, useless, quantity of papers annually laid before parliament, induced Mr. Hume to suggest, and a select committee to adopt, so lately as the 13th August, 1835, the following resolution:—

“Resolved, that the Parliamentary Papers and Reports printed for the use of the House should be rendered *accessible to the public by purchase*, at the lowest price they can be furnished; and that a sufficient number of extra copies shall be printed for that purpose.”—*Pemberton*, pp. 10, 11.

And this was followed, 18th March, 1836, by the following:—

“Resolved, that Messrs. Hansard, the printers to the House, be appointed to *conduct the sale*.

“That, in order to render the Parliamentary Papers accessible to the public *through the means of other booksellers*, it is expedient that a discount of twelve and a half per cent. should be allowed to the *TRADE* who shall become purchasers.”—p. 11.

Now

Now be it observed—a most important fact, and never to be lost sight of—that this *promiscuous* sale—under *commercial* forms, and for a mere *economical* object—was entirely *new*; and that therefore all *antecedent* precedents as to the publication and sale of parliamentary papers—however numerous and conclusive as to *such modes* of ‘sale and publication’ as formerly existed—can have no bearing on an entirely *novel practice* introduced for entirely *novel purposes*. This our readers already see is the key-stone of the whole affair. We shall revert to it by and by in argument—at present we mention it only in the series of facts. Under this resolution a report made in pursuance of the provision of an Act of Parliament (5 and 6 Will. IV.) by certain ‘Inspectors of Prisons’ was offered for sale, in which report, after stating that improper books found their way into Newgate, it was added that amongst them was—

“the ———, by ———, eighteen plates, published by Stockdale, 1827. This last,” they observed, “is a book of a most disgusting nature, and the plates are obscene and disgusting in the extreme.”—p. 7.

For this passage Mr. Stockdale—actuated, it seems, rather by a morbid love of notoriety than by any other motive—brought an action for libel against Messrs. Hansard. To this Messrs. Hansard put in a general plea of not guilty, by which the fact and nature of the publication were put in issue; and they also pleaded a *justification*, that the alleged libel was true.

This, however, they did in their own private capacity, and it does not appear that the House of Commons interfered, or thought they had any authority to interfere, to stop the action. This is a remarkable fact.

The Attorney-General happened to be counsel for Hansard—as he might have been for John Doe or Richard Roe—for it does not appear that he had any directions on the subject from the House of Commons; the question of whose jurisdiction was not in any way raised on the face of the pleadings; but, in his speech, Mr. Attorney unfortunately raised that question, by insisting, on the part of the defendants, that the publication was *privileged* on the ground of its having been sold by order of the House of Commons. On this Lord Denman told the jury—

“It seems to me, gentlemen, that the only questions for you upon the general issue can be, first, whether the publication was by the defendants at all; and, secondly, whether it is a publication of a libel; because, on the third ground, namely, that this is a privileged publication, I am bound to say, as it comes before me as a question of law for my direction, that I entirely disagree from the law laid down by the learned counsel for the defendant. I am not aware of the existence in
this

this country of any body whatever that can privilege any servant of theirs to publish libels of any individual. Whatever arrangements may be made between the House of Commons and any publisher in that employ, I am of opinion that the publisher who publishes that in his public shop, and especially for money, which may be injurious, and possibly ruinous, to any one of the King's subjects, must answer in a court of justice to that subject, if he challenge him for a libel.—*Pemberton*, pp. 8, 9.

The jury, accordingly, found against Hanward on the first plea, or, in substance, that he had published a libel, but for him on the plea of justification: namely, that the matter was true; which prevented the recovery of any damages by the plaintiff.

It was now—and not till now, when the question had been allowed to come to a judicial decision—that the House of Commons interposed. The question raised by Mr. Attorney, and negatived by the Chief-Justice, was in terms so large as to involve the privilege of publishing defamatory matter against an individual, even in a case in which parliament should think it necessary for the public service specially to order such a publication—a case, be it observed, essentially distinct in public policy from that then before the court, of an accidental and incidental defamation published under a general resolution to sell commercially for profit every thing which might happen to be printed for the use of the house. It must, therefore, be admitted that the House was perfectly justifiable in determining to clear up the ambiguity, and to contend for the right of *special*, or even, if it pleased, of *general* sale: but it is to be regretted that it did not rather, according to many successful precedents, prefer to carry the matter forward in the legal course by writ of error, than to take the matter prematurely, as we think, into its own hands, and attempt to set aside the proceedings of the court by the high hand of its own authority; above all, we cannot hesitate to express our wonder that, when the House of Commons determined to proceed to extremities in the assertion of its privilege, it did not fairly and manfully go to the fountain-head of the opposition. The opinion of the Lord Chief-Justice—confirmed by a subsequent decision of the whole court—was and is to this moment not merely the *real*, but in fact the *only* direct, formal, and tangible denial of the privilege claimed. Neither Stockdale, nor the sheriffs, nor the inferior agents who have been since implicated in the affair, pretend to *directly* deny or affirm anything about the privileges of the House of Commons: they do things that the house pronounces, *ex post facto*, to be against their privileges, but these things, at the time the parties did them, they believed to be according to the law of the land; and the first constitutional expounder

pounder of the laws of the land, the Court of Queen's Bench, has told them that they were right. It was the Court of Queen's Bench, and in a more particular manner the Lord Chief-Justice, who denied the privilege, and who even travelled a little beyond the actual case to enlarge, and corroborate, and *solemnise* that denial in the most emphatic manner. 'The direction,' said the Chief-Justice, 'of the House of Commons to Messrs. Hansard is no justification for him, nor for any other bookseller who publishes a parliamentary report containing a libel against any man.' Thus enlarging his decision beyond the present case;—and he gives his opinion—

'emphatically and distinctly; because I think, that if, upon the first opportunity that arose in a court of justice for questioning that point, it were left unsatisfactorily explained, the judge who sat there might be an accomplice in the *destruction of the liberties of the country*, and expose every individual who lives in it to a *tyranny that no man ought to submit to*.'—p. 9.

This is a denial of the privilege the 'most distinct and emphatic' that, we believe, was ever pronounced anywhere. But this real and sufficient cause and only justification of the subsequent alarm of the Commons was not, as in common sense it ought to have been, debated and decided between the Court of Queen's Bench and them; but after considerable delay they took a subsequent opportunity of turning round on some poor devils, printers and clerks, whose acts did not directly impugn the privilege, and whose submission would not have confirmed it—whatever these poor people might have been terrified or tortured* into doing, would not have obliterated or invalidated the judgment of Lord Denman, or the decision of the court. This appears to us the greatest and least excusable error the House of Commons has made, because it was undignified as well as unjust, and every way unfortunate, to attempt to intimidate ignorant and comparatively innocent underlings, rather than boldly and fairly to debate the right with the superior and only authority which had questioned it, and with whom alone a contest of so delicate a nature could be creditably conducted or *effectually concluded*. A different course was unhappily adopted.

A select committee was appointed to consider the whole question, and in a very able and elaborate report of the 2d May, 1837, that committee embodied certain abstract propositions, much larger, as we have said, than the case required, and about

* See the strange propositions of Lord Howick and the Solicitor-General for increasing the *severity of coercion* on Stockdale and Howard, when it was found that simple imprisonment was likely to fail.

which,

which, both in their extent and application, we, in common with many others of infinitely greater authority, entertain very serious doubts:—

‘Your committee, having considered the subject of parliamentary privilege, and the jurisdiction of this house *to determine the extent of its own privileges*, submit, as their opinion, that, by the law and usage of parliament, the House of Commons does *possess an exclusive jurisdiction*, and that it is a breach of its privileges *to bring them into discussion* before any other tribunal, *directly or incidentally*; and that such breach of privilege subjects the parties to punishment by this house.’—p. 12.

On this important proposition we must make two observations; *first*, that it asserts a right in the House, never, we believe, before contended for, of creating *new privileges*, which it should be as highly penal to question as any of its old, undoubted, and constitutional rights; this seems to us a very violent assumption, and one which, probably, the committee did not seriously mean to claim. And, *secondly*, that it was equally penal to bring any of the privileges of the House *into discussion, directly or indirectly*. Now, without stopping to show the absurdity of prohibiting ‘any discussion, directly or indirectly,’ of questions of privilege, which could, *in natura rerum*, be neither established nor defined nor understood, without some such discussions—and in support of which the committee adduced an infinite number of discussions and decisions in the courts of law—exclusive, we say, of this absurdity, it contained one still greater; for, in the present case, the offender against this asserted privilege was—not Stockdale, nor the Chief Justice, but—Mr. Attorney General himself, who was the first to bring the question of privilege *into discussion*. Nor, if the committee had said, what they probably meant, ‘an *adverse* discussion,’ would it have cured the absurdity; for he who takes before a court of justice the affirmative side of a discussion obliges the Court to discuss the *negative* as well as the *affirmative*, and to decide negatively if it feels itself bound in law and conscience to do so. Mr. Attorney was, therefore, in this point, the real culprit.

The report then proceeds—

‘That, by the law and privilege of Parliament, this House has the *sole and exclusive* jurisdiction to determine upon the *existence and extent of its privileges*; and that the institution or prosecution of any action, suit, or other proceeding, for the purpose of bringing them into discussion or decision, before any court or tribunal elsewhere than in Parliament, is a high breach of such privilege, and renders all parties concerned therein amenable to its just displeasure, and to the punishment consequent thereon.

‘That for any court or tribunal to assume to decide upon matters
of

of privilege, inconsistent with the determination of either House of Parliament thereon, is contrary to the law of Parliament, and is a breach and contempt of the privileges of Parliament.'—pp. 12, 13.

And *this* is stated in a report which produces and *relies upon* numerous cases (*Ashby and White*, *Burdett and Abbot*, for instance) in which the House had accepted, and appealed to, the judgments of the courts of law in questions of privilege—sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully—but in which it had, when unsuccessful, acquiesced in the adverse decision.

We really do not understand how the House could have agreed to resolutions so extravagant and contradictory. Mr. Pemberton, in his excellent pamphlet, seems to account for it by saying that they were passed unexpectedly in a very thin house. Passed however they were, to the great surprise of all thinking men out of doors, and particularly of the whole legal profession, with the single exception, we believe, of Mr. Serjeant Wilde (now Solicitor General), who is supposed to have had the chief hand in framing the report, which, able as we admit it to be, is peculiarly powerful in proving what nobody questioned, but rather deficient in establishing any of the substantial points on which its conclusions could be founded.

These resolutions, and the public opinion upon them, encouraged, it would seem, Mr. Stockdale to commence another action for a different emission of the Inspectors' report. Still the House attacked neither the judge, nor the party, nor the attorney, as, in pursuance of these recent resolutions, might have been expected; but, on the contrary, and in *the teeth of their resolution*, directed that Hansard should plead. He did plead; and on a solemn argument the whole court affirmed, in substance, the Chief-Justice's former opinion, and damages of 100*l.* were awarded to Stockdale.

Here, again, the House made an extraordinary halt. They neither put their resolution in force, nor followed the more obvious and prudent course of appealing by *writ of error* from the decision—they *paid the damages*: thus substantially stultifying all their own pretensions, and virtually admitting the legality of all Stockdale's proceedings.

Now occurred what is called *Polack's case*, and which has been too little and too superficially considered; for, though its relation to the Stockdale proceedings was only incidental, it illustrates very forcibly the *true principles* of the general question. The facts are these. A committee of the *House of Lords* had made, and that House had, in its usual course, ordered to be printed, a report on New Zealand, with an appendix of evidence, containing some defamatory matter against Mr. Polack. Did

Mr. Polack dream of attacking the *House of Lords*?—not at all; but by-and-by the 'Times' newspaper, deeming that the evidence might interest the public, reprinted it; and *then* Mr. Polack, seeing that he had an unprivileged commercial publication to deal with, brought an action against the 'Times,' and recovered 100*l.* damages. This was a hard case on the 'Times;' but it marks very clearly the distinction—the legal and constitutional distinction—between the privileged and the unprivileged publication of a parliamentary document; and what followed marked it still more strongly.

The House of Lords thought it right to communicate its report to the House of Commons, who ordered it to be reprinted, and then, as a *matter of course*, under the resolution of 1835, Messrs. Hansard sold, in their public shop, at the price of 4*s.*, that which, in the case of the 'Times,' was pronounced a punishable libel. Can common sense imagine any possible distinction between the sale by Hansard and by the 'Times?' No wonder, then, that Mr. Polack—fortified by his verdict—sanctioned by the opinion of the Queen's Bench in *Stockdale and Hansard*—and encouraged by the retrograde proceedings of the House of Commons itself, should have brought an action against Hansard for the *republishing* of the libel. Hansard appealed to the House of Commons; and that House, which had so recently decided, in a precisely similar case, that Hansard *should plead*, were now pleased to decide that Hansard *should not plead*; but still, contrary to its recent pledges, took no measures whatsoever against the parties who brought, or the courts which entertained, the action.

Polack's case, we know not why, here fell to the ground; but our readers see that, as far as it had gone, it corroborates our view of the obvious distinction between a privileged publication and a publication by commercial sale; and, though not farther prosecuted, it had incidentally a serious effect, on the next step in the *Stockdale* case. For, encouraged, we presume, by this repeated *dereliction* of its resolutions, on the part of the House of Commons, and this *variation* from its former course of proceeding, *Stockdale* took advantage of the *recess* to bring a third action against Hansard.

The House not being sitting, Hansard had recourse to the Speaker, who took upon himself to act upon the view which the House had lately adopted in Polack's case, and directed Hansard not to plead. The Speaker had, it seems, forgotten, that, in spite of the proverbial delay of the law, an undefended cause progresses rapidly, and, in fact, *Stockdale* obtained a verdict of 600*l.* by Hansard's default; and this amount was levied, in the usual course

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of law, by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, on the goods of Hansard, during the recess.

The House, on its re-assembling, now found itself driven into the most difficult strait of abandoning its resolutions, or of proceeding summarily against all the parties to the third suit: they adopted the latter course. Stockdale and his attorney* were committed, and the sheriffs, who refused to pay back to Hansard the money they had levied, and which by law they were bound to pay over to Stockdale, were committed also. The subsequent release of the sheriffs, on rather flimsy excuses, has no other effect on the great question at issue than to show, either that the House was not very firm in its position, or that it was reluctant to inflict a severe punishment on individuals for a matter in which they were officially and ministerially implicated, without any fault of theirs; Stockdale and his attorney, and even the attorney's son a boy *under age*, and his clerk who was no more than the mere instrument of his master, still remaining in custody. But this has not prevented the bringing of fresh actions; nor can it, we fear, prevent the ultimate collision between the King's Bench and the House of Commons, unless the House will either consent to carry one of the causes to the *dernier ressort* (as had been done in *Ashby and White*, and in *Burdett and Abbott*), or that there may be found some extrication from the difficulty by a legislative enactment. On this latter point we shall say a few words by and by; but let us previously look back at the *rationale* of these proceedings.

For near 150 years, ever since the establishment of the present constitution in 1688, the House of Commons has (with insignificant exceptions) continued to *sell its votes*, and occasionally other papers; and to print, and of course to distribute to its members, and, by its members, to the public, all other documents, according to its discretion; and, as far as we know, without any difficulty or question, till the present period. It is obvious that a mere usage, that never has been questioned because perhaps it never was abused, would not be any conclusive argument that the abuse of it would be legal. But—as it is presumed that in this long course of time much defamatory matter must have been published, which would probably have been complained of or prosecuted, if any doubts of the legality of this kind of publication had been entertained—it may, on this presumption, be further presumed that the Houses of Parliament have a right, in the *bonâ fide* ex-

* The attorney was not committed in the first instance. On being brought up on the third action he expressed his regret, and was discharged the same night the sheriffs were committed; a few days afterwards he proceeded with the fourth action, and was thereupon finally committed.

ercise of their proper functions, to print for their own use, and to distribute, and perhaps even to sell* (sale being only a regulated distribution) matters which may happen to be defamatory of individuals, when in their judgment the public service may require it. It is not easy to controvert in the abstract the position of Lord Denman, that no man can be excluded from appealing to the law against an injury of this nature; yet, thinking that *salus populi is suprema lex*, and that the right of publication, as it was exercised by the Houses of Parliament up to 1836, is necessary to the due discharge of their high functions, we do not believe that the courts would have entertained any action for a libel published by their *advised* authority.

It would indeed have been almost impossible to have brought any such action for a plaintiff to a favourable issue; for in the first place, no paper, we believe, ever was sold without having *individually* received a special *imprimatur* and order for the sale, under the Speaker's own hand, which was not only a guarantee against the publication of improper matter, but was a certificate of the public expediency of publishing matter which might otherwise have appeared questionable; and as to the class of papers which were most liable to contain defamatory matter, their distribution amongst members, or even by members to their constituents, would (when private malice could not be shown) have been, we incline to think, protected as a privileged communication; and in such a case, contrary to the full extent of Lord Denman's dictum, an individual, though he might be injured, would have no legal remedy. Suppose my Lord Chief Justice himself had occasion—as happens frequently to every judge—to express, in open court, a strong censure on the conduct of a party or of a witness, even though it were so far *extrajudicial* as to be a mere interlocutor, can it be alleged that such a person would have an action for defamation? We are satisfied that my Lord Chief Justice did not mean to go to that extent; and his words, 'any publisher who publishes in his public shop' (though somewhat embarrassed by the addition of '*especially for money*') must have meant, 'any man who publishes *commercially*.' And though he subsequently added,—

'the fact of the House of Commons having directed Messrs. Hansard to publish *all* their Parliamentary Reports is no justification for them,

* We treat the *abstract* right to *sell* thus dubiously, because we have in fact *very great doubts about it*; or, to speak more candidly, a strong leaning the other way (not deeming precedents of an *unquestioned* practice conclusive as to its being *unquestionable*); but, as our view of the subject applies to the *special* sale under the resolution of August, 1835, we think it best not to complicate the question with the wider discussion.

or for any bookseller who publishes a Parliamentary Report containing a libel against any man,'—

yet we apprehend, by the introduction of the word '*all*,' that he had an eye to a *promiscuous* commercial publication; and that his Lordship would probably not have applied his doctrine to the case of a paper *especially* approved by the Speaker, and ordered to be distinctly published, or even sold (though that, we again repeat, may admit of more doubt), for some reason of public utility or policy. He would probably, we think, have said that he could not judge of the motives which so high an authority might have for such a publication, on the same principle that he refused to inquire into the nature of the contempt on which the House thought proper to commit Stockdale.

We believe a great deal of the error and confusion in this case has arisen from the legal technicality, that, in cases of libel, *sale* is no essential ingredient—the whole question being *publication*. This is incontrovertible in ordinary cases; but surely there is, in the common sense and understanding of mankind, a vast difference whether a paper be distributed *advisedly* by the supreme authority of a branch of the legislature for public purposes, or whether it be promiscuously sold as a matter of commercial dealing and pecuniary profit. One is *privilege*, the other is *trade*. We admit the right of the House of Commons to *privilege*, but we never before heard that it pretended to a right to *trade*; for we do not think that the few and cautious instances in which the House has heretofore allowed the *sale* of papers, can be, in principle or in practice, assimilated to the *wholesale* dealing which it has lately practised in *partnership* with Messrs. Hansard. But we may be asked where we would *draw the line*. We reply that we would draw no line at all. We would leave matters as they were before the unfortunate resolution of 1835; and, as we had gone on for 150 years without any serious difficulty, we think it probable that we should go on just as well for 150 years more; or if any difficulties should arise, the *onus* would then lie, as we think it does now, on the *innovators*.

And this leads us to another important consideration. Privilege is not to be created *pro re natâ*: it is founded in prescription, and confirmed by time. It is not a *modern gothic* of yesterday's lath and plaster: it is the old baronial fortress of our liberties, venerably ancient, and yet still adequate, by successive accommodations, to its proper purposes—but the most ungainly edifice in the world to turn into a *shop*. We may build a new House of Commons, but we must not erect new privileges. The House affects to stand on its *ancient* privileges: is that consistent with innovations? And will any man in his senses deny that the resolution

lution of August, 1835, is an *innovation*? If we have been in this respect, and almost in this alone, a peaceable community for 150 years, and if we are now disturbed by the introduction of an innovation, what is the remedy? To call in other innovations to our help?—No; but to turn the original innovation out of doom.

But it may be said the spirit of the times requires a greater *publicity* of parliamentary proceedings than formerly; and we are ourselves strong advocates for all necessary publicity—aye, and for more than is necessary. It may be doubted whether, in the ‘multitude of councillors there be *wisdom*,’ but still more, whether, in the multitude of papers, there be *light*, except indeed when—as happens to the greater share of the publications of the House of Commons—we burn them. We remember to have heard of a shrewd old minister of state, who, when papers were moved for on some ticklish point, cheerfully seconded the motion, and offered, on the part of the government, a great deal more than was demanded. ‘The mover shall have,’ he whispered his colleagues, ‘such a *shower of papers* that I defy him to see the object.’

But, admitting the great advantage of publicity, was there not publicity enough in the years preceding August, 1835? Was not every interest abundantly supplied with information? And did not the press, in more convenient shapes than the lumbering folios of Messrs. Hansard, distribute all that the public was inquisitive about? But if that be not enough, let the House permit *everybody* to reprint and publish their papers; but let *everybody* do it as men of business, for their own profit, and at their own risk; and let them, and not the House of Commons, battle it with the Court of Queen’s Bench.

But this argument for *publicity* leads to another important consideration.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers that the House of Commons has always held that the *publication of its proceedings* was a *high breach of privilege*; nor shall we detail the steps by which this general prohibition was from time to time relaxed or evaded. Suffice it to say that in the beginning of the last century the periodical journals were in the habit of giving a summary of the leading speeches in the most important debates, but with two symptoms of a conscious dread of the power of the House: the first, the flimsy device, designating the speakers’ names by their initial and final letters, as *L—d C—d* for Lord Chesterfield; *Sir R—t W—e* for Sir Robert Walpole, and so on: the second a precaution (which involved a principle), that the publication did not take place during the actual *session*, but was carefully reserved for the *recess*, when it was supposed that the

power

power of the House was in abeyance. But even with these precautions, *reporting* was thought a perilous calling; and indeed the publishing anything that gave offence to either House, or even to any individual member, was liable to very inquisitorial proceedings, and to very severe punishment. It seems to us at this distance of time hardly credible that Paul Whitehead's poem, called '*Manners*,' was considered a breach of the privilege of the House of Lords, and punished accordingly, and that the authors of what seem to us very fair and moderate '*Considerations on an Embargo on Provisions*,'—which had been laid on by an *Order of the King in Council*, and not yet sanctioned by an act of parliament,—should have been punished by the House of Commons as a breach of privilege with exemplary, or, as it seems to us, revolting severity.

No wonder, then, that the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1737, p. 830) should plead, in extenuation of the defects of its reports, '*the difficulty and sometimes DANGER of publishing speeches in P———t*:' an awful name, which it did not even venture to print at full length. But even these obsequious precautions were not sufficient. On the 13th April, 1738, Mr. Speaker Onslow himself, *ex meri motu* as far as appears, complained to the House that 'the publishers of several news letters and papers had taken upon them to give accounts of the proceedings of the House,' and thereupon it was voted, after debate—if debate it may be called, in which there was *not one dissentient voice*—'*that it is a HIGH INDIGNITY to, and a NOTORIOUS BREACH of, the privileges of this House to publish their debates, whether during the session or in the recess, and that this House will proceed with the UTMOST SEVERITY against ANY OFFENDER.*'—*Journals.*

In this discussion the principal men on both sides took a part—Mr. Winnington, Sir W. Yonge, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney—but the only doubt expressed by any one was, whether the authority of the House spread over the *recess*; the resolution, however, was *so* worded and voted *nem. con.* Mr. Pulteney, at that time the leading patriot, justified his concurrence in this vote by what appears to us the only true principle on which it can be founded, namely, that a *right on the part of the public* to be informed of their debates would imply a right of judgment on the conduct of members incompatible with the real independence of the House of Commons. This seems to us sound constitutional doctrine; and though the *terms* of the resolution of 1738 are somewhat too pompous, the *principle* is one which, however it may be relaxed or evaded, has never been abandoned, and we doubt whether it could be absolutely repealed without subverting the constitutional character of the House of Commons.

But

But we must observe how incompatible this principle is with the doctrine (urged by the ablest advocates of privilege in the case of *Stockdale and Hansard*), that the House has a right to authorise a publication, even though it should happen to be a libel on an individual, 'because the PUBLIC has a right to know what its representatives are about.' The argument comes to this—the public has a right to know what its representatives are about—therefore it has a right to know what Mr. Stockdale, a printer, has been about, but it has not a right to know what the members of the House of Commons are about.

We notice this to show how repugnant both to precedent and reason is the supposed duty—as alleged in the present discussion—of informing the *Public*. But we deny the *major*. The *Public* has, strictly speaking, no constitutional right to know what either Mr. Stockdale or the members of parliament are about—the Constitution knows of no such body politic as the *Public*; and this is not *our* doctrine; it is the doctrine of the House of Commons itself; and is particularly enforced by the advocates of the new privilege, who state distinctly in their celebrated Report 'that the *Parliament*—and of course the House of Commons, *proportionably as a part of it*—includes, in *contemplation of law*, the whole body of the people.'—Report, § 56.

How, then, is it, that if the Parliament has a right to prohibit the publication of its own debates, because it is itself the *legal Public*, it should *è contra* imagine some other and therefore illegal Public, to whom it claims a right of communicating the proceedings of third parties. How is it, that if—at this very day, in the very course of these privilege discussions—any member were unwarily to mention the publication of the debates in direct terms, he would be interrupted by a general outcry of '*order, order,*' and would be obliged to blink the notorious fact under the veil and subterfuge of alluding to '*some irregular channel by which these debates become known out of doors.*' In fine, it seems to us quite anomalous to see the House of Commons stickling for a right to sell a libel on an individual, while it daily and hourly submits to what itself has pronounced an '*high indignity,*' and '*a notorious breach of privilege.*' It proves, at least, that there are occasions and persons on which, and against whom, they think it consistent with their duty and their dignity to moderate the extreme rigour of privilege, and we cannot but wish that they had been as indulgent to Stockdale and the sheriffs of London as they have habitually been to those wholesale '*offenders,*' with whom they have solemnly pledged themselves to deal with the '*utmost severity,*' and who laugh at their thunderbolt as at a burnt-out rocket.

So much for the argument derived from the necessity of publicity.

With regard to the mode in which the House of Commons enforces respect to its privileges, there are some important questions, upon which we are reluctant to enter, because they are very delicate, and have a much wider operation than their effect on this particular case. We mean that it has, in fact, no intrinsic means of exercising any external authority whatsoever. Their very clerks are appointed by the Crown; their serjeant-at-arms is the officer of the Crown; the *mace*, the type and only instrument of their authority, is the property of the Crown, returned into the jewel-office of the Tower at the end of every parliament, and re-issued again from the Tower on the assembling a new parliament.* So that, in fact, the House of Commons has no external force whatsoever but through the instrumentality of the Crown; but this, as we have said, is delicate matter, and does not affect one assertion of privilege more than another: it therefore does not belong to our present discussion; but when the resolutions of the House asserted that they will not permit, in any case, directly or indirectly, their privileges to be so much as discussed in a court of law, was it considered what would have happened if unfortunately there had been a *life lost* in the attempt to execute their orders; if the sheriff had defended himself from what he might consider an illegal arrest, by running the serjeant-at-arms through the body; or if the serjeant-at-arms had killed the sheriff while resisting the speaker's order; or if in any struggle of the kind a life had been lost, can it be supposed that the legality of the speaker's warrant, and of course the whole question of privilege between the House and the sheriffs, would not have been carried into a court of law, and that the question of privilege would not have been inevitably discussed in a court of law in the most solemn and fearful manner? Who, therefore, can doubt that the privileges of parliament must ultimately, and in the last resort, be determinable by the courts of law? We do not see what answer can be made to this argument, particularly when we find that every page of the Committee's Report adduces, in support of its claims, the authority of the decisions of the courts in Westminster Hall; and when we recollect that it is the *first* principle of our constitution, that there is *nothing above the law*, and that no man's liberty shall be suspended, except by, as *Magna Charta* pronounces, '*judicium parium aut LEX terræ*,'—the verdict of a jury or the LAW of the land.

These are serious considerations. But the pressing question now is, how we are to extricate ourselves from these complicated

* See Hatsell, vol. ii. p. 249.

difficulties without, on the one hand, overthrowing the laws of the land, or, on the other, impairing the just privileges of the House of Commons—our privileges—the privileges of the nation at large—confided to our representatives for our service, and which therefore ought to be and are as precious to us as they can be to our temporary trustees?

The government proposes to do so by an act of parliament; and in the difficulties in which we are now placed, we confess that we are disposed to admit the fact to be one which nothing but some species of legislation can cure.

But, before we examine this new feature of the case, let us be permitted to recapitulate our view of what has passed.

1°. We think that the sweeping resolution of the House, that it has an irresponsible and uncontrollable power of making privileges for itself, and of punishing without limit or appeal any breach of them (for such is the effect of the resolution), was an unconstitutional, untenable, and unfortunate step, and of a much more alarming nature than any error, or even injustice, which might have been committed in dealing with the individual case.

2°. We believe that, in this particular instance, the House is endeavouring to push a *legal*, necessary, and indisputable privilege to an illegal, unnecessary, and indefensible extent, not really necessary to the due discharge of its own proper functions—a condition which is essential to every constitutional claim of privilege; and we are convinced that the day is not far distant when the claim of protecting the *commercial* publication of what the law deems to be a *libel*, will be read of with as much wonder as we now read of those '*ancient and undoubted*' cases in which it was held to be a breach of privilege of parliament to shoot a member's rabbits, or to swear a child to a member's footman.

3°. We think that the House of Commons, in its elaborate reports, and in its ingenious speeches, is endeavouring to spread the protection of a long series of *ancient* precedents over an entirely *modern* practice—a practice of no more ancient or respectable date than Mr. Hume's economical resolution of August, 1835, that *all* its printed papers, *indiscriminately*, should be sold to the public, to help to defray the expenses of printing what they wanted for their own use:—by which peddling in waste paper, it is notorious that all the mischief has been produced. This is an entire novelty, to which, therefore, none of the antecedent precedents can apply. We have admitted that the House has long sold its Votes; and, occasionally, individual papers, printed under its authority, have been sold, though *not by them*; but every sheet of the *Votes* has always been specially perused and allowed by

by the Speaker, and the individual papers which have been sold were so for a *special object*, and had received an individual *imprimatur* in each case. This is far different from the *promiscuous* sale of *everything*, without selection, and for no special object, but simply as a mercantile speculation, and with the mercantile expedient 'of making an allowance of twelve and a half per cent. to the TRADE'—a proceeding, as we have said, without a colour of precedent, and by which, as Lord Brougham has expressed and explained it in a homely but just and energetic phrase, 'the House of Commons is called upon to resist the judges of the land, and to break its laws by opening a shop for libels.'—*Hist. Sketches*, vol. i. p. 37.

There were, we humbly think, two clear and safe courses, either of which the House of Commons might have adopted with prudence and with dignity. When they had once accepted the wager of law, they should have gone on with the cause to the *dernier ressort*. It looks like a kind of *mala fides* to appeal to law, with a secret resolution, if the *law* should be against them, to settle the matter in their own favour, by *force*. But in the present state of the case this course is, we suppose, no longer possible.

But there was still another course, which even now would be we think the best solution of the difficulty—First;—It was quite right to satisfy Stockdale's acquired damages, because, worthless as his case is on the merits, he had obtained (through the default of the House) a full legal judgment; but *there*, we admit, it has become necessary to *stop him*; and, as many other notoriously litigious and vexatious actions have been commenced for the *same* substantial offence (however technically varied), no man in England would have been dissatisfied that—on the sacred principle of *non bis in idem*—Mr. Hansard should have had a *bill of INDEMNITY for all that is passed*. Bills of indemnity are constitutional in their spirit and of frequent occurrence, and therefore this would be no innovation either in principle or practice; and would be perfectly defensible on the merits as well as on the exigency: but, at the same time, the House of Commons should, by repealing Mr. Hume's resolution, have stopped the source of future mischief, and shut up the '*libel shop*.' Had this been done, the House of Commons would not have lost one jot of their real and constitutional privilege,—which is, we repeat, as dear to us as it can be to them—and they would have relieved themselves from this partnership in paper-selling with Mr. Hansard, which is paltry when the papers are innocuous, but which may, as we see, become exceedingly embarrassing when,
by

by accident or negligence, anything defamatory to individuals happens to be printed.

The result of the proceeding which we thus venture to suggest would be to leave the House of Commons in *precisely the same state* in which it stood before the commencement of this unhappy litigation; and what can any advocate for privilege desire more?

If it be replied that the House of Commons will forfeit any dignity by rescinding its resolutions, we venture very confidently to deny it. In the first place, we will observe that *technically* they are the resolutions of former parliaments, which, if they have not been renewed—we do not learn that they have—in the present parliament, are *in fact expired*; but, however that may be, is there any degradation in retracing a false step? Even the King's writs are capable of being cancelled by an *improvidè emanavit*. Is the dignity of the House impaired because it did not adhere to its resolutions in the celebrated case of *Ashby and White*; or because it has successively abandoned its once asserted privileges in such cases as the following?—

‘Bringing actions against members,—proceeding in Chancery against them,—delivering declarations in ejectment,—driving away their cattle,—digging their coals,—cutting their woods,—breaking down their fences,—ploughing up their lands,—killing their rabbits,—fishing in their ponds,—breaking open their gates, and driving over their fields,—distraining upon their lands,—taking goods which they had previously distrained,—erecting buildings on their wastes,—distraining upon their tenants,—and arresting or suing their servants.’—*Pemberton*, p. 92.

Or these still more absurd pretensions:—

‘Picking a member’s pocket, and delivering an exorbitant bill of costs, were held breaches of privilege; whilst, on the other hand, Dr. Steward’s servant, who had unluckily been “committed to prison for getting a woman with child,” claimed, and was allowed his privilege.’—*Ib.*

All these privileges have been successively claimed and abandoned; and is the House of Commons less respected or respectable for having acquiesced in the denial given by the courts of law to those extravagant assumptions?

Such are the grounds on which, when we commenced this article, we had anticipated that this difficult question might be arranged; but while we are writing, a bill has passed the House of Commons, which, though not precisely what we have thus ventured to suggest, does so far fulfil our views as to give an indemnity to all the parties concerned, and, at the same time, virtually to abandon the claim of *exclusive authority* in this matter, which, as we before stated, seemed to us the most objectionable

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part of the proceedings of the House of Commons. When we find that Sir William Follett, Sir Edward Sugden, and Mr. Pemberton, who were all opposed to the extreme measures taken by the House, have expressed *their assent*, and when we find also that Lord Howick and Mr. Solicitor Wilde, the principal authors and advocates of those extreme measures, have recorded *their opposition* to the bill, we will not venture to raise any objection to the details of a proposition, whose general principle is thus doubly recommended, and whose effect we trust and believe will be to settle this complicated and alarming question more completely, and with a greater concurrence of opinion, than could probably have been obtained by any other course. We wish, therefore, that the bill may pass; and we do not think that any dispassionate and thinking man will venture on the responsibility of defeating such a measure, unless he should be able to offer in its stead some *more clear, effectual, and acceptable* mode of settling the difficulty. We, certainly, in the actual state of the case, and in the present temper of men's minds, see none; and therefore, hail with satisfaction the prospect which it affords of a final and satisfactory arrangement.

There is one clause in the bill on which some difference arose in the House of Commons amongst those who were friendly to its general provisions. We mean that which abates certain actions of trespass brought against the Sergeant-at-Arms and his agents for their proceedings in the execution of the Speaker's warrants. With all submission to the learned and honourable gentlemen who made and supported that objection, we think that this clause is not merely *necessary*, which would be saying enough, but it is clearly defensible on principle; for it is in fact no more than an indemnity which the House of Commons owes to its servants against what it considers, as we also do, vexatious litigation—and owes, not merely in *good faith*, but in *policy*; for without that essential clause we do not see how the great object which we all have in view—the *final settlement* of the whole question—can possibly be obtained.

These are our views, directed exclusively to the *legal and constitutional* bearings of the question; but we beg leave to protest against being implicated in certain *political* opinions and considerations which appear to have recently grown out of it.

Much surprise, and some disapprobation, have been expressed at the part taken by several of the most eminent Conservatives in these proceedings; and some over-zealous partisans, who took little notice of the original questions, have, of late, lamented the letting slip so good an opportunity of *turning out the Whigs*. To these, and all similar suggestions, we beg leave

to state our entire dissent. The question is a *legal*, and should not be made a *party* question, and least of all by those who hold Conservative opinions. We cannot too often nor too earnestly repeat what has been over and over again stated as the sentiments of the great body of the Conservatives of England, and especially of their parliamentary leaders—that, though they may have been juggled out of power, they will never descend to be juggled in. They will not enter the palace by a *back-door*, and still less by a *broken window*: they will come, when they do come, on leading principles of public policy, not by courting incongruous combinations, fomenting petty squabbles, or availing themselves of accidental embarrassments. Office is to them not even a secondary consideration: their first is the *country*,—the next their *character*,—and they who would not purchase place by concessions to Mr. Leader or Mr. Grote will certainly not filch it by the meaner hands of Mr. Stockdale or Mr. Pearce.

But in truth the principle of the *Conservative* party is, as its name imports, the maintenance of the ancient constitution of the realm and of all the powers and privileges with which the wisdom of our ancestors has, for the public good, invested constituted authority. They may differ as to the extent to which a particular privilege may be *legally* claimed or *prudently* pushed; but *primâ facie* the impulse of their principles would be to support alike the privileges of parliament and the prerogative of the Crown. We have sufficiently shown that we—*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*—do not agree in all Sir Robert Peel's opinions, but it would be blindness or bad faith to deny that, considering the futility of Stockdale's original case, and under the interpretation which many of the most eminent lawyers (however differing on other points) concurred in giving to the precedents of *publication* and *sale*, his conclusions, if not right, were at least rational, and were supported with a candour, ability, and temper of which the annals of parliament afford no higher example. The distinction between a *decided* right and a *practice*, uninterrupted because unquestioned, and unquestioned because inoffensively exercised, was never, we believe, or at most very faintly, suggested;—nor the still more important difference between the *kinds* of *publication* and *sale*, as they existed before and since the resolution of August 1835—the terms, and of course the legal import of the terms, appearing to be the same, while in fact there was a latent, but, as we have endeavoured to show, most essential distinction between them.

Let us be allowed to add, as history will do, when it comes to treat of these transactions, that in a case in any degree dubious it

was

was reasonably to be expected that *He*—the foremost man in the House of Commons—who had attained that first place in the first senate of the world by a union of great qualities, which would be best described by the combined traits of Mr. Burke's beautiful eulogies of George Grenville and Charles Townsend ;—it was, we say, to be expected—and it was right—that, in a balance of difficulties, the mind of such a man should preponderate in favour of that assembly of which he is the child, the ornament, and the oracle. We do not say that his decision is unquestionable—far from it—but we will say that his bias towards the privileges of the House of Commons was honourable, natural, inevitable—and the more noble, as it happened to be at variance with a large portion of his political alliance, and of his private friendships. It may have postponed his advent to power—we do not think it has—but if it were so, we confess we should rejoice that, by a fortunate error, he has saved the great Conservative party from the imputation, the disgrace, the eventual ruin, of having *quibbled* themselves into the government by a point of law. When the Conservatives shall mount to the Capitol in *triumph*, it must be for a *victory*—and not for a *skirmish* !

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I N D E X

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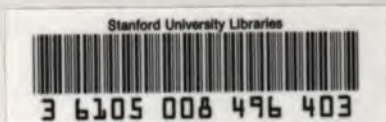
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